

973.3406
D2AY
1895,
JULY-DEC.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

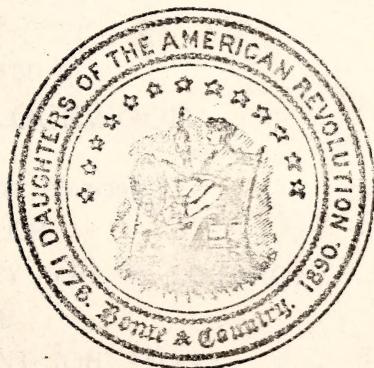
Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood.

BUSINESS MANAGER:

MISS LILIAN LOCKWOOD.

VOL. VII.

July--December, 1895.



Published by National Society, D. A. R.,

Washington, D. C.

1895.

THE

AMERICAN
MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

JULY, 1895.

EDITED BY

MARY S. LOCKWOOD

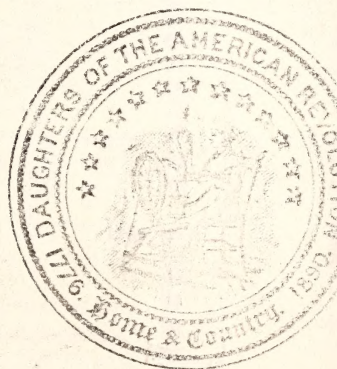
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

JANE MEADE WELCH

MARGARET SIDNEY (MRS. D. LOTHROP)

KATE FOOTE COE

ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON



WASHINGTON, D. C.:

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY

Washington Loan and Trust Building.

CORNER NINTH AND F STREETS N. W.

AT HARRISBURG, PA.: HARRISBURG PUBLISHING COMPANY

Copyrighted by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.
Registered at the Harrisburg Post Office as Second-class Matter.

The American Monthly Magazine.

CONTENTS.

JULY, 1895.

Frontispiece: Col. Samuel Washington.

HISTORY:	Page.
With Freedom's Banner. CLARA CHIPMAN NEWTON	1
The Causes which led to the Revolutionary War. MRS. DU-BOIS ROHMER	8
The Future America. HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE,	15
Ode to the Daughters of the American Revolution. MARTHA JENNINGS SMALL	19
The Defenders of Forts Mifflin and Mercer	20
The American Revolution. ANDREW HAGEMAN	24
General Andrew Pickens. JAMES HENRY RICE	26
WHAT WE ARE DOING:	
Origin of Mary Silliman Chapter, Bridgeport, Connecticut. MARY WELLES BURROUGHS	32
Annual Report of Seneca Chapter. KATHARINE STEVENS BUTTS	33
Colonial Tea. MRS. STEPHEN W. CAREY	35
Presentation of a Flag. ELISE MASSEY SELDEN	40
Annual Report of Mary Ball Chapter, Tacoma, Washington. MARY PINDEN STALLCUP	41
Reunion of Campbell Chapter	42
There Washington Dined.	43
ANCESTRY:	
A Puritan Leader. LIZZIE PERSHING ANDERSON	45
The Gliddous. ALICE H. G. HUEFUT	51
OLDE LETTERS AND YE HISTORIE OF FIRE-SIDES:	
First Marriage of an American Girl to a Foreign Diplomat. SALLIE E. MARSHALL HARDY	55
Address delivered by Rev. Jonathan Lee	57
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT:	
Illustration	Opp. 62
The Patriotic Fathers. S. F. SMITH	62
Editorial. HARRIETT M. LOTHROP	63
Letters from Friends of the Society	66
Letters from Local Societies	68
Our Question Box	71
Circumstances Alter Cases. HELEN H. HAYES	72
Song of Liberty. CHARLOTTE W. HAWES	77
The Nation's Birthday in Washington	78
Editor's Note-Book	84
America's National Hymn	89
IN MEMORIAM:	
Illustration: Mrs. Mary Morris Smith	Opp. 90
Mrs. Mary Morris Smith.	90
Mrs. Frank A. Willard. C. L. H. RAWDON.	92
Miss Evelina Weed Hamilton	93
Errata	94
Official	95

The American Monthly Magazine.

Terms of Subscription: One Year, \$1.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Remittances should be made to the order of the business manager by means of money orders, checks, or registered letters.

For Sale at All Leading Book Stores.

Office, Washington Loan and Trust Building, 4th and F Sts. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Miss LILIAN LOCKWOOD, Business Manager.

Printers, Harrisburg, Pa.



COL. SAMUEL WASHINGTON.
OLDEST FULL BROTHER OF GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON.
COLONEL IN THE VIRGINIA LINE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1895.

NO. 1.

WITH FREEDOM'S BANNER.

ON the night of the 18th of April, 1775, the gleam of a solitary lantern, swung from the belfry arch of the Old North Church, lit the beacon fire of American liberty. Paul Revere carried the message :

“ With his cry of alarm,
To every Middlesex village and farm,
A cry of defiance, and not of fear.”

The morning of April 19 found the country-side alarmed. The battle of Lexington was fought.

“ You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled ;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each farm-yard fence and wall,
Chasing the red coats down the lane.”

The flag of England no longer waved over the loyal subjects in the Colonies. There were no Colonies. The American Nation had sprung into the world, ready to battle for its existence.

For years the muttering of the coming storm had passed unheeded in the mother country. The English Government did not realize that the Colonists were facing a serious problem, “where the sacredness of obedience ended, and where the sacredness of rebellion began. The law was sacred yet, but rebellion might be sacred, too.” With the whistle of the first bullet at Lexington, the sacredness of rebellion was accepted, and from that hour until the Earl of Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown our ancestors never wavered in the struggle for independence.

The men fought, the women wove and spun, worked on the farms, protected homes, endured hardships, and when opportunities offered showed heroic patriotism. All suffered alike for the cause they knew to be righteous.

In the very early days of the Revolution the various regiments of the Continental Army carried banners fashioned to suit their own fancies. In an orderly book of the times is found this entry: "Colonels are desired to provide themselves with some colors and standards if they are to be procured; it doth not signify of what sort they are."

COLONEL WASHINGTON'S SWEETHEART.

The history of one famous "Eutaw Standard" is a pretty romance. In the fall of 1780 Colonel William Washington paid a hurried visit to his fiancé, Miss Jane Elliott, who lived near Charleston, South Carolina. When about to leave, in answer to her assurance that she would look eagerly for news of his flag and fortunes, he told her his corps had no flag. Turning quickly she cut a square of crimson damask from a stately chair, gave it to him, saying, "Colonel, make this your standard." Mounted on a hickory pole, it was carried at the head of Colonel Washington's troops during the remainder of the war—and, adds the chronicle, "Never were knights of olden days more deeply inspired by maidenly guerdons than were Colonel Washington and his men as they charged under this little square of crimson silk." The flag was also known as "Tarleton's Terror." It was presented, April 19, 1827, by Mrs. Jane Elliott Washington to the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, and is kept in the armory. "It was carried to the Bunker Hill Centennial, also carried as the colors of the Centennial Legion in Philadelphia, July 4, 1876, which command was composed of one representative military company from each of the old thirteen States." It is always displayed in the Washington birthday parade and on other important military occasions.

A favorite device was a rattlesnake, sometimes coiled, sometimes uncoiled, sometimes struggling up a solitary pine tree, but always with thirteen rattles, and the warning inscription, "Don't tread on me." The rattlesnake, instead of the eagle,

came very near being our national emblem. Arguments many and learned were urged in favor of its adoption: its rejection was probably caused from the fact that a serpent is under the curse of God.

In the fall of 1775 the necessity for the adoption of some common national symbol became evident.

A committee, consisting of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Leech, and Mr. Harrison, was appointed to consider the subject. The result of their conference was the retention of the King's colors, "representing the still recognized sovereignty of England, but coupled to thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, emblematic of the thirteen Colonies against its tyranny and oppression, in place of the royal red ensign."

This was the flag unfurled by General Washington over his camp on Prospect Hill, in Somerville; it was saluted with thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. A granite slab marks the spot. The inscriptions reads:

On This Hill
The Union Flag, with Its Thirteen Stripes,
The Emblem of
United Colonies,
First Bode Defiance to an Enemy,
January 1, 1776.

This flag, whose thirteen stripes are used in our flag of to-day, was used as the Union flag for some months.

July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence cut off our allegiance to England forever. It was manifestly no longer possible to retain the King's colors as part of the banner of the new nation.

On Saturday, June 14, 1777, the American Congress took the first legislative action of which there is any record for the establishment of a national flag for the sovereign United States of America. The resolve reads:

1777, SATURDAY, June 14.

Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.

BETSY ROSS'S TASK.

This, the first official flag, was designed under the personal supervision of General Washington, aided by Mrs. Betsy Ross. It is related that when General Washington visited Mrs. Ross, and asked her to make the flag, she said: "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try," and directly suggested that the design was wrong—the stars being six instead of five pointed. The five pointed stars are used in our flags, six pointed on our coins. Mrs. Ross made the flag, was appointed flag-maker to the Government, and was succeeded by a relative, who held the position for many years. Her house, 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, is marked by a sign bearing a picture of the original flag, and the words: "The first American flag was made in this house."

On the first Independence Day, July 4, 1777, the flag was used in the celebration in Philadelphia, and from that time waved in every battle by land or sea.

France was the first foreign power to salute our colors. In January, 1781, Captain Rathburn, of the war sloop Providence, by a daring act seized Fort Nassau, on the Island of New Providence, and placed our flag for the first time on a foreign fortress. Our colors waved over the soldiers through that terrible winter at Valley Forge, and looked proudly upon the surrender of Cornwallis.

After the long war the American flag soon became a familiar sight in every port. In China the news spread that a vessel had come with a flag as beautiful as a flower. The Chinese name (Ya-mely-kien) for Americans means "men of the flower banner," because of the stripes of various colors and the resemblance of the stars to the blossoms of the plum tree.

During the years 1791-92, Vermont and Kentucky entered the Union.

In 1794 an act making an alteration in the flag of the United States was passed in Congress, to take effect May, 1795. The act increased the number of stars and stripes to fifteen. This altered flag was in use during the War of 1812, floated over Fort McHenry during the bombardment, September 13, 1814,

and was therefore the "Star Spangled Banner" watched for "in the dawn's early light" by the eager eyes of Francis Scott Key, the author of our greatest national song.

In the year 1818 an act was passed by Congress not to alter, but to establish the flag of the United States. The act was in two sections, and reads :

"SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white ; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

"SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted.* That on the admission of every new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag, and such addition shall take place on the fourth day of July succeeding such admission."

Approved April 4, 1818.

The law passed did not, unfortunately, designate the manner of placing the stars in the union of the flag. Consequently the uniformity has frequently been destroyed by various conceits.

The official instructions sent to the navy yards at this time by John Rodgers, President of the Navy Board, read :

"The size of the flag must be in proportion of fourteen feet in width and twenty-four feet in length. The field of the union must be one-third the length of the flag, and seven-thirteenths its depth, so that from the top of the union to the bottom of the union there will be seven stripes and six stripes from the bottom of the union to the bottom of the flag. The manner of arranging the stars you will see by the accompanying drawing (the sketch shows the stars in parallel lines). On the first hoisting of the flag you are to fire a salute of twenty guns" (at that time the number of States in the Union, and stars in the flag).

The parallel arrangement of the stars was used in the navy, but for many years "the union of stars that waved over fortresses and in use by the military department of the Government was arranged to form one great star."

WOMAN AND THE FLAG.

History repeats itself. A woman made the first flag, containing both stars and stripes, in 1777. The first flag of 1818

was also the loving labor of a woman's hands. It was made by Mrs. S. C. Reid, under the direction of her husband, Captain Reid, who designed the union of the stars and stripes as one great star.

The regulations governing the military flag of the present day is covered by the following paragraph from Circular 5, Headquarters of the Army, June 11, 1891 :

"I. National Flag—The field of union of the national flag in use in the Army will, on and after July 4, 1891, consist of forty-four stars in six rows, the upper and lower rows to have eight stars, and the second, third, fourth and fifth rows seven stars each in a blue field."

Preble says : Although we are comparatively a new nation, our stars and stripes may to-day claim antiquity among national flags. They are older than the present flag of Great Britain, established in 1801 ; than the present flag of Spain, established in 1785 ; than the French tri-color, decreed in 1794 ; than the existing flag of Portugal, established in 1830 ; than the flag of the Empire of Germany, which represented fourteen distinct flags and states, established in 1870 ; the Swedish-Norwegian ensign ; the recent flags of the old Empires of China and Japan ; or the flags of all the South American States, which have very generally been modeled from " Our Flag." It is sometimes said that the idea of the stars and stripes came from Washington's coat of arms. There are, however, no records to establish this fact, and the origin of both stars and stripes remains a mystery.

"It is in and through symbols that man consciously or unconsciously lives, moves, and has his being." "The symbolism of a national banner has through all ages exerted a powerful influence upon mankind, becoming in times of war a motive power that has convulsed the world."

The flag of our country, with its magnificent symbolism of colors—white for purity, red for valor and power, blue for truth and justice—unfurled one hundred and nineteen years ago over thirteen Colonies struggling for immortal principles, unfurled amidst scenes of hardship and anguish, floats a flag with forty-four stars in this year of our Lord 1895—from Maine to Florida, from Massachusetts to California, over a

total area of 2,970,000 square miles in this country alone. It is, I am told, since Alaska has become a United States possession, a flag upon which the sun never sets.

"A flag that carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings: beginning with the Colonies and coming down to our time in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea—divine right of liberty in man. Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star, every beam of stripe or light means liberty: not lawlessness, not license, but organized institutional liberty—liberty through law and law for liberty."

Sons of the Revolution, Daughters of the American Revolution, we owe a duty to the ancestors from whom it is our proud claim to be descended. Let us live as the immortal Abraham Lincoln bade us live, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." Then, indeed, we in our turn will hand down to our successors in such a way that they will realize the sacredness of the trust, the precious gift that is our birthright, an undying spirit of patriotism, an abiding faith and pride in our country. Added to the love of the loyal citizens, we have the hereditary obligation to cherish, protect, and reverence the flag of the United States.

Flag of the free hearts' hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe that falls before us;
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
With Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

CLARA CHIPMAN NEWTON.



THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

THE Anglo-Saxon race have ever been jealous of their rights and quick to resent any encroachment upon their guaranteed and chartered liberties. At no epoch in the history of this wonderful people has this instinctive hatred of oppression and governmental wrongs been roused to greater vigor, crystallized into greater, more enduring, or far-reaching resolution of a great people, and culminated in such tremendous consequence affecting the history of the world and civilization than is evidenced by those causes which lay behind and stirred the people of the thirteen American Colonies into overt and active revolution against the tyrannical government of the mother country, Great Britain.

When peace was concluded in Paris in 1763, at the close of the seven years' war in Europe, as well as the French and Indian war in America, England, which was a party to that great struggle involving all the great powers of Europe, found her exchequer very much depleted; and although she had been allied with the side which in the end was successful, yet the great expense entailed now put her statesmen at their wits' ends to devise means whereby money might be raised to meet the straightened condition of her finances. At this time, also, a great animosity existed between the two great parties in England—the Whigs and the Tories. The Tories having been taken into favor with the King were awarded the chief offices under the government and in the ministry of King George III.

A levy of additional or war taxes now became necessary. The Tory administration, which was responsible for this imposition of taxes, became unpopular with the nation at large, because the people naturally believed that conquests and riches ought to go hand in hand, and therefore such action must be oppressive and arbitrary, considering the great success and triumph which had recently attended the British arms. The Earl of Bute, who was the government's chief minister, was compelled to resign his place because of the excited condition

of the British nation, which condition had been brought about by reason of the levying of taxes upon certain important articles of home manufacture by the government's indiscreet ministry. Mr. Greenville who was also a Tory, succeeded the Earl of Bute, but with the English people he shared equally the unpopularity of his predecessor, because he was supposed to be dominated by the influence of the late minister. One of the chief duties devolving on him was to devise resources for the revenue, and to this end, in the year 1764, he introduced into Parliament a project for taxing the American Colonies, and what was known as the "Stamp Act" was passed early in 1765. By this act all legal writings, pamphlets, newspapers, etc., were obliged to be executed on stamped paper, which was to be bought of the agents of the British Government at an exorbitant price.

The act imposed penalties which in their nature tended to disorganize the whole state of society, as neither trade nor navigation could proceed; no contract could be legally made, no process against an offender could be instituted, no apprentice could be indented, no student could receive a diploma, nor even could the estates of the dead be legally settled until the stamp duty was paid. Provision was made for the recovery of penalties for the breach of this act as of all others relative to trade and revenue in any admiral or King's marine court throughout the Colonies. These courts were authorized to proceed without the intervention of a trial by jury, which was very distasteful to the Colonists. In the House of Commons there was opposition to the passage of this act, but neither this nor the remonstrances of the Colonists could prevent it, and out of three hundred who voted in the House of Commons only fifty voted against it, and in the House of Lords there was not one dissenting voice; the royal assent was easily obtained, and the Stamp Act became a law March 22, 1765.

Great indignation was felt in the Colonies when the news reached America. The Virginia House of Burgesses was in session and Patrick Henry introduced the five celebrated resolutions which constituted the first public opposition to this odious act, the last of these declaring emphatically that they

were not bound to obey any law imposing taxes unless made by their representatives. Without being aware of Virginia's protest the General Court of Massachusetts assembled and adopted measures to produce combined opposition to the oppressive measure of Parliament. The Assemblies of other Colonies were notified and delegates were elected from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina to meet in New York, October 7, 1765.

This Congress drew up a declaration asserting that the Colonists were entitled to all the rights and privileges of natural-born subjects of Great Britain, especially of an exclusive right to tax themselves, and the privilege of trial by jury and that the late acts of Parliament had a manifest tendency to subvert their rights and liberties. The Congress then prepared petitions to the King and to both houses of Parliament.

The first of November, the day on which the act was to take effect, was ushered in by tolling of bells as for a funeral procession, and signs of mourning and sorrow appeared in all the Colonies. The proceedings of the courts of justice were suspended in order that no stamps might be used; and those engaged in disputes were earnestly and effectually exhorted by the leading men to terminate them by reference. The intense hate and opposition to this odious measure which was raised among the Colonies in America was shared in England by a large and powerful party composed principally of Whigs. In the House of Lords the cause of the Colonies was ably advocated by Lord Camden, who said: "Taxation and representation are inseparable. It is an eternal law of nature; for whatever is a man's own is absolutely his own; no man has a right to take it from him without his consent. Whoever attempts to do it attempts an injury. Whoever does it commits a robbery." The Stamp Act was at length repealed, but the spirit which dominated the British ministry to unjustly tax the Colonists was not abated, and the declaration was repeated that "Parliament had a right to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever."

The determined spirit manifested by the Colonists in the

assertion of their rights and of their determination to resist the unjust encroachments of the government of Great Britain was signally exhibited in the action of the Assembly of Massachusetts which at first refused altogether to make any compensation whatever to those who had suffered in attempting to enforce the late Stamp Act, as had been recommended by Gen. Conway, then in the ministry; the Assembly finally consented, however, to make an appropriation for the damage that had been done; but in the same act which made the appropriation they gave a pardon to those by whom it was done, thus claiming for itself the right of sovereignty, which gave great offense to the British Government.

In May, 1767, a little more than two years after the passage of the Stamp Act, Charles Townshend, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, under the influence of Granville, proposed a second plan for taxing America, this time by imposing duties on all teas, glass, paper and painters' colors which might be imported into the Colonies. A bill to this effect was passed in Parliament, and along with it another one was passed appointing the officers of the navy as custom officers to enforce the acts of trade and navigation, and, among others, collect the odious duties. The passage of these acts produced a profound sensation throughout the Colonies and revived the feeling which the Stamp Act had produced.

The Assembly of Massachusetts sent a petition to the King and a circular letter to the other Colonial Assemblies, asking their coöperation in obtaining redress for their grievances. The British ministry regarded this as an attempt to convene another Congress, and Governor Barnard required the Assembly to rescind the vote by which the circulars were sent out to the other Colonies; this they refused to do, whereupon the Governor dissolved the Assembly, which, instead of intimidating them, did but exasperate the people the more. In June, 1768, a sloop belonging to John Hancock, a prominent merchant of Boston, was seized by the customhouse officers, when the people in their indignation offered insults to the officers, beating them and driving them from the town; they then called a town meeting and entreated the Governor to convene the As-

ssembly: he replied that he "could not call another Assembly this year without the command of the King." They then proposed a convention of the people, which was held September 22, when they again asked the Governor to call together the Assembly, which he refused to do, at the same time calling them rebels. These people, after a session of five days, dispersed, sending a respectful account of their proceedings to the King.

Troops were then ordered from Halifax to enter Boston, in order to overawe the citizens and protect the customhouse officers. The selectmen, or, as we would call them, the city councils, refused to provide quarters for these troops, when the Governor ordered the State house to be opened for them. The British Parliament, haughtily and with contempt of the rights of the people, declared these proceedings to be "illegal, unconstitutional, and derogatory to the rights of the Crown and to Parliament," and even went so far as to recommend to the King that persons most active in their hostility to the Crown, and in what they were pleased to term "treasons committed in that province since 1767," might be sent to England for trial. The reception of this news, with the other arbitrary acts of the Crown just mentioned, served to intensify the hostile feeling against the government.

About this time Virginia refused to receive importations of British goods. The other Colonies quickly followed Virginia in the same patriotic spirit, the colonial dames and their daughters preferring to appear in plain homespun rather than wear the finery which bore the stamp of British oppression. In 1771, at the instance of Lord North, who had recently been appointed to the ministry, the duties which had been laid in the act of 1767, excepting those on tea, were removed, and thereby left standing the famous tax upon tea.

In May, 1773, Parliament passed another act allowing the East India Company to export teas to America free of all duties in England, and large shipments of tea from England immediately followed; but resolutions were adopted in all the Colonies that the tea should not be received on shore, but sent back to England. In this excited condition of the public mind

and irritated state of the Colonies it was scarcely possible but that there should be overt acts of resistance. We are all familiar with such incidents as the borrowing of the Peggy Stuart at Annapolis, and the throwing of the tea overboard in Boston harbor. Such proceedings were followed by more oppressive measures on the part of the British Government; and among others the closing of the port of Boston until the inhabitants would make restitution of the value of the 342 chests of tea which had been broken open and thrown overboard. On the arrival of this intelligence in Boston it was declared at a meeting of her citizens that the "impolicy, injustice, and inhumanity of the administration exceeded their powers of expression."

The Virginia House of Burgesses, upon receipt of the news, proclaimed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. They were at once prorogued by the Governor, Lord Dunmore, but immediately formed an association and recommended to the Colonies a general Congress. This, the first general Continental Congress, met at Philadelphia, September 4, 1774; in which all the Colonies were represented except Georgia. This dignified assemblage brought together men of the highest character, integrity, and ability, and has justly excited the admiration of this country and the world.

This Congress formulated a Bill of Rights, and prepared a Petition to the King entreating him to restore their violated rights. They declared their grievances the more intolerable because they were the heirs of freedom and had enjoyed it under the reign of his royal ancestors. "The apprehension," they said, "of being degraded into a state of servitude from the preëminent ranks of English freemen, while our own minds retain the strongest love of liberty, and clearly foresee the miseries preparing for us and our posterity, excites emotions in our breast which we cannot describe." To their fellow subjects in England they appealed and said: "Can any reason be given why English subjects who live 3,000 miles from the royal palace should enjoy less liberty than those who live 300 miles from it?"

The British Parliament convened November 20, 1774, when

the King in his speech informed the members that "a most daring resistance to the laws still prevailed in Massachusetts, which was encouraged by unlawful combinations in the other Colonies," and declared that he would adhere to his firm resolve not to permit the royal authority to be impaired or weakened, and with these sentiments the two houses concurred. Dr. Franklin and the other colonial agents were refused a hearing before Parliament on the ground that they were appointed by an illegal assembly; and so it was that the mouths of three millions of people were muzzled who were yet in the attitude of petitioners to the King for the redress of their grievances.

Both houses of Parliament concurred in an address to the King, and in this they declared that "the Americans had long wished to become independent, and only waited for ability and opportunity to accomplish their design. To prevent this, and to crush the monster in its birth, is the duty of every Englishman," and that this must be done at any price, and at every hazard.

We have now sketched in rapid but imperfect succession some of the principal and familiar events of the times immediately antedating the War of the American Revolution. The Colonists boldly asserted that "taxation without representation" was robbery; that they were entitled to the right of trial by jury; that they had a right to be tried in the courts of their own provinces and jurisdiction, and could not be deported for trial in the English courts; that the presence of fleets and armies in their midst in times of peace was a menace to their liberties; that they were entitled to the right of peaceably assembling in deliberative bodies for considering the general welfare, and that they had at all times the right of petition to the King and to be accorded a respectful hearing and consideration.

On the other side, an obstinate and stupid King had set up and opposed to them the royal prerogative in defiance of their rights as English subjects, and with an arrogant effrontery had sent the British soldiers to these shores to intimidate and coerce the Colonists into obedience to the hated measures passed by the tyrannical government.

The chasm between the King and his Colonial subjects had now widened until it was at last, as Chatham had said it would be, "too late." It could not be bridged over; along the crests of the heights on either side of that chasm gleamed the cannon, arms, and accouterments of war. The shock of battle was at hand and soon came. In a few days the shot was fired which Emerson has so well said "was heard around the world," and the War of the Revolution was begun.

MRS. DuBOIS ROHRER.

THE FUTURE AMERICA.

ON WHOM DOES IT DEPEND.

[Read before the John Marshall Chapter, May 4, 1894.]

A THOUGHTFUL survey of the history of the world demonstrates that great occasions produce great men and women, who are equal to the events for which they were called into existence. It is with such feelings that we close the volumes containing the history of the Colonies in the great struggle for American independence.

There can be no doubt that the sentiment which has called into existence the Society now so thoroughly organized and known as the Daughters of the American Revolution is a spark of that same virtue which still smoulders in the breast of every lover of liberty, whose sires have written their names in bold relief upon the proud escutcheon of the greatest nation on the earth.

Future years will also demonstrate that the founders of our beloved order have builded better than they knew, for

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we may."

The same thoughtful survey of history will demonstrate the fact that *woman* has been an essential and potent factor in all movements of reform. While she does not figure like Joan D'Arc, leading her cohorts to battle, her deeds have been no less heroic, her self-sacrifices no less noble, her conduct no less chivalric than that same history accords to her stronger brother. Her field of action is in the quiet of her home. Her

victories are not heralded by the blare of trumpets, yet her molding hand is felt upon our destinies, for

"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that moves the world."

For it is she who soothes the restless babe and guides and directs the boisterous and fun-loving boy and exerts a loving and gentle influence over the tall and vigorous youth and holds in check the rash and impulsive man.

It is her heart-throbs of sentiment and her soul-burning patriotism that stir up all the noble sentiment of the lover and excite to action the heroic deeds of the soldier. It is also true that it is from the mother that all actions either good or bad are inherited by the actor, and it is also to the mother that we are indebted for our statesmen and heroes, for character is formed before birth, and the mother holds and directs the destiny of her child. All ye who are mothers, or expect to be, guard well your thoughts and actions, let them be pure, holy, and noble during maternity, if you would secure to your offspring all those virtues which are found in the good and noble. What, then, is the occasion and what the possibilities of our order? First and foremost, I should answer, the revival of patriotism. In using the term revival, I speak advisedly. American patriotism is largely on the wane every year and national holidays are more lightly regarded, and the commemoration of the eventful periods of our history are less impressed upon succeeding generations. One cannot but look with serious apprehension upon the vast hordes of immigrants annually landed upon our shores, and who without preparation or education are permitted to take part in the affairs of a government with the principles of which they are not familiar and with the purposes of which they are not even in sympathy. This apprehension is increased by the knowledge that very feeble effort is made to Americanize this foreign element in our rapidly increasing population. The greatest danger to-day to the Republic is the establishment of foreign nationalities in the United States. So plain is this that an archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church saw fit to make it the subject of his sermon to his diocese on St. Patrick's Day.

The announcements of national days for attendance at the World's Fair (Columbian Exposition) developed the fact that in the Northwestern and some of the Middle States immense communities exist in which no attempt has been made to learn the language and laws of our country. Books and newspapers printed in the dialects of Europe are alone circulated. Their own songs are sung, their own national holidays celebrated, although oftentimes in conflict with the principles upon which our Government is founded, and even an attempt to display their national colors above the Stars and Stripes. New Scandinavia, New Switzerland, New Germany, New Ireland, and New Italy are accepted as titles for localities. The wisdom of the great founder of the present Prussian Kingdom is beginning to be recognized in Germany. It was the policy of Bismarck to make everything in Germany intensely German.

What do you think would have been the reception of the idea to teach the French language in Germany at the expense of taxpayers?

As the various atoms compose the whole body corporate, so individuals compose the body politic; no single atom would be missed from the millions composing the body, and no single individual would be missed from the mass of the earth's people, and yet without that atom in its place or that individual in his position it would not be complete.

History is the aggregate action of individuals and in it, in proportion to the distance which exists between the events and the record, individual action is lost. We read of great events, great battles, great struggles for liberty and freedom, and the halo of glory rests resplendent upon the brow of the conquerors, but the monument of the individual, the mighty forces of mind which have, like the little coral insect in the sea, builded up to summit from the subterranean depths and have perished in the building and are lost sight of, one sees nothing but the white-crested ocean hurled back by the foundation barriers. So we are each day acting our part in the great history of the world, each playing his own little part in the life drama of the Nation.

The family is the miniature of the government of the State. The State, a miniature of the Nation.

Loyalty to the family means loyalty to the State, and loyalty to the State guarantees loyalty to the Nation. In the period of the greatest excellency of Greece, and at a corresponding period in the Roman Empire every interest was made subservient to the good of the State, and no sacrifice was too great, no hardship too severe for the Roman matrons to induce their sons to make when Rome called.

With the relaxation of family pride in noble deeds and actions, and the enervating influence of ease and luxury came the decline of the Roman Empire. The history of our own Republic will show a higher moral and intellectual status in States and localities where pride is taken in genealogical records. Another scarcely less important result of such an organization as ours will be a better, stronger, and more healthful basis upon which society may rest. Americans are accustomed to boast that caste has no part in the foundation of society in this country. Society fostered in monarchical countries under the head of titled aristocracy has become so proverbially corrupt as to be a stench in the nostrils of the people even in proud old England.

The outcome of all this genealogical research will be a revival of that commendable family pride which for centuries in Virginia and Kentucky, and in many other States both North and South, has stimulated virtue and repressed vice. In many parts of our country these ancestral barriers have been broken down and the one single condition for admission into society has been the possession of wealth, more especially in the line of our large cities where the entry into the so-called élite or fashionable circles has been through gilded gates, and quite regardless of the manner of accumulation of wealth. If the entrance into our order be properly guarded and our laws and regulations properly enforced, there is no doubt but this will be one step toward the purification of society, as historical research and genealogical records will enlighten and inspire an interest in historical facts and true romance, for "truth is stranger than fiction," and the next generation will demand a better class of literature than the yellow-back trash of the

present time. and the historical novels of the next century will be equal to if not superior to the literature of the past. The effect will be more noticeable in the fact that there will be fewer candidates for the insane asylums and the penitentiaries and fewer divorces and less suicides. It will also be the means of purifying the daily newspapers so that they will be compelled to present material to their readers that is pure and true, and as the majority of young minds will tend to imitate the good and virtuous, the result will be that the standard of life and society will be elevated.

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE,
Historian John Marshall Chapter, Louisville, Ky.

ODE TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

OUR grandmothers plied the spinning wheel,
And with deft fingers, the yarn did reel;
Then wove the cloth, and made the clothes,
In which our grandsires met their foes.

And sent them forth with anxious heart,
In freedom's battle to bear their part;
While *she*, in homespun gown arrayed,
At home, a noble record made.

Her granddaughter's gown is tailor-made,
In fashion's latest cut and shade;
But 'neath it beats a heart as true
As any the Revolution knew.

And when in history's page she reads
Of her ancestors' heroic deeds,
She feels inspired to emulate
Each valiant act and noble trait.

MARTHA JENNINGS SMALL.

THE DEFENDERS OF FORTS MIFFLIN AND MERCER.

ON the 25th of August, 1777, Lord Howe landed his British forces at the head of Chesapeake Bay; defeated the patriot forces at Brandywine, September 11th; gained a victory at Paoli, September 20th; another at Germantown, October 4th; and went into winter quarters at Philadelphia. His brother, Admiral Howe, was ordered to bring his fleet from New York to the Delaware, and came as far as Chester. There was only one point on the river which he could not pass, and that was just below the mouth of the Schuylkill, with Fort Mifflin on the Pennsylvania side and Fort Mercer on the New Jersey shore, while in the river, for several miles, were constructed strong *chevaux-de-frise*. The Pennsylvania Navy and some vessels of the Continental Navy were lying opposite the city when the British took possession. Those above Market street were ordered to Burlington and those below to the mouth of the Schuylkill; these were commanded by Commodore Hazelwood, and gave great strength to the obstruction. The British threw up earthworks for defense at Christian street. To bring up his fleet for the sake of supplies and coöperation was the aim of Howe. By holding the river, Washington hoped that the acquisition of Philadelphia would prove Howe's ruin instead of his good fortune. All eyes turned to these forts. Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, was garrisoned by four hundred men of General Varnum's Rhode Island Brigade, under Colonel Christopher Green. Colonel Green was a native of Rhode Island, had been an officer in Arnold's expedition to Quebec, and was a prisoner there for eight months; on his return he was promoted to major of Colonel Varnum's regiment, and afterwards to colonel. He was stationed at Fort Mercer about a year. On the 22d of October, 1777, he was attacked by a force of twelve hundred Hessians, under Count Donop. The attack was repulsed with a severe Hessian loss, while Green's loss was slight. In 1781, while in command on the Croton River, New York, his headquarters were surrounded by a party of "Royalists" and he was killed. A monument to his mem-

ory was erected at Red Bank, in 1829. With Colonel Green at Fort Mercer was Captain Dupleisse, a French engineer, who had superintended the construction of the *chevaux-de-frise* in the river, and planned the earthworks about the forts. He was a gallant officer of artillery and received a commission from Congress. Colonel Donop, commander of the British forces, was a German count who came as an officer of Hessian troops. All his service was rendered in New Jersey. He was mortally wounded in the attack at Mercer, and died on the battlefield three days later. His lament was: "I die the victim of my own ambition and of the avarice of my sovereign." His remains were buried within the fort, and it is said that a New Jersey doctor afterwards secured his skull.

Fort Mifflin was garrisoned by Maryland and Virginia troops, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Smith, of Baltimore. Colonel Smith was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, removed to Baltimore, and became a merchant. On entering the Army he was made lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Maryland Regiment. During the war he rose to the rank of brigadier general. He was a major general of Maryland troops in the Whisky Insurrection, 1794, and in the War of 1812. From 1793 to 1833 he was in continuous service in the Upper or Lower House of Congress. He was one of the originators of the Bank of Maryland, and one of the projectors of the Washington Monument. He died in Baltimore in 1839. Colonel Smith's outlook, with his three or four hundred men in Fort Mifflin was not assuring, and he expressed his fears to Washington. The British had thrown up earthworks on Province Island near by, and mounted them with heavy guns. Fort Mercer was too far away to give assistance, except by sending reënforcements. Washington could not spare the men to dislodge the force on Province Island. General Wayne urgently sought permission to make such an attempt, but other counsels prevailed. British ships had made their way up through the obstructions with prows pointed at Hazelwood's fleet. The little garrison, supported by the naval vessels, was the object of attack by the British naval vessels on one side and the land batteries on the other. They fought by day and

repaired their works by night, until on the fifth day they could hold out no longer. On the fourth day of the siege Colonel Smith was disabled and was succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel Russell, of General Varnum's Brigade. Varnum's Brigade was at Red Bank and furnished the needed reinforcements. Colonel Russell was obliged, by reason of fatigue and ill health, to yield the command to Major Simeon Thayer, of the Second Rhode Island Regiment. When their guns were disabled, their works destroyed, and resistance no longer possible, Major Thayer, under cover of night, embarked the remnant of his command for Red Bank, set fire to whatever was combustible, and was the last to leave the ruined fortress. Major Thayer was a native of Massachusetts, and an officer of Rhode Island troops in Arnold's expedition. He was wounded at Monmouth. The Rhode Island Assembly voted him a sword. He died in that State in 1800. Major Fleury, the skillful engineer, was severely wounded in the fight. He had been a major in the French army, was commissioned by Washington and afterwards promoted to lieutenant colonel. He served under Steuben, Lee, and Rochambeau. Captain Treat, a young officer of great merit in charge of the artillery, was killed in the siege. Another officer of efficiency was Captain Silas Talbot, of Rhode Island. He was wounded but refused to leave his post until he was disabled by a second wound. He had before this planned an attack by fire ship on the British in New York harbor. In 1793-4 he was a Congressman from New York. In 1794 Washington appointed him to a captaincy in the Navy. He died in New York in 1813 and was buried in Trinity churchyard. General J. M. Varnum, who held his brigade under orders at Red Bank, was a native of Massachusetts and a lawyer. He entered the Army as colonel of the First Rhode Island Regiment and was made a brigadier general in 1770. In 1779 he resigned and returned to his profession. On the organization of the Northwest Territory he was appointed one of the judges and removed to Marietta, Ohio, where he died in 1789. The naval forces which rendered such efficient services in the siege were commanded by Commodore John Hazelwood, of Philadelphia. He was a native of England

and had been a captain in the merchant service between Philadelphia and Liverpool. In 1775 he was appointed superintendent of fire vessels and in 1770 commodore of the Pennsylvania Navy and was given command of all ships in the Delaware.

In October, 1777, Lord Howe tried to induce him to give up his fleet, offering him pardon and kind treatment. He answered that he would "defend it to the last," and he did. He was one of the founders of the St. George Society, of Philadelphia. His portrait, by Peale, hangs in Independence Hall. He died in Philadelphia in 1800. After the destruction of Fort Mifflin it was impossible to hold the river; following up his advantage Howe dispatched a large force against Fort Mercer; resistance was impossible, so the fort was abandoned and afterwards destroyed by the enemy. The forts being destroyed, Commodore Hazelwood could no longer stay in that part of the river and determined to take his fleet up to Burlington. Under cover of night he made the attempt and succeeded in running his fleet of about thirty vessels of all sizes past the city without being seen by the enemy. The attempt to take the Continental fleet up the river failed and the vessels were burned. Colonels Green and Smith and Commodore Hazelwood received the thanks of Congress, and afterwards a sword was voted to each as a testimonial of distinguishment.

No doubt there were many more brave men who freely gave their strength and lives to defend these forts, and their memories are none the less worthy of remembrance because their names are not mentioned in history. In our national cemeteries the saddest of all sights are the graves of the "Unknown Dead." We know our Grants and Shermans, and their names are stamped *indelibly* on their resting places, but here are those who freely gave their lives, yet God alone knows their names. Your tribute of a flower is to the "Unknown." In your excursions of pleasure on the beautiful Delaware will you not think of the devoted band which once stood so bravely between your fair city and the enemy? Men who from the decks of the galleys and the earthworks of Mifflin fell into unknown

graves. Strew flowers there, place wreaths at Mercer and Mifflin, the tribute of the *Daughters of the American Revolution* to the unknown dead who sleep in unmarked graves within the shadow of Independence Hall.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

DAUGHTERS of the Revolution :

Six-score years have rolled away
 Since the founders of our Nation,
 Tired of England's haughty sway,
 Argued 'twas their right to be
 From her jurisdiction free.

* * * * *

Was or was it not rebellion
 In our patriotic sires
 To protect against invasion
 Their own homes and altar fires?
 Everything to gain or lose
 How and what were they to choose?

Whether cowering calm submission
 To the yoke of tyranny
 Long imposed by power despotic—
 Or a struggle to be free?
 Conscious sense of truth and right
 Armed our fathers for the fight.

* * * * *

Daughters of the Revolution—
 Chapter of Camp Middlebrook—
 You may proudly claim acquaintance
 With the route the patriots took :
 Not a town thro' which they came
 But has still a world-wide fame.

Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton !
 Names of as euphonious sound
 As in Revolution annals
 Jerseymen have ever found !
 Of the others we recall,
 Middlebrook excelleth all.

Some of these familiar places
Dear to every loyal heart,
Bore the brunt in hard-fought battles
Where great-grandfathers took a part,
Crossing the icy Delaware
Glorious victories to share.

While the British and their hirelings
Followed closely on their rear,
The Americans, though hopeful
Had abundant cause for fear ;
But how brightly rose the sun
When they made the Hessians run.

Two days after " Happy New Year " .
Princeton " saw another sight " .
Washington his foes outgeneraled,
And the armies put to flight :
There, impartial records tell,
Gallant General Mercer fell.

From that splendid victory
Came perhaps the song of greeting—
" America has gained the day
And the British are retreating." .
Words which were on every tongue,
Words by children's children sung.

Thus in seventeen seventy-seven
Came the swift returning tide
Of successes and good fortune,
Bringing gladness far and wide ;
While the Army settled down
Until spring at Morristown.

Thence when rested, Washington
East New Jersey over-ran ;
Spread his troops in Staten Island
And along the Raritan,
Driving the invaders' hosts
From their " military posts."

Next we find him with his soldiers
Snugly camp'd at Middlebrook
Where, between the sheltering mountain
He secure position took,
Holding till thro' fear or fate—
All the British left our State.

Later, at Bound Brook, at Monmouth,
 And elsewhere on Jersey's soil,
 There were sieges, marches, battles;
 Hardships, hunger and turmoil;
 In whatever ills to bear,
 Jersey always had a share.

As, from first indignant protest
 Of the honored "old thirteen"
 Till the dawn of Peace, her patriots
 In the foremost rank were seen,
 So in galaxy of fame,
 Brightly chimes New Jersey's name.

ANDREW HAGEMAN.

GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS.

IN the foot-hills of the Allegheny Mountains in South Carolina, near the present town of Pendleton, there is a lonely grave, above which rises an unpretentious headstone. Foaming rills gurgle around it and winds mutter strange things through the chestnut boughs above. The mountains, blue and grim in the distance,

"Like giants stand
 To sentinel enchanted land."

The inscription on the headstone tells its own story. We read: "General Andrew Pickens. Born Sept. 13, 1739, and died Aug. 11th, 1817. He was a Christian, Patriot, Soldier. His character and actions are incorporated with the history of his country. Filial affection and respect reared this stone to his memory." In these hills, whose strength is God's, the warrior is at rest. Near him sleeps the wife of his youth, the lovely Rebecca, whose name is laden with memories of old, fresh with the youth of man.

Three years before her husband she entered the valley of the shadow and they "twain had been one flesh" for more than half a century. The scene appeals to the patriotic, the tender, the true. Here is the little church of Hopewell in which they worshiped, founded and maintained by the efforts of the dead chieftain. The soil in which he reposes was won by his arm

and brain in a brilliant campaign from the Cherokees. Through him alone whoop and halloo and painted face have given way to the refinements of civilization and the solemn hymns of praise. Who knows but his spirit walks these hills yet, the guardian of his Piedmont region, this stalwart patriot of other days? Here he lies, like David aforetime, "having faithfully served his generation, he fell on sleep." His was the "high honor" of Moses, his pall the hillside, his epitaph but a line, his name a shining memory, his life a golden example.

* * * * * * *

The life of Andrew Pickens contains flashes of genius: rare emanations of a great soul: no weak spots: a career actuated by duty—"that sublimest word in the English speech:" and the whole carefully rounded, firm of purpose, patient in disaster, self-contained in success—in short, it is human character seen in its bloom and its beauty, through which run the invisible lines of God's will.

By what rule do men measure greatness? Not by deeds surely, save as they indicate the force within. Chatham (as Emerson points out) was a man of few deeds but unquestioned greatness. Arnold de Winkelried and Leonidas are famous as Napoleon. Bolingbroke and Aaron Burr were men of brilliant talents. For all that they were not great men. Why? We answer: Character is suggestive rather than expressive; men are judged by deeds generally because deeds are assumed to be indicative of strength within; but as sometimes a man's actions are known to be averse to his real character, judgment on them is set aside and the case referred to the inner force. Hence we conclude that greatness of character is a perfect symmetry and proportion in all the active and moral powers of man's nature, and that they are in harmonious connection. This perfect balance of the powers and their adjustment to the needs of life mark the man preëminent among his fellows. The relevancy of this will appear as we proceed to study the life of Pickens. He was born in the county of Bucks, Pennsylvania, his family having moved there from the north of Ireland. There is scarcely any foundation (so far as can

be ascertained) for the assertion that the family is French.* Andrew Pickens emigrated to South Carolina about 1760, in the twenty-first year of his age.

"When the settlements in Long Cane were broken up in 1761, by the incursion of the Cherokees and the murders committed by them at Long Cane Bridge, near the "Calhoun Settlement," a portion of the fugitives took refuge in the Waxhaw congregation (Lancaster County). Ezekiel Calhoun escaped thither, bringing with him his interesting family. Andrew Pickens was also for a time a resident there, and became acquainted there with Rebecca Calhoun (daughter of Ezekiel) whom he afterwards married."—(Howe's History of Presbyterian Church in South Carolina, page 331.) They were married in 1765, at the home of the bride's father in Long Cane. "In an old book of William Calhoun's, beginning in 1762, in his own writing, are records of several marriages—which ceremonies, tradition says he performed, being justice of the peace, and ministers in those days not always available. Amongst these marriages are two Pickenses: 'Andrew Pickens and Rebekah Calhoun were married ye 19th day of March, A. D. 1765. William Bole and Margaret Pickens were married ye 7th day of January, in ye year of our Lord, 1766.'"—(Letter of Miss Eliza Calhoun of Washington, D. C., to the writer.)

The splendor of that wedding gleams yet through over a century of misty tradition. The groom was in the lusty prime of manhood; the bride radiant in the charms of young womanhood. "Tradition says it was the largest wedding ever known in that section of the country." As was the custom in those days of simplicity and cordial hospitality, all were invited, far and near, to join in the festivities, which, it is said, lasted three days without intermission. The beauty of the bride was the theme of all tongues. She had extensive connection of the highest respectability, and the hospitality of her parental home

* NOTE.—His grandson, who died only two months ago, says, "General Pickens was of French descent. His ancestors were driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. They first settled in Scotland, and afterwards in the north of Ireland. The name originally was Andreëls Pickon.

was proverbial. * * * "Rebecca Calhoun's wedding" was long talked of as a great event in the neighborhood and old people used it as a point of time to reckon from, while many lads and lassies dated their first emotions of tenderness and love from that joyous occasion. She was remarkable for the elasticity of her form, with delicate and fair complexion, and a girlish playfulness that never deserted her, even in her old age. Pure was her heart as the dew-drop hanging from the bosom of the mountain flower—and light was her step as the fawn playing upon the mountain's brow. * * * During the perilous scenes of the Revolution, her devotion and fidelity cheered her gallant husband amidst all their difficulties, and made his home ever bright and dear, even through the blood and carnage of those terrible days. * * * True to her country, she never forgot that she was a soldier's wife. Before the breaking out of the Revolution, General Pickens had built a blockhouse at his residence, near where Abbeville Court-house now stands, as a place of refuge to the settlement in case of danger from the Indians. Into this the inhabitants were often driven, and many a youthful warrior received his first training there, and caught the fire of that spirit which prepared him to be a freeman, and made him a soldier in the cause of his country. It was on these occasions that Mrs. Pickens exerted her powerful influence upon those who were forced to gather round her husband's standard. * * * Her active spirit shed a soft light upon all their councils. These were the scenes in which she received her education. "These were the courts in which she acquired her graces."—(Mrs. Elliott's *Women of the Revolution*, Vol. III, Rebecca Pickens.) The above account gives a fine picture of the domestic life of Pickens and shows what part his lovely wife played in his career.

In 1761 Pickens accompanied Colonel Grant in his expedition against the Cherokees. Colonel Grant came up with the Indians at Etchoe. "The battle lasted all day; and resulted in the defeat of the Indians. This was perhaps the most fiercely contested Indian battle ever fought in America."—(Davidson.) To Pickens it was the first sight of that wonder land where he



was so long to reside, which had for him a perennial charm, and where his body sleeps this day. It was the beginning of his education in Indian warfare, at which he became an adept. To his intimate acquaintance with Indian fighting upper South Carolina owed its safety more than once.

Together with Marion and Moultrie, Pickens enlisted in the French and Indian wars, serving until the Peace of Paris, 1763. After his marriage in 1765 he settled near where Abbeville now is. In the words of our uncrowned laureate: "The glory blushed and bloomed" about his home in those happy days. A beautiful and devoted wife; a cheerful fireside; peace and plenty about him—what more could man crave? All this he was soon called upon to forego and take the field, fighting for what he conceived to be duty and right. All good men loved the King in those times. Not to do so was crime. He was the embodiment of law and order—the center and source of government. Many a prayer was wafted skyward for his weal and guidance; not to drink his health was treason. This is a truth to be emphasized, as showing what it cost loyal men to revolt. South Carolina in particular was a favored province. She had few grievances, and these were invariably righted. So strong was this feeling in the State that many of the best men in it never joined the Whigs, and it is a matter of grave doubt among authorities whether a majority of her people were not always Tories. Some disputes arose at various seasons between the Governor and the Assembly regarding fiscal matters. The differences were generally adjusted, and while such clashes, undoubtedly, fomented a resisting spirit in Charleston and vicinity, we can see no ground in it for the later development of revolution. The revolt of Charleston without interior South Carolina would have amounted to nothing. In that case she would be beset at sea by England's ships, while swarms of hunters from the back country, with Indian allies, would fall upon her rear. Caught between such opposing forces her destruction was sure. The Charleston statesmen keenly felt this. They did not care to move without the State, and at first the State was opposed to revolt. Seeing the condition of affairs the Council of Safety in Charleston, on Sunday, July 23, 1775, appointed and com-

missioned Hon. William Henry Drayton and Rev. Wm. Tennant to go into the "back country" and explain the causes then in dispute between the Colonies and Great Britain. These commissioners proceeded inland to execute the order of the council. There were three men in upper Carolina who would have rendered this mission fruitless, such was their wealth and influence. These were the two Cunninghams, Robert and Patrick, and Colonel Thomas Fletchall. As soon as they heard of the intended move of Drayton and Tennant, they set to work among the people and so influenced them that the commissioners could hardly get an audience. It is not going too far to say that they would have returned to Charleston without accomplishing anything (as in fact they were on the point of doing) had they not received an unexpected and powerful ally.

What reasons led Pickens to espouse the cause of the Colonists we do not know. The influence brought to bear upon him was all from friends of the King. He had no personal grievance, nor had the region in which he lived; it had been protected always by royal troops and felt no burdens of taxation. Pickens had no ends to serve. We must conclude that it was the voice of duty. At this critical moment he flung his whole force into the American cause. He had the confidence of interior South Carolina; was widely known for his piety and fearless bravery. That decision turned the tide. The moment Pickens came out, interior South Carolina went against her royal master. The commissioners were everywhere heard and welcomed; discontent was allayed, and on all sides men flocked to the Whig standard. The decision cost Pickens much, and was to cost him more. Too far from Charleston for his family to be protected; the Indians hostile in his rear and near at hand; with all to lose and naught to gain save approval of conscience and freedom of his country—he went resolutely forward; and knightlier act never graced a foughten field.

JAMES HENRY RICE.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

ORIGIN OF THE MARY SILLIMAN CHAPTER, BRIDGE- PORT, CONNECTICUT.

THIS Chapter was organized in January, 1894. A number of applications were given out at that time, and from this, and the exertions of the Regent, we came to our first Chapter meeting in March, with a membership of thirty, and when we had been organized six months sixty names had been placed on our membership roll. One year has now elapsed and we have ninety-six members, and all the applications, which have been sent by the Registrar to Washington, have been of direct lineal descent and not a single collateral.

The first pledged as a member of this Chapter was Mrs. Elizabeth Boardman Lacey, wife of Rowland B. Lacey, who is a director of the State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and also president of the Gold Sellick Silliman Branch of this city, but through the interposition of Divine Providence she was taken from us, and our Chapter deeply deplores its loss.

We have one honorary member, of whose record we are proud, Miss Abby Holt, who is the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. She is eighty-four years of age and the youngest of ten children. There are only eight daughters of Revolutionary soldiers known to be living in the State of Connecticut.

The ancestors of eighty members served Connecticut during the War of the Revolution, five Massachusetts, five New York State, two New Hampshire, two Vermont, one Pennsylvania, and one New Jersey.

The records of these men show they did service in the following battles and places: In the Lexington Alarm, Bunker Hill, Quebec and Montreal Expedition, White Plains, Fort Washington, Ticonderoga, Bennington, in Tryon's invasion

of Connecticut, Ridgefield, Burgoyne's surrender, Forts Clinton and Montgomery, Battle of Germantown, at Valley Forge, Monmouth, New London and Yorktown, and surrender of Cornwallis.

By the reading of lineage papers of the members of the Mary Silliman Chapter we honor the memory of our ancestors, and while we may be proud of what we have accomplished, let us look forward to another year with increased energy and interest, and let it be the aim of all to do what we can in preserving the fame of our Revolutionary ancestors.

MARY WELLES BURROUGHS.

Registrar.

ANNUAL REPORT OF SENECA CHAPTER.

SENECA CHAPTER (Geneva, New York).—It is now nearly two years since our Chapter was organized, the first regular meeting being on July 4th, 1893, at the house of our Regent, Mrs. A. E. S. Martin. At that time the following officers were appointed: Regent, Mrs. A. E. S. Martin; Vice-Regent, Mrs. E. C. Coxe; Treasurer, Mrs. C. S. Burrall; Secretary, Miss M. H. Nelson; Registrar, Miss J. L. VerPlanck; Historian, Mrs. K. S. Butts; these with six others made our twelve charter members.

We took the name of Seneca for our Chapter from the beautiful lake upon which our town is situated. Our regular meetings have been held quarterly on historic dates, when we have discussed our Chapter business as well as the national topics of the day and listened to historical papers prepared by different members, always ending with delightful intercourse "over the tea-cups." The first paper read before our Chapter was on the "History of Geneva," by the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Coxe. With facile pen she traced the growth of our lovely town from the Indian village of Kanadasaga, the stronghold of the Senecas, interweaving legendary lore with interesting incidents in the lives of the early settlers. This was followed by an account of "Sullivan's Raid" and the "Visit of Lafayette to

Geneva," by the Historian. At our third quarterly meeting Miss Virginia Hopkins gave us a studied paper on the Society of the Cincinnati, which was supplemented by an appeal from Miss Butts urging the propriety of all patriotic-Americans, especially members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, committing the national songs to memory. This suggestion prompted our Registrar to have copies of the national hymns printed, which she daintily embellished with the "distaff" in water colors and presented to the members. Our next paper was by Miss VerPlanck on "The Capture of Colonel Gordon (her ancestor) and his Neighbors by the British, at the Battle of Ballston, New York, October 17th, 1780." We have also had most interesting papers on the flag, as "Old Glory," by Mrs. P. N. Nicholas, on the "Navy of the Revolution," by Miss Nelson, and "The Battle of Lexington," by Mrs. H. L. Rose. In this way our Chapter has not been idle, but as we are not on particularly historic ground there is but little work to be done. At our annual meeting in October, 1894, the officers of the previous year were unanimously reelected with but one change, the absence of Miss Nelson from town made it necessary to fill her place, and Miss Virginia Hopkins was elected Secretary.

Last year we sent a request to the school board of our village to adopt the salutation of the flag. This year we have offered a five dollar gold piece as a prize to the pupils of the high school for the best essay on Sullivan's Raid. Our one social event was on the Fourth of July, 1894, when by the invitation of the Misses Hopkins, we met at the "Oak Trees." A delightful tea was served, of which a conspicuous feature was a truly patriotic cake, encircled by red, white, and blue flowers, surmounted by tiny flags. After tea we sang the national airs and parted with the hope that this pleasant reunion would be repeated another year. Though our Chapter has only increased by two since its formation, we feel sure of larger numbers in the future, as our town boasts many descendants of famous old Revolutionary families.

KATHARINE STEVENS BUTTS,
Historian.

COLONIAL TEA.

NOVA CÆSAREA CHAPTER (Newark, N. J.).—At the Colonial Tea given by this Chapter at the residence of Mrs. William H. Guerin the following interesting paper was read :

A PAPER ON LAFAYETTE.

Nations, like individuals, keenly feel prompt and sympathetic assistance in an hour of need or trial.

To the French nation, more than to any other, Americans feel deeply indebted for such cordial and hearty support in their struggle for independence. Few, save students of history, realize how long and illustrious is the roll of French heroes who joined their fortunes with the Colonies.

Foremost among these names, and especially endeared to our people, is that of the Marquis de Lafayette.

He came of a long line of noble ancestry. Parton tells us that long before the discovery of America the Lafayettes are mentioned as "an ancient house." He, at least, in every generation distinguished himself by service to his country and King.

Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert du Motier, etc., was born on September 6, 1757, at the castle of Chavagnac, in Auvergne. His father, Nirchel, etc., was killed while serving as colonel of grenadiers, at the battle of Mindon, on August 1st, 1759. This left the young marquis, scarcely two years of age, solely in his mother's care, who was a young and beautiful woman, also of a noble (family) lineage. She carefully reared her little son in every way to worthily fill the position in life to which he was called.

At the death of his mother and grandfather he came into a large fortune and at seventeen he married a daughter of Duke D'hien who was but fifteen years of age.

He thus took and had forced upon him all the responsibilities of life when but a mere boy in years. While captain of artillery, stationed at Metz, he chanced to be, near the close of 1776, at a dinner in Paris where he met the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George III, King of England, and from him

learned for the first time of the Declaration of Independence, and of many other events that had then recently occurred in the United States.

The French people, especially the youths of the nation, were espousing, with enthusiastic devotion, "Liberty" and "The Rights of Man." Many eagerly embraced the opportunity to come to America, some merely for love of romantic adventure, others from deep and earnest sympathy and intelligent interest in the cause, yet again others from a desire for revenge toward England for the seven years' war and its disasters. The King of France, Louis XVI, did not join in this feeling toward the Americans or rebels, as he called them. He was fond of quoting his brother-in-law, Joseph II: "I am a royalist by trade, you know." Count Vergennes, the able Minister of Foreign Affairs, together with Marie Antoinette, favored Choiseul's policy to weaken England's colonial empire, but Vergennes would not risk the French position by quarreling with Great Britain until an alliance with America seemed likely to be valuable; consequently, he secretly aided the cause by sending arms, ammunition, and money, which was furnished through the famous Beaumarchais, and in such a manner as to make it appear that the Government was ignorant of it.

Early in 1777 a large quantity of military stores had been sent to this country, followed by such officers as Pulaski, La Ronerie, and some fifty others. The Duke de Montmorency and many more asked permission to join the Americans, but were refused with a tone of reprimand to give the appearance of disapproval of the Government. Lafayette was at once seized with an ardent desire, and while yet at Metz fully determined to cross the ocean and to offer his services to Congress. He consulted with Baron de Kalb, who had the same intention, and through de Kalb he was brought to Silas Deane, the American Envoy to France. Deane somewhat doubted the wisdom of accepting one so young, yet Lafayette himself says "that he dwelt more upon his ardor in the cause than his experience and the effect his departure would excite in France." The mutual agreement was then signed. Lafayette concealed his plans from his family and friends, except two or three confidants.

He had hardly come to this decision when news of defeat to the American Army reached France. The American credit sank to a low ebb, and even many Americans advised Lafayette to abandon his project. The news of the retreat from Long Island, loss of New York, battle of White Plains, and retreat through New Jersey, the American forces reduced to a disheartened band of 3,000 militia pursued by a triumphant army of 33,000 English and Hessians—these reverses seemed only to inspire Lafayette with deeper loyalty and earnest purpose to aid the cause which now more than ever needed his services. He proceeded at once secretly to raise the necessary money and at his own expense purchased a ship and armed it. To better conceal his purpose he made a journey to England and was presented to many who afterwards were distinguished in the Revolutionary War. At the opera he saw Sir Henry Clinton, whom he next saw on the battlefield at Monmouth.

While he concealed his plans he openly expressed his sentiments. On his return to France he was forbidden to carry out his project which had been discovered. He, however, paid no attention to this mandate and in May, 1777, sailed away, cheered by his countrymen and approved secretly by the Government.

When he arrived at Philadelphia he sent the following brief note to Congress: "After my sacrifices I have the right to ask two favors, one is to serve at my own expense, the other to begin to serve as a volunteer." Congress at once conferred upon him the rank of major general. From this period began the warm attachment between Washington and Lafayette which lasted throughout their lives. Lafayette naming his son George Washington.

His services to the country are so well known that they do not need a detailed account—Brandywine, where he was wounded; in Virginia, where he held an important command; and at Monmouth, where he led the attack. All are sufficiently well known not to need repetition.

At the end of fifteen months, a war cloud arising between his own country and England, duty called him home. While he was free he gladly fought under the American flag, but when France was in peril he felt that his place was with her.



It is not possible within the limited time allotted to me to touch even upon all the main events of Lafayette's life, but we are chiefly concerned with his relations to America.

A brief account of his visit to this country in 1824 may be of interest. President Monroe, at the Nation's request, wanted the marquis to come to America as its guest. This invitation was cheerfully accepted. He refused a public ship, preferring to come in a quiet way as a private citizen.

He was naturally prepared for a warm welcome, but the grand and many marks of esteem and demonstrations of gratitude and affection which awaited him quite overpowered him, so that he lost self-control, and in the impulsive French manner, his eyes overflowed with tears, and, pressing both hands violently to his heart, exclaimed, "it will burst."

It was one grand ovation, lasting fourteen months, each town and city outvieing the other in efforts to do him honor.

In his travels through the country every conveyance received him, from a barouche to a canal boat, proving that the reception was from the hearts of the people, every rank, class, and condition striving to pay him homage.

During the years that had intervened he had had many vicissitudes and his fortune had become impaired. Much of it having been expended to aid us in our independence, Congress, at the Nation's request, voted to grant \$200,000 and a township of land in our National Domain to him, that he might not return empty-handed to France; therefore, in express consideration of the services and sacrifices rendered in the War of the Revolution, it unanimously passed both Houses.

Not only did the Nation sustain Congress, but a few States, such as Maryland, New York, and Virginia, would gladly have increased the sum from their own treasuries. This he absolutely refused. In reviewing the life of Lafayette we cannot but be filled with admiration and gratitude, not alone for his services to our country, but for his noble qualities and his devotion to truth and right.

While we look with pride and satisfaction to the glories of the past let us not forget to inculcate into the youths of the

present day those qualities of mind and heart that shall make them appreciate the dignity and glory of citizenship.

MRS. STEPHEN W. CAREY.

WHEN LAFAYETTE WAS IN NEWARK.

Mrs. David A. Depue, the presiding officer, then said :

I want to add a word of reminiscence. The Marquis de Lafayette, with his son, George Washington Lafayette, visited this country in 1824. A public reception was given him in Newark, September 23d of that year.

It is said that the arrangements to receive him were of unparalleled grandeur. People came from all parts of the State to see the foreigner who had sacrificed, risked, and achieved so much in the cause of American independence.

The General was met in Jersey City by Grand Marshal General Jonathan Dayton, Major Keane, of Governor Williamson's staff, and Colonel T. T. Kinney. He was conducted to Major Boudinot's residence, located near the southern extremity of Military Park, and there introduced to the Judges of the State and Federal Courts, to the members of the Cincinnati, and other persons of distinction.

The floral display was very beautiful and elaborate. I have copied the description of it from Newark's Noted Visitors in the History of this Country. The base of the bower, composed of choicest flowers, was thirty-five feet in diameter. There were thirteen arches, one for each of the original States. The pillars were fifteen feet high, sustained by a floral dome representing the Western Hemisphere. The address was made by Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, followed by a military display. That night he was the guest of General Dayton, who resided in Elizabethtown.

As Mrs. Depue ceased speaking a voice said, "I was there, and walked through the arch, and saw all the celebrities." Whereupon Miss Eliza Sanford, a daughter of a soldier in the Revolutionary War, who is a member of the Nova Cæsarea Chapter, was asked to rise that all the members might see her. She did so and was enthusiastically acknowledged with waving of flags and clapping of hands. The little incident served to bring that far-away time down very close to the present.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG.

MEMPHIS, *June 2d, 1895.*

TO THE EDITOR AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE: The enclosed copies of letters relating to matters of interest connected with Watauga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, are sent you with the hope of their finding a place in the AMERICAN MONTHLY—a Magazine which seems happy to record all those graceful acts which tend to preserve in our hearts a true love of country and a noble gratitude to those of our ancestry who loyally strove for all those blessings we of to-day enjoy.

During this spring the annual election of officers for the Chapter took place, and Dr. F. P. Davenport was unanimously chosen for Chaplain. His gracious rejoinder testifies to his feeling of interest in the work and aims of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Very shortly after this the presentation of a flag to the Confederate Veterans by the Watauga Chapter was fittingly memorialized by the correspondence I send you.

Very cordially yours, ELISE MASSEY SELDEN,
Corresponding Secretary.

CALVARY CHURCH RECTORY, MEMPHIS, TENN.,

March 26, 1895.

My DEAR MADAME: Thank you very much for yours of the 25th's post, just at hand, and please express to Watauga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, my grateful appreciation of the honor and privilege conferred by their action. The basis of present patriotism is best laid in the mosaic of past deeds of glory, as memory fashions them in varied form and hue in the earnest hearts of that truest of nobility, American womanhood.

Sincerely yours, FREDERICK P. DAVENPORT.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *April 15, 1895.*

WATAUGA CHAPTER, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, TO COMPANY A, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GREETING: We, the proud daughters of noble sires who won glory and honor, fame, and freedom under the folds of the Star Spangled Banner, take pleasure and pride in presenting to you, their worthy sons, this emblem of victory and union, in the hope and belief that it for evermore may lead you through paths of pleasantness and peace, and that the bond fraternal may grow stronger year by year, till the lines north, south, east, and west be obliterated in the glorious heritage, American citizenship.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, *April 22, 1895.*

Company A, United Confederate Veterans, extends most cordial greetings to Watauga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and begs to return the most grateful thanks for the much beloved emblem of history so gracefully and patriotically presented by the worthy daughters of heroes, whose fame, imperishable as the stars, shall ever be regarded by their sons and daughters as a priceless heritage, inspiring them with deathless devotion to country and unswerving determination to do all in their power to perpetuate the blood-bought blessings of American citizenship.

Respectfully,

S. A. PEPPER,
O. S. and Secretary.

ANNUAL REPORT OF MARY BALL CHAPTER, TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

It was more than a year after that little band of patriotic women organized the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the city of Washington before any woman in this far away State realized her opportunity of utilizing in this practical present the bright examples of her forefathers, but one after another recalled her heritage of honored names, and on February 20th, 1893, Mrs. Chauncey W. (Mrs.

Martha A. Gallup) Griggs was appointed Regent to better facilitate an organization; but it was not until June 22d, 1894, that the first regular meeting was held, with thirteen charter members. The name adopted for the first Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in this natal State of the ever-illustrious Washington was the name of her to whom he owed most, Mary Ball, and the first name on our list of members is very appropriately (Mrs.) Clara Ball Jacobs. To these two named, Mrs. Griggs and Mrs. Jacobs, is due largely the success of our Chapter. On November 17th, 1894, a constitution (which had been prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose) was formally adopted. This constitution followed as closely as practicable the Constitution of the National Society. The meetings of the Mary Ball Chapter are held each month, the order of exercises being the reading of minutes, a paper or reading on some historical subject of general interest, or the history of an ancestor of some member of the Chapter, and always a paper on current topics and a cup of tea. This Chapter is too young to have done much aggressive work, but even before the formal organization a very creditable donation of old coins, etc., was made to the Liberty Bell. Lately a prize of five dollars has been offered, to be competed for by advanced pupils in either the public or private schools of the city, on "Why Washington Refused to be King."

As we have no honored graves or historic battlefields in our midst we are hoping to have some reminders of these brought and planted in one of our parks. But this is anticipating. The Mary Ball Chapter has been steadily growing—it now numbers twenty-two members, with several whose papers have not been formally accepted, and many others are investigating their claims for membership.

One of the pleasantest features of these Chapters in these newly-settled States is that they are composed of those whose ancestors have served on many battlefields, from the then extremest north to extremest south, from east to west—indeed, to write the history of the ancestry of the Mary Ball Chapter would be to write the history of the American Revolution.

MARY PINDEN SHELBY STALLCUP.

REUNION OF CAMPBELL CHAPTER.

THERE was a good attendance at the meeting of Campbell Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. James S. Pilcher. The application papers of Mrs. Lucy Chapman Denny, Mrs. Pearl Daniel Merrill, and Mrs. Sarah Cragwall Douglas having been handed in since the last meeting, their names were enrolled as members of the Campbell Chapter. Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare read a very interesting and instructive sketch on the life of General James Robertson. Campbell Chapter adjourned to meet Thursday, September 12.

THERE WASHINGTON DINED.

HISTORIC old General Wayne Tavern, in Lower Merion, Montgomery County, which sheltered Generals Washington and Wayne last century, was a quaint scene of festivity April 17th last. It was profusely decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the inaugural meeting of Merion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to commemorate the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the day when Holland acknowledged the independence of the United States.

As this particular occasion was to be a red-letter event, the ladies of Merion Chapter took extraordinary pains to transform old General Wayne Tavern into a quaint colonial house. Antique china, ancient spinning-wheels, homespun linen tablecloths, pillow-cases, sheets and window curtains, venerated arm-chairs, flint-lock muskets, and other Revolutionary relics, in combination with banners and flags, were used as decorations.

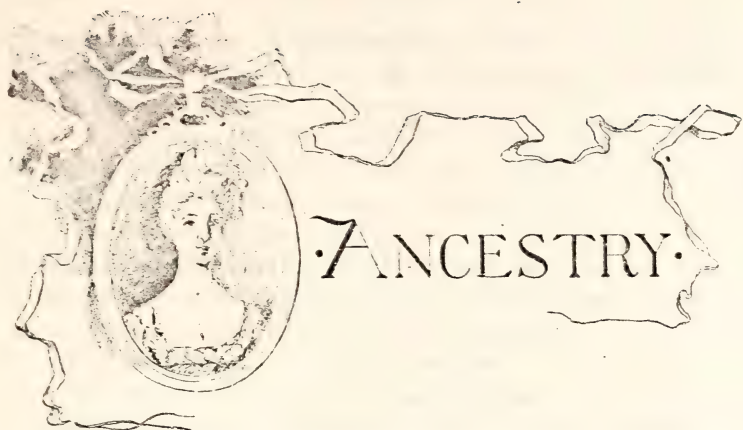
Mrs. Munyon, Regent, called the Chapter to order about four o'clock and interesting exercises followed. Among the participants were Miss Florence N. Heston, Pianist; Rev. J. G. Walker, of the Mantua Baptist Church; Mrs. J. M. Munyon, Regent; Mrs. J. G. Walker, Poet; and Miss Margaret B.

Harvey, Historian. An excellent old-time feast was then enjoyed, and it is safe to say that General Wayne Tavern has seldom sheltered a happier or more patriotic company.

The star or honorary member of the Chapter, who was also present, is Mrs. Louisa Heston Paxson, aged ninety-four years (whose portrait appeared in the May number of the Magazine as Mrs. Louisa Heston Saxon), daughter of Colonel Edward Heston, a Revolutionary soldier. Among the relics on exhibition was a two-hundred-year-old linen table-cover; a chair brought over in the ship *Welcome* by Dr. Thomas Wynne, physician to William Penn; Mrs. J. B. Harvey's two-hundred-year-old blue china meat-dish, which had been used by Penn; and two old armchairs, the property of Mrs. Harriet Young, of Narberth, and which were occupied by Washington and Lafayette at the General Wayne during their stop over night before the massacre at Paoli.

The principal officers of Merion Chapter, which was organized at Bala on February 16th last, are: Regent, Mrs. J. M. Munyon; Vice-Regent, Mrs. J. G. Walker; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. E. Nock; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. P. J. Hughes; Treasurer, Miss Florence N. Heston; Registrar, Mrs. Beulah Harvey Whilldin; Historian, Miss Margaret B. Harvey.





A PURITAN LEADER.

WHEN a name goes ringing down through decades till the decades multiply into centuries, the man who bore it must have done a deed or deeds worth the attention of men who come after him. Behind the deeds must have been a character worthy of study.

Believing the most interesting thing in history to be the development of character, in the time at my disposal I shall speak of the man assigned as my subject, touching upon the facts of his life only so far as they serve to throw light upon his character.

Sir Edward Coke, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, one day observed a boy in his court taking notes. The boy's appearance impressed his lordship, and he examined the notes. This led to an interest in the boy. Coke took him under his patronage, and gave him a classical education. This liberality on the part of the jurist connected his own great name with a name which is known and revered wherever high moral qualities are held in veneration—the name of Roger Williams.

This giant of the days when our land was young was born about 1599, somewhere in Wales. The place is in doubt: the date in dispute. His early education was received at Sutton's Hospital, now the Charter House, where about a hundred

years later. John Wesley began his school life. He entered Pembroke College, Cambridge University, in 1623, and took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1627.

On leaving college he studied law for a time. Relinquishing this avocation for his vocation, he entered the ministry and was ordained in the Episcopal Church.

He was naturally an extremist, *i. e.*, a man who has irresistible convictions, utters the truths that are in him, and thinks of consequences when they are forced upon him. Being a hero as well, he met and faced those consequences, calmly accepting what he could not overcome.

Men of his character and the opposition they aroused were agitating England at that day. This opposition drove Williams out of the obscure parish in which he might have lived and died unknown; drove him into labor, hardship, peril, and lifted him, albeit unwittingly, into immortality. Records of lives that were hard in the living make glorious reading. Souls that have struggled inspire other souls.

Henry VIII had freed himself from the dominion of the Pope to exercise over his own people the spiritual dominion of a tyrant. His bigoted Roman Catholic daughter so used her brief five years of power as to make our womanhood rise against her now, when we remember that a woman rightfully earned the title "Bloody Mary." Protestant Elizabeth, before the majesty of whose intellect we willingly bow, at whose personal vanity we can but smile, from whose moral character we turn aside, and at whose unholy ambition we are shocked, allowed herself to be declared the Supreme Head of the Church in her dominions. She exercised her headship through the Court of High Commission, whose duty it was to see that all the Queen's subjects submitted to her supremacy in religion and to uniformity in worship.

During these three reigns there sprang up in England a class of men called Puritans. The name was given them in derision. their lives ennobled it.

Through the twenty-two years of the reign of James I England lost much of the power and glory won during Elizabeth's time. James was, as Macaulay says, "made up of two

men—a witty, well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued; and a nervous, drivelling idiot, who acted." Wicked in life, his religion consisted in persecution of those who differed from him in theology. Through the accident of his being upon the throne and giving his royal consent to the translation of the Bible, his unworthy name has been associated with the version of the Scriptures prepared by the scholars of his time.

The more general reading of the Bible to which this led gave rise to deeper, broader, more independent thinking upon religious matters.

Charles I had "imbibed his father's notion that an Episcopal Church was most consistent with the proper authority of Kings;" and persecuted with great severity English Puritans and Scotch Presbyterians.

The air of England, so rapidly being deprived of the oxygen of freedom, grew oppressive to men of large minds, and they turned their eyes across the sea to the land to which men of kindred spirit had gone a few years before.

In history, in poetry, in individual thought, it is customary to give the highest glory to the explorer, the discoverer. We rightfully yield homage to the intrepid souls who brave the perils of unknown seas, of unknown lands, who dare to venture into unknown realms of thought. But should we not pay greater homage to the high courage that faces known danger? If it be heroic to risk possible peril, is it not more heroic to go forth unflinchingly to meet certain sufferings?

The very lack of knowledge of the New World enveloped it in an atmosphere of romance that must have powerfully appealed to ardent souls. In the minds of the first Pilgrims, mingled with holy zeal for a purer worship, with noble discontent with the state of things in Europe, with the lofty heroism which nerved them to dare unknown dangers; mingled with all these was, perhaps, albeit unrecognized by themselves, a spirit of adventure, a love of romance, a human curiosity as to this new land.

Messengers had come back to the Old World now. Discouraged men had returned to their homes. So Romance, the

maiden with the beautiful brow, did not smile upon the passengers in the good ship *Lyon* which carried Roger Williams to America. Stern-faced Duty stood alone at the helm.

This ship, with its company and its provisions, brought such joy to the fainting hearts over here, that an appointed day of fasting was turned into a day of thanksgiving.

This was early in 1631. Governor John Winthrop, with about eight hundred persons, had come over the year before, had put up a few huts, and pitched a few tents on the peninsula of Trimountain. Here Williams landed, on the spot upon which now stands the city of Boston. Here he found an infant church, of which he was immediately and unanimously elected "teacher:" that is, assistant pastor. But finding them to be an "unseparated people" (still conforming to the Church of England), he declined, the historian says, "what must have been to him an exceedingly desirable position."

After a few weeks, he accepted a call to Salem, where he became assistant to a Mr. Skelton, and where his surroundings were much pleasanter than at Trimountain.

The church at Boston were aggrieved at Williams because he said they "should repent having had communion with the Church of England." The court at Boston protested, in a letter to Governor Endicott, against his being chosen after having expressed the opinion that courts "should not punish violations of the first four commandments, because they concerned men's consciences only."

Notwithstanding the protest, the Salem people settled Williams as their minister, April, 1631. Before the close of the year the place became uncomfortable by reason of these troubles, and he sought refuge among the more liberal Pilgrims at Plymouth. Here again he was made assistant pastor. Notwithstanding men's elections and appointments, mental and moral strength seem to constitute the real supremacy. Men to whom Williams was "assistant" are known to-day, largely, from that association.

The Plymouth colony was eleven years old, and must have presented a happy contrast to the three-year old Salem. But

it was not in the nature of this man to enjoy comforts when by the endurance of hardship he could accomplish good. Hence, we find him spending much of his time in the wigwams of the Indians, that he might teach them of Christ. "Pure religion and undefiled," was it not?

Before leaving Plymouth he had laid the foundation of a critical acquaintance with the Indian languages, and had inspired the leading sachems with confidence in his integrity and benevolence. From Plymouth he went back to Salem, to assist Mr. Skelton, whose health was declining. He left behind him warm friends, and was accompanied by a small number, unwilling to be separated from him. Nevertheless, differences of opinion on grave matters had developed between him and some of the leading men, and one elder, at least, favored his dismissal. At Salem, his enemies affirmed that "in one year he filled that place with the principles of rigid separation." An earnest man, a man of intense convictions, will inevitably prove a proselyter, bringing over other men to his beliefs. His beliefs are his life. He cannot help communicating them. When a man's very soul burns with a conviction of what is to him a truth, its light must radiate from his speech, his actions; he cannot prevent the shining.

The Puritans were like ourselves in one respect—their ideas of a matter depended very much upon their point of view. Henry Ward Beecher said, that in his boyhood, his father sometimes punished his children in the old-fashioned way. Before applying the rod, he talked to them awhile. Beecher states that, although his father was regarded as a good logician, he, for some reason, could never, at such times appreciate the force of his arguments. In his manhood he used the same practice and the same arguments with his own children, and those arguments then appeared to him to be overwhelmingly convincing. On considering the matter, he concluded that his change of mental view arose from the fact that he was now at "the other end of the rod."

The Puritans had decidedly objected to persecution in England and Holland. It appeared in the light of a sacred duty

now. They were "at the other end of the rod," Williams was at the "boy" end.

In 1655 the General Court banished him from Salem, ordering him to depart within six weeks ; because he had called in question the authority of magistrates in respect to two things : the right of the King to appropriate and grant the lands of the Indians, without purchase ; and the right of the civil power to impose faith and worship—he maintaining "with inflexible rigor the *absolute and eternal distinction between the spheres of the civil government and the Christian Church.*" Poor man! He lived some two hundred years before his time. He suffered banishment for upholding a doctrine which is one of the foundation stones of our Government to-day, the separation of Church and State.

The time for the preparations for his departure had been extended to Spring. But his doctrines were spreading, and his purpose of founding a Colony near by, embodying his principles, had become known. No time was lost. He must be sent to England at once. A small vessel was sent to Salem to bring him away. He was forewarned and escaped. In mid-winter, he says, "sorely tossed for fourteen weeks, not knowing what bread nor bed did mean," he went through the wilderness to the shores of the Narragansett.

This eager, restless, suffering man, wandering through the forests of New England ; hungry, foot-sore, heart-sore : sometimes, doubtless, complaining in bitterness of spirit of the narrowness of his fellow-man ; sometimes lifting his strong heart in love to his God, bowing his proud soul in childlike humility before his Maker ; this seeming breeder of discords in the Church of his day ; by the agitation of his soul, by his sufferings and by his strength, helped to bring us peace : helped to make it possible that our hymns of praise should be sung in many keys, and yet make harmony in our churches to-day.

After his wanderings, he purchased land on the Seekonk River, and planted his corn only to learn that he was within the bounds of the Plymouth Colony. He then set out, with five companions, on new explorations. To his landing-place

he gave a name which is highly characteristic. Under circumstances in which the average Christian might have found himself not only in sore doubt as to the brotherhood of man, but even questioning God's goodness, he, with a simple faith, almost sublime, "having," as he says, "a sense of God's merciful providence" to him in his distress, gave the name of "Providence" to the place which he "desired to be a shelter for persons distressed for conscience." To save others from the suffering which he had himself bravely borne, was surely the thought of a noble mind.

LIZZIE PERSHING ANDERSON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLIDDONS.

THE first of the Gliddons who tried his fortunes on the soil of New England was one "Charles," who came over with "Mason," an intimate friend, and afterwards Governor of the State of New Hampshire, from the little town of "Gliddon," Hampshire County, England, and landed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1656. In 1665 Gliddon took the oath of allegiance and was granted a tract of land in Rockingham County, same State. A few years later he sold advantageously one hundred acres of his last parcel of land, now the town of New Market. The bravery of these old ancestors is astonishing! As in so many cases we read of, so in the case of Charles Gliddon, who left a goodly estate in England, honorably descended to him from the days of "William the Norman," who in 1066 landed on English soil. And in the old records of the little hamlet of Gliddon we find the first mention of his family, who were old Norman Barons, and given by "William the Conqueror" an estate in Essex County. The last who bore the title was one Sir Arthur Gliddon, who lived in the beautiful old Elizabethan mansion, in sight of the Isle of Wight. We of this generation have visited it of late years and a pictured copy of the old mansion is in my mother's possession. But the intrepid blood of these early settlers to America was above all considerations of wealth or luxury or descent

from proud "Norman nobles." It called for freedom of action and thought, seeking both and finding them in the glorious New World we to-day call "our Fatherland." His grandson, another Charles, inherited this same brave, courageous spirit, and prior to the Revolution of 1776, at the time of the "French War," formed a company of soldiers in New Hampshire and joined Pepperel's forces in Boston harbor, "that remarkable expedition to Cape Breton and the siege and capture of Louisburg, which was in fact and deed the most daring and marvelous feat in our naval history." "The New England sailors fought like vikings." And all through the French and Indian wars we find in the old New Hampshire records frequent allusions to the brave fighting done by a Richard, a David, and a Charles Gliddon, with honorable mention. In 1788 one of the name was a delegate to the New Hampshire Convention, which adopted the Federal Constitution. Also mention is made of one General Erastus Gliddon prior to the Revolutionary War. In 1722, in the little town of Lee, New Hampshire, on the 22d of December, was born a son to Charles Gliddon, the delegate to the Constitutional Convention, who was called Joseph, and whom I call my great-great-grandfather, who lived to be ninety-five years of age, not dying till 1817.

When he was about twenty-eight years old he left his native town, and was given a tract of land by his father, in the then wilderness of Massachusetts (right in the border and now New Castle, Lincoln County, Maine). It is no longer a wild tract of land, but if we choose to go there and look "toward the south, one has a charming view of the swift-running tide-water of the Damariscotta River, at the north and west the magnificent salt bay, and at the east the noble forest, where are still the celebrated oyster banks." The old house, erected in 1750 (one hundred and forty-five years ago), yet stands "a memorial to the departed, and giving a pleasant and agreeable home to its present possessor, John M. Gliddon." During the Revolutionary War ships from England were in the habit of coming to the coast of Maine and cutting down from its forest the fine timber, which they used for masts for their vessels.

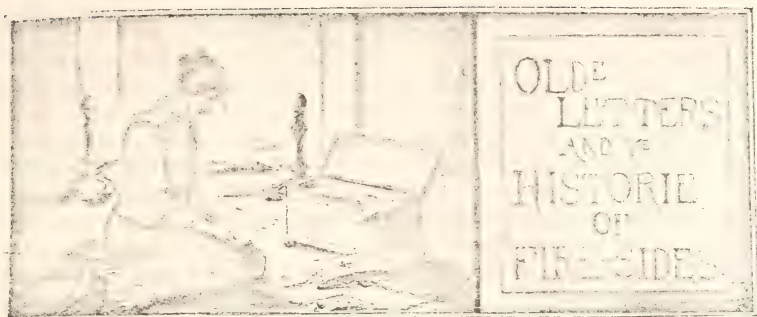
After standing this insult as long as they could, the people of the State decided by concerted action, to raise companies of troops and then gather sufficient force to make attacks on these ships as they appeared on the coast. And on September 10, 1777, one of these mast ships was captured right in the beautiful bay the Damariscotta River forms first there, between the little town of the same name and New Castle. In this engagement Joseph Gliddon, who was a soldier in Captain William Jones's company, with many others fought bravely and well. His faithful wife, one Anna Woodman, whom he had married in Lee, New Hampshire, was as true a patriot as her fighting husband, for throughout this engagement she cared for the wounded, fed the faint, and even succored some Indians at her very door. Of her husband, the History of Lincoln County, Maine, says: "He was a man of great probity, devoutly religious, and one of New Castle's most esteemed citizens." * * *

"That he was a sturdy and courageous man appears evident from the fact of his selecting for his home in 1750 the then wilderness of Maine." His grandson, my grandfather, Colonel John Gliddon seems to have inherited the loyal and patriotic traits of these ancestors too, for when our arms had been lain aside after the terrible struggle of 1776, and the starry flag of the United States had been acknowledged by all nations for many years, he, with hundreds of others, "saw the coast from Maine to Carolina swarming with British cruisers, in no less ignoble business than using the right of search of all American vessels and kidnaping American seamen from their decks to supply their own ships with fighting men"—the blood of Revolutionary sires rose within him and he became a soldier too. He was put in command at Fort Island, right near his home, and made a colonel, his sword being one of our treasured possessions. The New Castle, Lincoln County History says of him, "Colonel John Gliddon, born March 24, 1785, was a valuable citizen and enterprising man, and the place is indebted for much of its prosperity and growth to his activity and business talent. He was a soldier and made a colonel in the War of 1812." A beautiful church to his memory and that of his wife, "Mary Jordan Lovett," has been

erected in New Castle, of late years, on the banks of the river they both loved so well. It is a pleasure to recall him and the names of some of his ancestors and mine, whose brave deeds, helped, with many others, in giving to their descendants of the nineteenth century the peace and comfort our beloved land has to-day, and in making it possible that our beautiful flag may float free and honored on every sea.

ALICE H. G. HUFNUT.





FIRST MARRIAGE OF AN AMERICAN GIRL TO A FRENCH DIPLOMAT.

THE decree of the French Government forbidding the members of the diplomatic and consular service to marry foreign women without the consent of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs recalls the first marriage of the kind which occurred in this country. Like the last one the bride was a Philadelphia girl, and the marriage took place in that city. The lady was Elizabeth Moore, daughter of His Excellency, William Moore, President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and she is described as "a spruce, pretty, little woman."

The groom was Marquis Barbe de Marbois, French Charge d'Affaires in the United States in 1784. He was a great favorite in Philadelphia society. The marriage took place in June, 1784, when this Government was in its extreme infancy, we being governed entirely by Congress, as it was five years before we had a President.

As Miss Moore was a Protestant the ceremony was performed in the morning in the minister's chapel, and in the evening at Miss Moore's home by the celebrated Parson White. Miss Moore did not join the Catholic Church. "Nothing was required of either party," said a friend, "but toleration of each other." General Washington's letter of congratulation to the marquis was as follows:

"DEAR SIR: It was with very great pleasure I received from your own pen an account of the agreeable and happy connection you were about to form with Miss Moore. Though you have given many proofs of your pre-

dilection and attachment to this country, yet this last may be considered not only as a great and tender one, but as the most pleasing and lasting one. The accomplishments of the lady and her connection cannot fail to make it so. On this joyous event accept, I pray you, the congratulations of Mrs. Washington and myself, who cannot fail to participate in whatever contributes to the felicity of yourself or your amiable consort, with whom we both have the happiness of an acquaintance, and to whom and the family we beg leave to present our compliments. With very great esteem and regard and an earnest desire to approve myself worthy of your friendship, I have the honor to be

G. WASHINGTON."

Madame de Marbois died in France. In August, 1797, "on learning the decree of banishment pronounced against her husband, she resolved to accompany him," said the Philadelphia newspapers at the time of her death, "and hurried to Boise, where he was in prison, but she was not allowed to participate in his misfortunes. She fainted in the courtyard on seeing him depart in an iron cage in which he was enclosed with sixteen others. From that moment to the time of her death she remained in a state of profound melancholy. The King and Queen of the French have sent to M. de Marbois a message of condolence on his loss."

M. de Marbois was Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time the United States bought Louisiana from France. He was present when the sale was made. Napoleon turning to him whispered the amount he intended to ask of the American Commissioners. "Treble it," was the advice of the shrewd marquis, "they will not hesitate to pay three times the sum you name." Napoleon followed his advice and when the money was paid he was so pleased that he gave a handsome sum from it to his clever minister. Strange to say, a portion of this purchase money came back to the United States in 1853 as a bequest to the relatives of Madame de Marbois, among whom were the Willings and Moores, of Philadelphia. Young Mrs. John Jacob Astor is a daughter of the Willings, and Mrs. C. M. E. Hopkins, Mrs. Henry L. Pope, and the late Mrs. Mary Eaches, of this city, are descendants of the Moores. Marquis de Caux, the divorced husband of Patti, was a great-nephew of the marquis's son-in-law, and also received a portion of the estate, which was very large.

Marquis de Marbois wrote a history of Louisiana and a story of the treason of Benedict Arnold.

His only daughter, who was born in New York, married the Duke de Plaisance, a son of Le Brun, one of Napoleon's colleagues in the Consulate, and they had no children.

SALLIE E. MARSHALL HARDY.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY REV. JONATHAN LEE, D. D., OF SALISBURY, CONNECTICUT, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS MARRIAGE TO ELIZABETH METCALF, SEPTEMBER 3D, 1744.*

JONATHAN LEE was born July 4th, 1718. Graduated at Yale College, 1742. Was a Congregational minister in Salisbury, Connecticut, for forty-five years, and died October 8th, 1788.

INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT.

"To the faithful discharge of the Pastoral office, he united the private virtues of the Husband, Parent and Friend; and he expired in the blessed hope of that Gospel, to which he had devoted his life."

ORATIO VALEDICTORIA.

Wellcome, thrice Wellcome this happy Evening that brings me to taste the sweets of Matrimony, that invites me to banish every disturbing Object from my Mind, and salutes me with the fair prospect of a long, a joyful, happy Tranquility of Mind.—Let no mournful Voice come herein.—Let nothing pollute my sacred Joys.—Let all be peace, let all be joy, let all be love.

Hail happy fair One! dear Object of my tenderest affections, dear Partner of all my Joys. I congratulate you on this Joyful Interview, May the benign Influences of Heaven descend upon you, may you long enjoy a happy Tranquility of Mind. Me-

* Copied by Florence Lee, of Buffalo, lineal descendant of Rev. Jonathan Lee, and member of Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

thinks I almost behold the Serenity of your Mind, the peace and composure of your Soul beaming forth thro' your Eyes, thro' your Countenance.

God who made the Universe by his power, governs and disposes all things by his holy and wise providence, and overrules all things for his own Glory and the Good of his Creatures, and his Goodness appears wonderfully displayed in his appointing Marriage for the Propagation of Mankind, the peace and happiness of Individuals, and the Good of the whole. And accordingly when he made Man upon the Earth, he saw it was not best for him to be alone, but made an helpmeet for him, and appointed such a near Relation as that now it is a standing Precept of our holy Religion that a man shall forsake Father and Mother and cleave to his Wife.

And with the utmost pleasure, with Joy and Exultation of heart it is that I appear here at this time, and on this Occasion it is to pay our parting Respects, our best Wishes, our Gratitude, our filial Farewell to you our hon'd Parents and beloved Brethren and Sisters.

I reflect with Joy and Gratitude that that God who formed me in the womb and watched over me by his kind Providence ever since I have been in the world: that that God who hath recovered me in several Instances when brought to the Graves Mouth, and has been dayly loading me with his benefits, has brought me into such a happy Relation with this your Daughter and amicable Sister. A Relation unspeakably sweet and dear to me, a pledge of future happiness that Nothing but Death can dissolve. Time, which molders away our mortal part, only can obliterate and put to an End this desirable Relation.

I can't think it unseasonable, or the effect of pride and Vanity for me to appear in this Manner and in a serious and religious manner take our leave of you, and as we are about to go from you to spend our Lives from under your Roof, we will now manifest our Love, our affectionate Regards, our dutiful Respects and grateful Sense of your parental love, kindness and Goodness towards us and then we will wait with a listening attentive ear for your solemn Counsel and parental Instruction.



I shall first address myself to you, dear Betsy, who of all others I have chosen to be my bosom Companion, the Wife of my Youth, the comfort of my life, the Consolation of my old age.

Dear Madam, The relation I stand in to you is unspeakably near, dear, sweet and delightful to me. I feel the tenderest affection for you. My heart glows with love to you: it is impossible for me to smother and conceal the passion within, tho' Modesty would gladly do it on this occasion. Let me now speak freely, let me unbosom myself to you.

Your many singular Excellences are not known to me only, but are observable by all your Acquaintance, they are acknowledged by your Enemies. Your Modesty, good Sense, good Education, prudence in all your Words, and good Oeconomy in domestic affairs, so that the Heart of your Husband may safely trust in you, the uncommon Sweetness of your Temper, your Benevolence and that dutiful Respect and Honor you have always paid your Parents, that peace and love and sweet harmony you have always maintained with your Brethren and Sisters, not to mention other Excellences that you chuse should be concealed from mortal sight, have qualified you to act in some public sphere in life, such a light must not be hid under a bushel, providence calls you to become an example unto others. And as you are shortly to go from your Father's house, to leave the place of your nativity, the dwelling where you was born and brought up and act in a new sphere in life, you may well be thoughtful on such an Occasion. Tho' you are going to leave a tender Father an affectionate Mother and loving Brethren and Sisters yet it is for One that loves you more than equal to any of them, and I hope the parting is not forever.

In me, dear Madam, you may ever expect to find a kind, a tender and an affectionate bosom Friend. In me you may expect to find love and affection too great to be expressed. In me you may expect to find Faithfulness and Sincerity, Readiness to overlook all your Imperfections, to cover all your Infirmities, a Disposition to mourn with you under all your and to be a Partner under all your sorrows and to use all pos-

sible Endeavors to promote your happiness in this world and eternal happiness in the world to come. Let the tenderest affection ever dwell in my heart toward you, let my words and my Actions express the tenderest Regard, and let the sweetest friendship ever subsist between us till that hour when this Relation shall be resigned up into the icy arms of Death. Then may we ascend with the ten Thousand times ten Thousand and thousand of Thousands. And our present Friendship be consummated in heavenly felicity and we be ever with the Lord in that World where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

I shall next address myself to you our dear parents, Hon^l S^r. and Madam. We feel on this Occasion different passions within, sorrow and hope, fear and joy alternately rise in our minds. To go from under your wing, to leave the home of her Nativity, the place where she was dandled upon her Mother's lap, where she has always been wont to hear the sweet counsel of the best of Fathers, the sweet advice of the two best of mothers, and long enjoyed the Love and sweet Harmony of Brethren and Sisters. This gives pain within, this opens the spring of sorrow and marvel not at it should we drop a tear on such an Occasion. O let us inherit a Father's blessing! let us not go away without a Mother's prayers, without a brother's kind wishes, and a sister's dear Remembrance. We are loth to leave you, we long to live with you, we reflect with Gratitude upon your many many kind Offices, but providence calls and we must hearken to the call of God, with Hearts and hands, with Eyes and lips we salute you and leave the Remembrance of a kind, affectionate, dutiful Daughter behind with you, and now our dear Brethren and Sisters.

My dear spouse has long liv'd with you, you have taken sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company and now we are about to leave you we can't fail of wishing you all imaginable happiness in this World and Life everlasting in the World to come. Hearken to our parting counsel, obey and honor your parents, and love one another. One thing is needful for you, for me, for every One.—O chuse that good part which shall not be taken away.

Peace be within the walls of this house, and may the God of love and peace dwell under this roof. May we enjoy your frequent visits and we often return wellcom'd to this our home and may we all at last meet in that world where we shall never be parted more.

And as the Word of God is more quick and powerful than any human Discourse I shall conclude with those words of Inspiration—Phillipians 4 : 8.—Finally whatsoever Things are true, whatsoever Things are honest, whatsoever Things are just, whatsoever Things are pure, whatsoever Things are lovely, whatsoever Things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.



THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PATRIOTIC FATHERS.

[Dedicated to the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.]

As eagles round the mountain height
Majestic, bold, and free,
Wheel, unconstrained, their heavenward flight,
Nor ask for leave to be,
The fathers, with unfaltering trust,
The path to freedom trod,
Nor trailed their banners in the dust,
Nor feared the oppressor's rod.

Not theirs to wear a foreign yoke,
Or bow to kingly power ;
The fetters from their souls they broke,
Brave, for 'twas freedom's hour ;
They suffered with a lofty aim,
Aspiring to be free ;
And fame preserves each noble name,
True knights of liberty.

Where'er the patient fathers rest,
Let every patriot son
Cherish and guard,—a rich bequest,—
The fields their valor won ;
Brood o'er the land they died to save,
Sweet peace, with sheltering wing,
And freedom's stainless banner wave
And freedom's anthem sing.

S. F. SMITH.

June 25, 1895.

EDITORIAL.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: The organization of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, is progressing so fast toward the forming of local societies all over the country, that it is thought best to open this department at once for your use in the July number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE and not wait for the January issue, as at first intended.

We are first and last and always a *live* organization. We must remember that. And the life of our Society depends on a single member as much as on the whole. We are bound together by the strongest ties that could be imagined, love of country and of God, and each child and young person must keep deep in his and her heart this truth: God has given this Society to *me* as a means by which *I* can grow up to patriotism and good citizenship—the grandest thing for a boy or a girl to look forward to.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said once that the inspiration that caused Reverend Doctor Smith to write *My* country instead of *Our* country in his immortal "America" was the grandest inspiration and one that lent great power to the national hymn. We will take that lesson to heart, each one of us, as we will every other good thing; and never let the truth grow dim that it is *My* country and *My* Society, Children of the American Revolution; and that *I* personally have a duty and a privilege to make the most and the very best of my opportunities and of myself with God's help to make a good citizen and to help all other young people in the same way.

Now we have come to the reason why we form such a Society as this of our National Society, Children of the American Revolution. Is it because we are to look back to the early history of our country solely to find there our forefathers battling with oppression and coming off victorious, winning honor and fame that we may bask in and proclaim to the world? No! Is it because we are to exhibit this National Society, Children of the American Revolution, feeling all the while no one but those

like us who had ancestors winning this honor and fame, can possess patriotism and good citizenship? No! No! Is it because we can adorn ourselves with our Badges and treasure our Certificates and have and hold all the various delights and advancements coming to us through our Society, to ourselves and ourselves alone? No! No! No!

Look back, Children of the American Revolution, upon those brave and broad souled men and women, who made and kept this country. Did they so strive and work? Did they so plan for the future? They proclaimed a liberty that was for all men—limitless as the sky above them, and true as its blue, was the fidelity to one another and to all within the borders of the new land of promise: and thus shoulder to shoulder for the best good of all did they fight. God was with them and they knew it, they were working and fighting not for themselves alone, but for their country—for America—to make it the land of the free! Love to man was bound up in love to God. And so they could not help but win.

And so this National Society, Children of the American Revolution was formed that we may help forward to patriotism and good citizenship, not only those who are eligible to membership in it, but also all those who are not eligible. We shall not be true to our trusts as descendants of those broad souled ancestors if we ever forget for a moment the many ways and means by which we can band together the active members and those others who may be associated with us in patriotic work and endeavor. So shall we march on, our ranks proclaiming a mighty and ever-increasing host of young patriots, if we set our faces steadily to the light that beams for those who work for God and country.

The many ways and means by which we may achieve all this must be given elsewhere in this department, as will all other plans and patriotic suggestions.

This department will contain bulletins of the latest news in regard to our National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, together with all information that is connected with it.

Here you will have space for the exercise of your ability in all directions that appropriately belong to patriotic work.

The patriotic work by young people in the public schools will be reported, together with progress in Boys' Brigades, Patriotic Leagues, Christian Endeavor and others that fall into the line of young people's advancement toward patriotism and good citizenship.

Lists of books will be prepared for you to read and suggestions will be given for you to carry out in the local societies all over the country. Historical trips will be planned and a space will be devoted to questions that you may like to present to the department. It will be entitled "Our Question Box." In short, the department will be a general meeting ground for all the societies belonging to our National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, where you can interchange your experiences and plans and thus become thoroughly acquainted with each other and with the work.

The State Promoters of the National Society, representing all the States in the Union and composed of the representative men and women of America, are invited to send to this department, from time to time, suggestions and counsel to the young people, who will thus be helped forward by their invaluable assistance.

Dear Children of the American Revolution, we will each one of us do the very best for this Young People's Department that is in us to do. And we will begin now (for that is one of the finest words in the English language, that word "now,") to think and to plan for the best use of its columns. Let us meet here every month to forge forward our great organization for God and country.

And now may God bless you every one, and keep you safe, and pure, and strong for your country.

Ever affectionately, HARRIETT M. LOTHROP,
President National Society Children American Revolution.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS OF THE SOCIETY.

Extract from a letter from Ex-President Harrison :

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

Perhaps this will yet reach you in time for your meeting on the Fourth. On the opposite page I have sent a greeting to the Society which I hope you will accept as an evidence of my interest.

INDIANAPOLIS, *July 1, 1895.*

Hail to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution! Patriotism should be inculcated. The children should not be left to catch it or not as they do the measles—and people who have caught it must not allow the cry “jingo” to keep them in doors.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

This was read amid great applause at the great celebration in the interests of the National Society, Children of American Revolution, in the Old South Meeting House, Boston, July 4th, 1895. A full report of this meeting will be given in August number, entitled, “Our Fourth of July Celebration.”

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 12, 1895.*

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,

President of the Children of the American Revolution.

DEAR MADAM: I am very glad to learn from the documents which you send of the organization and aims of the new Society, the “Children of the American Revolution.” I can readily understand that it will be promotive of patriotism for a large class of our citizens to consider their descent from the soldiers of the Revolution and to celebrate this fact in a fitting manner. The beneficial effect of this will extend to others if the wise plans of your constitution are considered and measures taken on the part of the members of the Society to connect with their body, in some honorable manner, all other persons who have the same sympathies although not descended from Revolutionary ancestors.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. T. HARRIS,

Commissioner of Education.



From the Vice-President of the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution :

66 BEACON ST., BOSTON, *June 27, 1895.*

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,

President National Society, Children of the American Revolution.

DEAR MADAM: I thank you very much for your kind letter of yesterday and take great pleasure in acceding to your two complimentary requests: First, that I shall be a member for Massachusetts of the State Promoters; and Second, that I attend the public meeting to be held at the Old South Meeting House on the morning of July 4th and make a five minute speech appropriate to the occasion.

I read with great interest not long ago an article in the *Boston Transcript* in relation to the Society, and would say that I think it is one of the very best movements that have been made in our country for historical education as well as patriotism.

Believe me, yours very truly, NATHAN APPLETON.

STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION, STATE HOUSE,

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, *June 27, 1895.*

MY DEAR MADAM: I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June 26th and to express my appreciation of the honor you pay me in asking me to become a member of the State Promoters for Massachusetts of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. If my name will serve the cause of promoting good citizenship and an exalted patriotism on the part of our young people, I am not only willing—I am anxious to have it used. Every young person in this country, not an alien, is a citizen from his earliest years under the Constitution of the United States, and the duties of good citizenship begin, therefore, as soon as responsible boyhood or responsible girlhood begins. And so it is an exceedingly important matter, first, to make known to young people their constitutional status; secondly, to point out to them the duties that accompany this status; and thirdly, to lead them through knowledge and sweet persuasion to play well their role as young citizens of the Republic.

I would gladly accept your invitation for July 4th but I

shall be in Chicago at the time of the proposed meeting at The Old South, on my way to Denver.

You are at liberty to use my name, however, in any way that may aid you under the limitations I have indicated.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

FRANK A. HILL,
Secretary State Board of Education.

STATE PROMOTERS.

THERE are to be State Promoters of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, representing every State in the Union. These will be most carefully chosen of the representative men and women of America, and each month certain States will be reported in this department. Those from Massachusetts are :

Mrs. Governor Greenhalge ; Miss Rebecca Warren Brown, Honorary State Regent, Massachusetts Daughters of American Revolution ; Prof. John Fiske, Ph. D., LL. D. ; Rev. William Copley Winslow ; Hon. Frank A. Hill, Secretary State Board of Education ; Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D. ; Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D. ; Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D. D. ; Mr. Nathan Appleton, Vice-President, Massachusetts Sons of American Revolution ; Dr. Jas. A. McDonald, Member of Boston School Board ; Mr. George H. Conley, State Board of Education.*

LETTERS FROM LOCAL SOCIETIES.

"GRANSTEIN," READING, PA.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

I write to say that we have just formed a Branch* of the Children of the American Revolution, of which I was elected President at the last meeting of the Daughters, May 23d. Twenty-one children, whose descent is unquestioned, were present and the names of two others have been sent me. The dues have been paid and their names forwarded to the Treasurer and Registrar at Washington.

*NOTE.—This local Society was formed as the result of an address given by Mrs. R. deB. Keim, who brought the matter before the Reading ladies.



The meeting of the children took place Saturday, June 1st, at three o'clock, at my home. A large American flag was suspended from an upper balcony to do suitable honor to the occasion. The day was intensely hot and a large bowl of lemonade stood at one end of the porch for the refreshment of the children. The Regent of the Berks County Chapter of the Daughters was present, Mrs. Anna H. Nicolls, lately chosen to succeed Mrs. W. Murray Weidman, whose health no longer permits any effort.

We sang our National Hymn, and I explained to the children the purposes of the Society. I then received from the children little sketches of the ancestors through whom they will enter the Society, took their names and their entrance fees. Altogether we all enjoyed it very much and hope soon to perfect our organization.

The application blanks only reached me after the children had dispersed, but have already been mailed to their parents.

I congratulate you most heartily upon the happy thought and the auspicious beginning of the young Society. Believe me, my dear Mrs. Lothrop,

Very sincerely yours, ADELAIDE L. ERMENTROUT.

June 3rd.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1419 20TH ST. N. W.,

June 18th, 1895.

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

My daughter, Helen Hayden Hayes (of whom you and I talked last February), joined the "Capitol Chapter" of the Children of the American Revolution this afternoon. It is the first Chapter formed in Washington, and is composed of children attending the Force School on Massachusetts avenue.

Miss Fairley, teacher of the eighth grade, is Vice-President of this new Chapter and Mrs. Breckenridge is President. General Breckenridge was present (the President of the Sons of the American Revolution).

Hazel Breckenridge is Registrar, Margery Fenton is Corresponding Secretary, and Scott Breckenridge is Treasurer. I send Helen's Revolutionary story to you, and if you wish it

for the Magazine. Helen contributes it with pleasure. It is founded on fact—Amy Fenton was Helen's great-great-grandmother on *my* side. She has joined the Society on her father's side, on the record of his great-great-grandfather, Captain Samuel Sanford, of Milford, Connecticut.

Helen is not quite fourteen, so I trust you will think of her age when reading her two stories—the Revolutionary one and the Christmas one.

Yours very sincerely,

HATTIE H. HAYES.

Extract of letter from Mrs. Louise Dudley Breckenridge.
(Mrs. General Joseph Cabell Breckenridge.)

"There was a meeting of the Capitol Society here last evening. It was a charming meeting. One of the boys, Parke Hutchinson, read the Declaration of Independence. Miss Hawes's song, "The Liberty Song," was also read and played. Work was laid out for the summer, and it was agreed that a delegation of the children would attend the celebration by the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution on the Fourth, at the Washington Monument at 9.30 a. m. They will meet at my home at 9 a. m., and I shall try to induce them to join with me in singing the "Liberty Song" before starting. General Breckenridge is the chairman of proceedings at the monument.

"The Recording Secretary of the Capitol Society is Lucy Hayes Breckenridge. She was named for my mother's double cousin, Mrs. Lucy Hayes, the wife of President Hayes. Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison was also my mother's cousin."

Extract of letter from Connecticut :

"We are working beautifully and have already two Societies in our township (Groton, Connecticut), with ladies of our Chapter as Presidents, and three more working up to the naming and organizing point : besides that, Miss Julia E. Smith, who proposes combining all Westerly together, and our dear Mrs. Arms, who has a very large Society gathering rapidly in New London, in unison with ladies of the Lucretia Shaw Chap-

ter. And certainly New London County will respond to your programme and largely swell your ranks too, I believe.

"I have sent you presumably your youngest national member, my great-nephew, twelve hours old. We must make a patriot of him, surely !

MRS. CUTHBERT HARRISON SLOCOMBE,

Regent Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Groton, Connecticut;
also a State Promoter. Miss Susan Clarke, State Regent of Connecticut, also a State Promoter, is wielding great influence for the work and achieving large results."

"Monday, July 1st, a meeting of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution was held in the parlor of the Crocker House, New London, Connecticut, to decide upon a name for the new Society. After singing some patriotic songs a paper was read, written by Edmund Johnston, a lad of eleven years, son of Mayor Johnston. The name of Jonathan Brooks* was chosen for the Society, which already consists of forty-two members. The following officers have been chosen: Secretary, Richard Smith; Treasurer, Henry Smith; Registrar, Alice C. Stanton; Historian, William Cleveland Crump; Assistant Historian, Edmund Johnston."

OUR QUESTION BOX.

WHY was the United States Flag called Old Glory?

HELEN HUNT MOORE,
Concord, Massachusetts.

Who was Betsy Ross, and what did she have to do with the flag?

E. BLANCHE PRATT.
Concord, Massachusetts.

I heard of a boy who was eleven years old when he served in the Revolutionary Army. His name was Samuel Bradley, and he was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, May 24th, 1764.

*NOTE.—A graphic account of Jonathan Brooks will appear later.

He enlisted on the "Lexington Alarm," April 20th, 1775. He is on the roll of Captain Gleason's Haverhill Company as "private." Does any boy or girl know of a younger soldier?

MARGARET LOTHROP,

The Wayside,

Concord, Massachusetts.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A TRUE REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

During the War of the Revolution the State of New Jersey was the center of the conflict. Armies and regiments marched and countermarched; British foraging parties advanced with such hostility that the women were in a constant state of terror with no able man protector near. Everything was in turmoil.

Among the many women of that State was Amy Fenton, a Quaker widow. She had three strong sons and two daughters, but her Quaker principles forbade her allowing her sons to enter in warfare. As war fever is very contagious, Samuel, the eldest, could not resist it, however sharp were the pricks of his conscience on account of his religion. His mother had completely given up talking with him about the laws of the Quaker Church, for she knew that he paid little heed to them now when his country's call was so urgent. She even thought it right for Samuel to go, but dared not say so for fear of God and man.

When the last of his mates left to enter the war service, Samuel could simply stand it no longer. Sitting by the fire-side one evening, his head buried in his hands, he was the picture of dejection. His mother crossed the room and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Son, I am sorry," she said simply.

"Mother, I cannot stand it another day. Thee must let me go. Thee hast always told me I must obey the call of duty. I cannot stay idling here," he answered.

"But think, my son, thee can serve thy country in many other ways beside engaging in warfare. Thee can raise crops and cattle to feed the armies. Thee can also help the families whose men have gone to war with their farm work."

Like her son her whole soul was thrilling in sympathy with her suffering country and she was longing to help it in every way, but the principles of her faith forbade the shedding of blood, however holy the cause might be.

A few weeks later an event occurred which settled the matter so far as Samuel was concerned.

One evening the old grandfather stepped to the door as a British foraging party chanced to pass along the road. One of the Tories in pure wantonness, with a coarse laugh, raised his arm and fired at the venerable form. The old man fell backward dead.

The shock was great to the whole community because of its being the first tragedy of the war in their neighborhood and it seemed to bring the conflict right to their very doors. It was all the greater, too, because of the pure, peaceful character of the aged victim.

When the sorrowing family had laid him to rest in the peach orchard, Samuel again approached his mother with the war as a topic. Not as before, a lad pleading to be allowed to enter the army, but transformed into a man, firm and determined. He announced that a company was forming in Bordentown for Colonel Borden's regiment and that he was now going to leave home to join it. Mrs. Fenton clasped his hand and lifting her face heavenward, said:

"May God forgive thee and me Samuel—thee, if thou art doing wrong in going and me for feeling that thou art not."

Not many weeks later Richard, the second son, begged to enter the country's service. After some time the request was tearfully granted by his mother, who now had only Tom left. He was a lad of ten years and she thanked God that he was not old enough to enlist.

The war went on. Thomas grew fast. He helped his mother faithfully with the farm work and they stinted themselves to give to the army. Suddenly he seemed to be seized with a new ambition. Never had he worked so diligently. Every thing that he could do to add to the comfort of the home was done and nothing in the way of repairs about it unattended to.



An unusual quantity of wood was cut and corded close to the kitchen door. His mother said smilingly that he must be looking for a very hard winter. How hard it was to be she little dreamed.

One morning he failed to answer when she called him to wake up. She opened his door with a faint heart to find her boy gone. The bed had not been slept in, but on it lay a note saying he was now old enough to do something in his country's defense and that he could not stay home and not lend his help. That even boys were needed and that he had enlisted as a teamster. He asked her forgiveness for slipping away. He did it to spare them both pain.

This new trial coming upon her so suddenly and unexpectedly stirred her gentle nature with deep emotion.

The news of Tom's departure reached his kinswoman, Mrs. Applegate, who hastened to comfort his mother. Mrs. Applegate had been a very enthusiastic patriot from the beginning of the war. It was she who got the women together and suggested that they should furnish uniforms for the company which was being raised in their neighborhood. Under her energetic lead every woman had gone to work carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving cloth and making it up into suits. Mrs. Applegate was not a Quaker and had no qualms of conscience about fighting, besides she had not been called on to endure the supreme test of patriotism in giving up her own, as her husband was a cripple and her only son a boy. Bustling into Mrs. Fenton's presence she said :

"You must not take Tom's going to war so much to heart. You ought to be proud and thankful that you have three sons to give to the country in her terrible hour of need. I would consider it a privilege and blessing to help on the good cause."

Mrs. Fenton turned her dazed, sorrowful face toward her friend and said :

"Thee means well, no doubt, Lucy, but thee had better return to thy home now, thy counsel is not needed here."

Mrs. Applegate in high indignation left, but with a parting shot to the effect that Mrs. Fenton begrudged Tom's service to his country.

On her way home Mrs. Applegate met a small band of boys playing soldier. Her twelve-year-old son was leading the youngsters and beating on a small home-made drum in perfect time. Tracy was a musical lad and always took the part of drum major, often whistling in place of a fife. Little did Mrs. Applegate realize then how soon *her* chance to show her patriotism would come.

Two days' later a regiment of tired, dusty soldiers stopped at the spring to fill their canteens. As they rested under the shade of the trees Tracy's company passed by and one of the soldiers called out:

"Hello Bub! You'd better come and be drum major for us." Tracy took the joke in earnest and when the regiment passed on he went with them.

Evening came and Mrs. Applegate missed her boy. She questioned his playmates only to be told he had followed the soldiers. She walked the floor all night, almost crazed with grief, and at dawn mounted her mare and started in pursuit of her son. Her swollen, tear-stained face, her joy and anger, each striving for mastery, as she reached the camp and saw her boy taking breakfast with the men, made a picture never to be forgotten until overshadowed by the still more ludicrous one of the disappointed young patriot riding home behind his mother.

The news of Tracy having run off had stirred the neighborhood and friends poured in from all sides to comfort his parents. Mrs. Fenton among others hastened to offer her word of sympathy, and reached there soon after Mrs. Applegate had gotten home.

"I heard of thy great sorrow. Lucy, and I hastened to comfort thee. Of course thy patriotism will lift thee above the agony I endured when *my* little boy ran away. Thou art blessed to have such patriotism, doubly blest."

Mrs. Applegate's expression was a picture, as she said, "Oh pshaw! there's no need of your feeling so deeply for me. Tracy's home—upstairs in bed."

"Home!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenton, with delighted surprise, "why how did that ever happen?"

To which Mrs. Applegate replied, with a toss of the head, "My boy was too young to risk his life in the war and I just went after him and brought him back."

"Brought him back!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenton, "After all thee said to me about my being blest in having three sons to give to the country's cause."

"But," exclaimed Mrs. Applegate, "Circumstances alter cases."

"So it would seem," replied Mrs. Fenton, her Quaker dignity rising, "It makes a great deal of difference as to whose foot the shoe pinches."

HELEN H. HAYES.

SONG OF LIBERTY.

[Dedicated to young patriots of the first local Society, organized at Concord, Massachusetts, May 11, 1895, of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.]

I am a true American,
With spirit young and free;
I love my country and my flag,
And I love liberty!
But what avails my boasting,
My shouts and loud hurrahs;
If empty words they carry
With waving stripes and stars?

I would not be a patriot
In words alone, but deeds;
And fighting noble battles, learn
Just what my country needs;
She needs that worthy champions——
Defend her with their might,
And stand like jealous guardians,
For honor, truth, and right.

If I could win a champion's name,
I would, and with a will!
But then to do a hero's work,
That would be better still!
For God and truth, a hero
Should fight against all wrong;
And God leads on to triumph,
The true, the brave, the strong!

With stars, God writes our history.
His marvellous hand we trace,
His mighty pen of diamond point
Will fix each star in place.
To stamp them on our banner
Both stripes and warfare came ;
But, through the strife and struggle,
Shone out our country's fame.
Who would not be a champion,
To battle with his might
That we may make America
Another name for right ?
Change stripes to stars by struggle !
Change sorrows into songs !
That children born of heroes
May wipe out all her wrongs !
Hurrah for honor, truth, and right !
As stars which stud our blue
Were won thro' conflict, stripes, and toil.
They stand for union true !
On earth the stripes and turmoil.
In heaven the stars are found :
Our banner so transfigured,
America is crowned !

CHARLOTTE W. HAWES.

A GRAND celebration in the interest of our Society took place on the Fourth of July in the Old South Meeting House, Boston, Massachusetts. This of course was too late to be reported in this number. Look out for it in August. It will be called the Celebration Number, and it will contain a full report.



THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY IN WASHINGTON.

PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES COMBINE.

Following the custom inaugurated four years ago, the local Societies of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution joined in celebrating the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

Under the shadow of Washington's Monument the people gathered to do honor to the day.

The Declaration of Independence was read, patriotic music was rendered by the Marine Band, and the hallowed hymns of the Nation were sung by hundreds of voices.

There were speeches by able orators which were full of patriotism and hope for the future.

Not only the "Sons" were there, but the "Daughters," in goodly numbers, and the scene was a brilliant and inspiring one. The program began with a joint Society salute of thirteen guns, fired by Battery A, D. C. N. G., after which Mr. Ernest Wilkenson called the gathering to order in a brief address, introducing General Joseph Cabell Breckenridge, who paid an eloquent tribute to the work that both Societies are doing in the matter of fostering patriotism, revering the memories of the men and women who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their honor to establish fundamental liberty.

He also paid a glowing tribute to the magnificent work the Daughters of the American Revolution are doing, and to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution, which under their auspices has been organized, and which was represented by the President of the local Society, Mrs. Joseph C. Breckenridge, and Secretary, Miss Frances S. Fairly, and a delegation of children from the first local Society organized in Washington, and most properly named the Capitol Society. He then very happily introduced one of the speakers of the day, Mr. Henry E. Davis, who spoke in part as follows:

"Speaking humanly, and with regard solely to mundane affairs, there are in the history of man two days entitled to be

called distinctively great. The first is that day on which, on the border of the great German forest, our patriot Teutonic ancestor, the great Hermann, met and overthrew the glittering and reputed unconquerable Roman legions under the trained and valiant leadership of Varus. Had Hermann failed, his failure would have changed the face of history and have made impossible those free institutions and that free development which are at once our heritage and our glorious possession.

"The event of that great day stayed the expansion of the Roman empire, until then unhindered in its spread, and saved inviolate this virgin soil in which the principles under whose influence we now live had their seed, their growth, and ultimately, their development to the point of this full fruition of which to-day we are the beneficiaries. This was as long ago as the year 9 of our era. Speaking roundly, twenty centuries ago.

"The other great day is the one we celebrate—commonly called the birthday of liberty, but in fact the day of its arriving at maturity. As in the case of the individual man, those qualities which are innate in him do not manifest themselves in their practical vigor until his maturity, whether attained sooner or later, calls them forth in full assertion, so in the case of mankind the principles which underlay human society and the association of mankind under government did not assert themselves and become a living force until the later day.

"Reflect for a moment on the course of human history. Fetichism, superstition, and awe of authority, with their inevitable degradation and slavishness, had for ages held the minds and hearts of men in bondage. The dull movement of man toward the higher civilization had been as the plodding of the plough boy following his furrow, with eyes to the ground and in utter unappreciation, indeed, ignorance, of the glorious arch of heaven above him.

"Of a sudden there rang upon the air that inestimable sound given forth when 'the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world.' Then were the eyes of men lifted heavenward and the glorious horizon of liberty burst upon their view. It was, of a truth, as though scales which

before had obstructed the view and impeded even the thoughts of men, had been stricken from their eyes—and, lo! the earth, which before had been but half seen through the enveloping, dreary, disheartening mist, seemed clear, and bright, and beautiful, and hopeful.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

“And how did this come about? A band of the true-hearted assembled in those bitter days which tried men’s souls, struck their thoughts deep into the problem of human social life, and evolved the grand notion, to be set forth in the noble, burning words which you have just heard; that the great Creator of men had made all free and equal, and endowed them with certain rights which there was no gainsaying—the rights including life and the pursuit of happiness, and, above all else, the right of liberty; the right to think without regard to existing and accepted conditions; the right to act without regard to those conditions; the right, in short, to be men, free to declare themselves as such and to live in that separate and independent station to which the laws of nature and of nature’s God entitle them.

“Do you ever stop to think what this meant to those men and what it means to us? Reflect a moment. The idea of the divine right of kings was as familiar and as sacred at that time as the idea of religion itself, the idea of an all-observing, all-governing, all-judging Creator. To run counter to this idea was, in common acceptance, scarcely less sacrilegious than to deny the existence and supervision of God himself.

“But there was kindled to flame in the hearts of those brave, and conscious, and reliant men a spark as divine as that of a new revelation direct from the Creator himself. In a flash there broke upon the world and upon mankind a new light—a light bespeaking for the men, not only of that time but of all time, assurance of a dearer, and a higher, and a nobler life than had as yet been ever dreamed of. The old ideas and the old forms were shattered as by a giant’s blow. The old darkness was dispelled as by the lightning’s flash. The old slavery of mind and heart was stricken down as by the stroke of some irresistible swordsman, sent by Providence itself to cut asunder forever the

old knots of ignorance, the old mesh of superstition, the old web of subservience and slavery. Thenceforth man, who had been wandering in the valley of the shadow of civic death, saw with illumined eyes that civil landscape from whose shores neither the stream of the old Jordan nor the cold flood of death itself could frighten him.

THE GLORIOUS DAY.

"What a glorious day that was! How pregnant with meaning and how potent in influence! Each one of you has witnessed the familiar sight of a boy, standing by a quiet pond, throwing into its center a tiny pebble. The eye is attracted by the disturbance made by the falling of the stone at the point at which it strikes the water, and some of those who look on see little or nothing else. But the careful observer notices that the pebble causes first a disturbance at the center, and then a series of ripples moving from that center, until at the furthest edge of the pond those ripples break in influence upon that point.

"It has been so with our day. The setting forth of the great truth lying in the hearts of those who made this day for us came upon the world with as rude and startling a disturbance of the even surface of human society as the stone thrown into the pond. The majority of the onlookers regarded in startled surprise only the disturbance created at the moment, but the thoughtful have watched its effects since, to see that all mankind, like the edges of the pond, have felt its influence and its effects. To this very moment, in every part of our world, that influence and those effects are manifesting themselves. At this moment the whole civilized world reads and hears the stirring words in which that glorious truth was set forth with an awe and reverence second only to that accorded to divinity itself.

"And with good reason. Revert with me to the day on which this great event occurred. For generations men had submitted to being governed by one man, claiming his prerogative as by divine right. Freedom as we know it and enjoy its blessings was so strange a thing as to make its very mention seem a heresy. Day by day, and year by year, the subservience of society to this condition was so uniform and uni-

versal as to make dull the very aspirations and innate promptings of the souls of men. At once, as by a divine command, those who made our day for us breasted the high tide of this conception, and what is more, they beat it back. In those ringing words and with the dauntless hearts behind those words they beat back this tide and forever destroyed the old order, proclaiming liberty throughout our land and deriving for all nations and for all lands that every government 'derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, and that no government is right or endurable that is not of the people, by the people, and for the people.'

"What just pride, then, is ours to claim descent from the noble band, the immortal few, who struck this great principle from the dull and seemingly dead rock of their accepted conditions, and who pledged in its support their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. Nay, who gave of what they pledged, both lives and fortunes, saving that sacred honor only by making good the pledge of it for their cause and ours and the world's.

"Considering the full meaning of the day and its far-reaching and immortal influence, our fathers, who caused its great news to be announced by the old liberty bell, might justly have chosen for that bell, even a greater worth than they did. 'Proclaim liberty throughout the land,' they bade it. Throughout all lands, they might truly have said. Could they have anticipated the words of England's last laments, how aptly might they have given their bidding to the bell in those words:

" 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.
Ring out the false, ring in the true;
Ring in redress to all mankind.' "

MR. JOHN GOODE SPEAKS.

When Mr. Davis had concluded and the applause had subsided the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," after which Mr. John Goode, of Virginia, was introduced by General Breckenridge to deliver an address. Mr. Goode spoke of the fact they were all gathered there, and there were gatherings all over the country to-day, sharing in the gratitude for the glorious history of our own Nation and in the joy of the prospect

of its increased greatness in the future. We have many days in our calendar, said the speaker, worthy of our respect and emblematic of great things accomplished in the past, but not such another day as this. We have many statues of many people, but there are none so full for us of the memories of the Revolution as the statues of Washington and Lafayette. So it was eminently proper that they should hold their meeting at the foot of one of these statues and take up their line of march afterward to the statue of the other.

Mr. Goode spoke eloquently of the memory of the young Lafayette, who was but a captain of dragoons when he heard that the Americans had adopted the declaration of their independence, and he decided to throw in his lot with theirs. There was kindled in his heart a spark that never could be extinguished. Notwithstanding the appeals of his fair young wife, he came to this country and offered his services to the Continental Congress. Before he was twenty years of age he held the position of major general, and at all times had the fullest confidence of General Washington and was an honored member of his military family.

At the end of eighteen months of unselfish service the young Frenchmen returned to his native country, and went before the ministry with an appeal that they would send aid to the struggling young republic. It was largely as a result of his exertions that the army of Rochambeau and the fleet of Count de Grasse were sent out. The surrender of General Cornwallis to the allied armies followed at Yorktown. The speaker paid a high tribute to the share that Lafayette and the French took in achieving our national independence.

In conclusion, Mr. Goode made a masterly appeal for a greater interest in the study of American history. Athens and Rome were all right, and he would not detract from their glory if he could, but there was nothing the matter, either, with Yorktown. We should all stand together, he said, in this as in other things, north, south, east, and west, for the safety of the Union is the safety of the State.

The exercises at the monument were brought to a close by the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. Dr. T. S. Childs.

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

THE UNITED STATES THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES.

"This will sometime hence be a vast empire, the seat of power and learning. Nature has refused it nothing, and there will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space and divide this portion of the globe with the Spaniards, who are possessed of the other half."—*General Wolfe*.

"I am not wanting in affection and love for America. I am rather wanting in distrust and ingratitude toward Europe."—*Dr. Roque Suenz Pena, speech at the Pan-American Conference at Washington, 1890.*

THESE quotations we find on the title page of Goldwin Smith's Outline of Political History of the United States.

In the first, we discover fact and fiction, but not prophecy.

In the latter, we concur in affection and love for America, but distrust and ingratitude towards Europe will fade away when justice promotes justice.

In his preface Mr. Smith says, "He regards the American Commonwealth the great achievement of his race," and also, "in its origin and evolution this Nation is conceived as a new England, and Americans are but Englishmen continued."

I do not propose making a full digest of this marvelous book, but as an American, lover of my country, admirer of her institutions and the men who helped to make her great, I cannot turn the pages of this book and read his story of the Revolution, the causes that led to it, how it was conducted, and the way he handles men who were actors in it, without feeling that on almost every page something can be found to be modified.

While recognizing much that is broad, noble, and impartial in the writer, there is a condition manifest that comes inevitably from a difference of environment and birth, but if I have aught to say it must be in the light of history that comes to me direct from those who were actors in it.

First, I would give some pen pictures of his continued "Englishmen" who were the prime movers in England's "greatest achievement."

On page 75 we read:

"Of the fomenters of the quarrel in New England the chief was Sam. Adams, who, we can scarcely doubt, whatever might be his professions, had set his heart on the achievement of independence; had been laying his plans and enlisting his associates, such as the wealthy Hancock and the impetuous Otis, for that purpose; and preferred the mortal issue to a reconciliation.

"This man had failed in business as a malster and as a tax collector, but he had succeeded as a political agitator, and has found a shrine in American history as a patriot saint."

* * * * *

"The chief fomentor of the quarrel in the south, not less glorified than Sam. Adams, was Patrick Henry. This man also had tried various ways of earning a livelihood, and had failed in all.

"He was a bankrupt at twenty-three, and lounged in thriftless idleness till he found that, though he could not live by industry, he could live by his eloquent tongue."

* * * * *

"Civil discord brought him at once to the front—his famous speech against the tyranny of George III is often recited."

* * * * *

"It is no wonder that Patrick Henry could so vividly portray to his audience the attitude of a slave—from the beginning to the end of his life he was a slaveholder, he bought slaves, he sold slaves, and by his will with cattle he bequeathed slaves."

He leaves Franklin under the load of a "social catastrophe."

In fact, but one lone man among our forefathers has been left with any integrity and holy purpose—that man, George Washington.

Thus it would seem that these "Englishmen continued" were not the preservers of a people's patriotism.

Must we look elsewhere for motives if we would understand the merits of the case?

Must we needs go to the firesides of the Huguenots, Scotch, Irish, Germans, and Dutch to find the virtues there nourished, the love of freedom there fostered, to know and understand how England with all her wealth and greatness could not conquer her starving Colonies?

On page 80 he says :

"The Stamp Act having been repealed, all the duties except that on tea having been removed, and a pledge against their reimposition having been given, *the Tea duty was the sole remaining issue.*

"Was this a sufficient reason for overthrowing a Government under which all admitted that general liberty was enjoyed, for shattering an empire of the greatness of which all professed to be proud, and for bringing on a country the havoc, moral as well as material, of civil war?"

Has it passed out of the eminent historian's memory that the tax on tea was retained as an object lesson to the Colonists, that England reserved the right to tax the Colonies?

Every school child in America knows that the Colonists did not go to war because the tax on tea was left but because of the principle involved of "taxation without representation."

He asks, would it not have been right "before drawing the fratricidal sword to be sure that no hope of peaceful redress was left."

When the addresses of the Second Colonial Congress went to Parliament and to the King, did either make any offer of "peaceful redress," or was there immediately a fleet and ten thousand soldiers sent and an order to General Gage to reduce the Colonies at once? And did he not proceed to try to carry out his instructions? Hence, "the shot that was heard around the world" as a moral consequence, for every offender there springs up a defender.

One army had gold to command every want. The other had only principle by which to fight and starve. It was a lofty patriotism, a noble self-devotion, unparalleled in the history of the world, that kept them together.

Historians must not lose sight of the fact that if there were blots on the history of these times, there were good men, there were great men in that movement, men whose patriotism and resistance made them noble.

The high aims that were alive in their breasts have bequeathed to us a new and better order of things, and their names Americans will venerate and honor.

On page 98, through these spectacles, we read of Burgoyne's "movements and surrender," and find these reasons: "He found no Clinton to meet him."

"Hemmed in by swarms of sharp-shooters whose number was four times his own, and unable to get to open battle, Burgoyne was forced to surrender."

Was Wellington's victory the less because Blucher failed to put in an appearance? What do other historians say of the "open battles" with Burgoyne?

On the 14th of September Burgoyne crossed the Hudson and took post at Saratoga. Until the 18th he advanced his camp a mile each day, when the two armies were *face to face* two miles apart.

On the afternoon of the 19th the advance parties of the British attacked the American wings and a general battle ensued continuing until night-fall. The conflict though severe was indecisive; the Americans retired within their lines and the British slept under arms on the field.

* * * * *

On the 7th of October Burgoyne hazarded another battle in which he lost his bravest officers and nearly seven hundred privates. The conflict was terrible, lasting from two o'clock in the afternoon till twilight. The Americans were completely victorious.

On the night after the battle Burgoyne led his shattered army to a stronger position. The Americans immediately occupied the abandoned camp and then pressed after the fugitives, for the British were already retreating.

On the 9th of October he reached Saratoga and found himself hopelessly hemmed in. On the 17th of October, 1777, terms of capitulation were agreed upon.

Mrs. Walworth in her "Battles of Saratoga" says: "The battle of Saratoga is declared upon high authority to be one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world."

We would respectfully call attention to the tablets erected on the battlefield of Saratoga by a patriotic people.

One marks Breyman's Hill (erroneously called Burgoyne's Hill), on the spot where Arnold was wounded and where he broke through the last barrier to success in the great battle of October.

Another is placed at the foot of Morgan's Hill, on the road between Freeman's farm and Neilson's house.

The third is placed where the battle swayed back and forth on the edge of the great ravine. It is the spot where the royal artillery was broken and defeated.

This could hardly have been accomplished by "bush fighters" in a "tangled country."

The fourth commemorates the distinguished services of Colonel Hardin, placed on the river road.

Other points of importance are yet to be marked by monuments and tablets, but enough has been shown to point to several "open battles."

It seems to have been the purpose of this historian to lessen the prowess of the American Army—and last to give all the credit of a victory to France—seeming to ignore the fact that the "continued Englishmen" in the American Army from the first had to cope with "English regulars," "Hessian Hell Hounds," Canadians, Tories, and Indians. Had it been otherwise, perhaps the war would not have lasted seven years and we should have needed no allies.

In reference to our Tariff Laws what he says smacks so of "fe, fo, fi, fum," that I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions, but when he refers to the three great compromises with slavery for the sake of the Union and says "we now know of what Upas tree the germ was planted here;" we wonder if he finds at the ends of the roots an original Englishman.

While errors of fact are of frequent occurrence, like robbing dear old Hartford of her "charter oak," and carrying it bodily to Providence, cutting ten years off Thomas Benton's Senatorial life, and so on, nevertheless this book is a literary masterpiece, readable as a novel.

His sketches of men and events are brilliant portraitures in words.

In a stroke of the pen, in spite of the things which seem to us faults, we admire his audacity. We honor his courage; we applaud his fairmindedness in many things, and would hail the glad morn with him when everything of bitterness between us and the mother country was a thing of the past.

AMERICA'S NATIONAL HYMN.

MRS. MARY L. ANDREWS, of Avondale, finding, at a recent reception to the Sons of the American Revolution, that but few people knew more than one verse of the National Anthem, has asked the Editor of the Magazine to publish the Anthem in full, which we gladly do :

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song :
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break ;
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. MARY MORRIS SMITH.

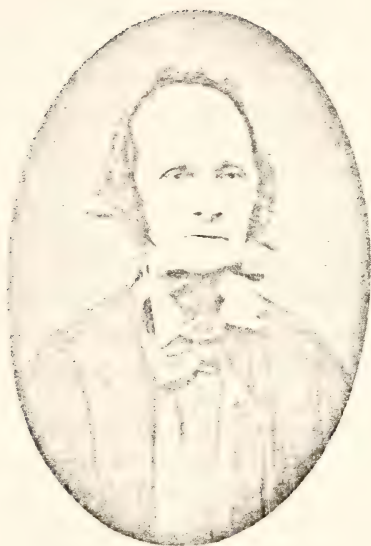
IN the town of Lebanon, Tennessee, county-seat of Wilson, we have a dear old lady now in her ninety-third year, her name Mary Morris Smith. She is the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier and was born in Franklin County, North Carolina, in 1802. [She died May 31, 1895.—ED.]

Her father's name was Edward Morris, and when twenty-three years of age he enlisted in the Army of Virginia and was made chaplain through the influence of George Washington. At times he served in immediate contact with the person and staff of the Commander-in-Chief, upon occasion preaching when they were a portion of his audience.

Edward Morris and two of his brothers were Methodist preachers in Virginia before the Methodists were established into an organization independent of the Church of England, and before John Wesley ordained Thomas Coke Bishop of the Church in America. The two older brothers, Thomas and James Morris, were members of the notable conference held in Fluvanna County, Virginia, which conference performed its part in the famous "Contest about the Ordinances," quite an important event in the early history of Methodism in Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Edward Morris after the close of the War of the Revolution itinerated as presiding elder in Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and North Carolina.

The maternal grandparents of Mrs. Smith, Richard Whitaker and his wife Elizabeth Cary, were active and prominent Methodists in Halifax County, North Carolina, and are mentioned in contemporary ecclesiastical history. They were Scotch-Irish people, as were a large number of the early settlers of that State.

Edward Morris emigrated with his family to Wilson County,



MRS. MARY MORRIS SMITH.

Tennessee, in 1812, when the subject of this sketch was ten years of age. The country was a wilderness, its first settlements having been made only about fifteen years previously, and the inhabitants, of course, were compelled at once to contend with all the limitations and hardships of pioneer life. Population, although of the very best on the Continent, was sparse, possessed of few luxuries, and educational advantages were meager. Of the latter, however, the father of Mrs. Smith secured for his family the best the country afforded, and in 1824, as we find in a History of Tennessee, published by the Goodspeed Company in 1866, in Nashville, Tennessee, Mary Morris was engaged in teaching at a point a few miles east of Lebanon. This fact illustrates the energetic, persistent characteristic that has followed her through life, and also the scholarly tastes that were manifest at a time when schools and education were rare.

Subsequent to this time she married Henry Fuller Smith, a highly respected citizen of the county, and spent the whole of her married life on a farm, where she reared a family of children, some of whom still reside here, respected and honored citizens. In the management of her household, and as the mother of children, Mrs. Smith manifested all those virtues so prominent in our early settlers and especially so among the housewives, namely patient industry, skill in domestic work, administrative ability in the management of slaves and in looking after their comfort and well-being, habitual hospitality, and above all that refinement of taste and aspiration for elevation and culture which is really an essential part of her character. One of her sons, Henry Smith, is at present a farmer in the county. One daughter married Edward R. Pennebaker, who was State Comptroller in the latter part of the decade of sixty, and another, the Hon. J. N. Mackenzie, who is at present United States Marshal of the Middle Division of Tennessee.

For the past twenty years Mrs. Smith has made her home in Lebanon with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Mackenzie, and to the community here her life has been a pleasure and a benediction—a quiet, intelligent, helpful influence. She has never been obtrusive, but all who know her well have been

benefited by her example of gentleness, cheerfulness, courage, patience, self-control, industry, and earnest piety. It is believed that she has inherited many of her good qualities, and this should be a lesson to teach others to guard, as well as to develop, the best of habits and characteristics, so that the generations to follow may be profited instead of being damaged by the lives now being led.

Could the Daughters of the American Revolution impress this age with the actual heredity of genuine virtue, "that mercy shown to thousands of them that love God and keep his commandments," then, indeed, will there be great reason for their existence and they will essentially help in the evolution of all that is ennobling and grand in the march of Christian civilization.

MRS. FRANK A. WILLARD.

. ALTHOUGH her delicate health had been the source of anxiety to friends—few, if any, learned without surprise, none without sadness, of her spirit's flight, and that as they read its former fragile tenement was borne southward to rest 'neath skies upon which the dark eyes had first opened, and amid the scenes of her childhood's home.

Refined in appearance, in manner, in voice, bearing ever the quiet dignity of the gentlewoman, many lovable traits endeared her to friends, who, knowing the pleasures of the world were dear to her, yet felt the cornerstone of her character to be a firm faith, an unchanging trust in her Heavenly Father's love. This child-like trust enabled her to patiently endure suffering, and, clinging fast to the "rod and staff" which alone can save, to fearlessly approach the "shadows" of the "dark valley."

With thoughts of the summer past, comes the remembrance of one glorious afternoon! Clear and sweet come back the words, "NEXT summer I shall be WELL!" Was it a premonition? Did the perfume-laden air whisper that "life's fitful fever" over, it *would* be well with her? Did the beauty of that summer scene picture a more radiant one, when, hav-

ing entered into sweet peace "beside green pastures and still waters," there would be "Heavenly rest" forever?

Well, indeed, with *her*! Alas, for those who held her dear!

Mingling with Southern roses, scattered by loving hands upon her early tomb, I lay these Northern immortelles, perfumed with sweet memories.

Wind of the North, wave southward sighs of regret and sorrow! Whisper them to the balmy breeze, which, murmuring through moss-laden branches, sways with soft caress the trailing, silvery tendrils, and blending thy harmonies, chant ye a requiem over the grave of her, who in our selfishness, our shortsightedness, we feel has been "called hence" all too soon.

C. L. H. RAWDON,


Little Falls, N. Y.

MISS EVELINA WEED HAMILTON.

MISS EVELINA WEED HAMILTON, youngest Daughter of the American Revolution in the Chicago Chapter, died April 17th, 1894, aged eighteen years. When old enough Miss Hamilton had her papers ready and joined the order, thus becoming the third generation of one family in this Chapter. Miss Hamilton was a bright, beautiful young lady. Her sweet, gentle manner and winning smile gave a charm to her natural grace, and, as she always saw something lovable in every one, she won and held many friendships with young and old. Her death was the result of a drenching rain during a wearisome walk—chills and fever followed, and after several months of suffering and peaceful resignation she went to sleep in the arms of the Saviour she loved.

Miss Hamilton was the eldest daughter of one of our charter members, Mrs. Eva J. Hamilton, and granddaughter of Mrs. Amelia Weed Hopkins, who joined the Chapter at the end of its first year.

Both of Miss Hamilton's grandparents were in the service of the Federal Army during the Civil War.



ERRATA.

[BY REQUEST OF MRS. PAINTER.]

ON page 375 of the April number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY the statement is made that Mrs. Keim retired in favor of Mrs. Painter. Mrs. Keim did not yield the floor to Mrs. Painter but made her speech in nomination of Mrs. Foster. Mrs. Painter then took the floor and said: "Pennsylvania is proud to second the nomination of Mrs. Nathaniel B. Hogg not only on account of her recognized worth and ability but because she is a national woman, made so by her national services."

On page 378, it says: "A member: I wish to approve of Mrs. Hogg," etc. It should be: "Mrs. Painter: Pennsylvania is proud," etc.





OFFICIAL.

NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

THURSDAY, *June 6*, 1895.

THE regular monthly meeting of the National Board of Management was held at ten o'clock a. m., the President General, Mrs. John W. Foster, presiding. Present: Mrs. Johnson, Miss Miller, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Tulloch, Mrs. Nash, Mrs. Heth, Dr. McGee, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Hichborn, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Ritchie, and of the Advisory Board, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Lothrop, and Miss Mallett.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain General.

The minutes of the May meeting were read and accepted as corrected.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF CHAPTERS

Reported the appointment of Chapter Regents, by State Regents, as follows:

Miss Julia S. Tutwiler, Chapter Regent in Livingston; Mrs. Annie White Mell, Chapter Regent in Auburn; Mrs. Catharine A. F. Wyly, Chapter Regent in Montgomery, Alabama. Mrs. Elizabeth Cass Goddard, Regent of the Zebulon Pike Chapter, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Mrs. Abigail D. Hawkins, Chapter Regent in Brazil; Mrs. Sarah E. J. Bozenman, Chapter Regent in Poseyville, Indiana. This Chapter is to be called "Jonathan Jaquess," in honor of the grandfather of the Regent.

Mrs. Genevieve Morgan Mulligan, Chapter Regent, Lexington, Kentucky. Mrs. L. Dorsey Gassaway, Chapter Regent, Annapolis, Maryland. Mrs. Alice S. Brown, Chapter Regent, Boston, Massachusetts. The State Regent of Massachusetts reports the resignation of Mrs. Lucy T. Saunders, Chapter Regent in Williamstown. Mrs. Sarah F. Dearborn, Chapter Regent in Pembroke; Mrs. S. A. Bartlett, Chapter Regent in Milford, New Hampshire. Miss Sarah N. Doughty, Chapter Regent in Atlantic City of a Chapter to called the "General Lafayette" Chapter; Mrs. Rozanna Duncan Revere, Chapter Regent in Morristown; Mrs. Annabella Wilson Lee, Chapter Regent in Cape May, New Jersey. Miss Katharine Rankin Walcott, Chapter Regent in Fishkill-on-Hudson; Miss Harriet Louise Hasbrouck, Chapter Regent in Ogdensburg, New York.

The State Regent of Pennsylvania reports the resignation of Mrs. Weidman, Chapter Regent in Berks County, Reading, Pennsylvania, on account of ill health, and the appointment of Mrs. Anne M. Nicholls to fill the vacancy.

The State Regent of Rhode Island has reappointed Mrs. Emily S. Chace Chapter Regent in East Greenwich, and Mrs. Annie M. R. Hunt Chapter Regent in Kingston.

The State Regent of South Dakota has appointed Mrs. Harriet N. Oliver Chapter Regent in Huron, and reports a brighter prospect for the extension of the Society in the State.

Tennessee: Mrs. Annie Duncan Robinson is appointed Regent in Columbia of a Chapter to be called "Jane Knox."

The State Regent of Tennessee reports also the declination of Mrs. Binford to accept the Chapter Regency in Jackson on account of nonresidence.

Virginia: Mrs. Ellen B. Stuart, Chapter Regent in Wytheville. The Vice-President General in Charge of Organization nominates Mrs. Virginia Fairfax Whiting Faulkner, of Martinsburg, for State Regent of West Virginia, and Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury, of Salt Lake City, for State Regent of Utah.

Letters of acceptance have been received from the following Chapter Regents:

Mrs. Elouisa F. K. Nichols, of Wilmington; Mrs. Alta D. W. Fitch, of Jefferson; Mrs. Fanny G. B. Moss, of Sandusky,

Ohio. Mrs. Julia D. Kirby, of Jacksonville, Illinois. Mrs. C. W. C. Furst, of Centre County; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Thompson, of Butler County, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Emma W. Patrick, of Denison; Mrs. Julia W. Fontaine, of Galveston, Texas.

ORGANIZATIONS OF CHAPTERS.

"General Sumter" Chapter, Birmingham, Alabama, was organized February 4, 1895; "General Israel Putnam" Chapter, Danvers, Massachusetts, April 19, 1895; "Eagle Rock" Chapter, Montclair, New Jersey, May 27, 1895; "Cumberland County" Chapter, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, May 16, 1895; "The Boston Tea Party" Chapter was organized in Boston, May 28, 1895.

The death is reported of Miss Annie H. Simpson, Corresponding Secretary of the Ondawa Chapter, which occurred on May 14, 1895, at Cambridge, New York.

Since entering upon the duties of my office, to the date of this report, there have been appointed forty-six Chapter Regents and three State Regents; forty-nine commissions have been prepared and issued; forty-five Constitutions and forty-five Circulars have been mailed to State Regents, and I have written two hundred and thirteen letters and fifty-four postals. Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL.

The Corresponding Secretary General reported that she had perfected the contract with Caldwell & Co., in accordance with the instructions of the Board, and read the same as executed.

On motion of Mrs. Gannett, seconded by Mrs. Lockwood, the contract was accepted.

The Secretary then read a letter from a member of the Society asking if the insignia could not be sold for less than eight dollars, and was instructed to reply that the price for the insignia was still the same—the one dollar allowed by Caldwell & Co. being for the benefit of the National Society at large, and not for members individually.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from General Rosser, requesting the Society to buy the Moore homestead, at

Yorktown, to create a Park as a memorial of General Washington's greatest achievement, etc.

On motion of Mrs. Draper, the Corresponding Secretary was requested to thank General Rosser for his letter, and to say that the Society could only take up the project suggested by action of its Congress, February 22d, 1896. The Corresponding Secretary also read a letter from Mrs. Horatio C. King, Regent of the Long Island Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, requesting the coöperation of this Society in erecting a monument in Fort Greene Park, in commemoration of the sufferings, etc., of the victims of the Prison Ships. The Secretary was requested to send a letter similar to that ordered sent to General Rosser.

Number of application blanks issued, 2,809 ; copies of Constitutions, 691 ; Caldwell circulars, 110 ; Officers' lists, 101 ; letters written, 74.

Accepted.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.

Certificates of membership issued during the month of May, bearing date of election prior to the Congress of 1895, 1,518 ; Charter application papers issued, 25 ; Letters written, 43 ; Charters issued, 9, as follows : "Saranac" Charter, "Martha Washington" Charter, "Norwalk" Charter, "Ondawa Charter, "Chickamauga" Charter, "Army and Navy" Charter, "Lake Shore" Charter, "Spirit of '76" Charter, "Old Colony" Charter. Total, 9.

On May 15, the certificate authorizing the Treasurer General to draw interest, sign bonds, etc., registered in the name of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was filed with the first Auditor of the Treasury.

In conformity with directions of the President General, the following committee were notified of their appointment by the President General to invite speakers and readers to represent the Society at the Atlanta and Cotton States Exposition, viz : Mrs. Mary Orr Earle, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, and Dr. McGee.

It gives me pleasure to report that the *special* work which was placed under my direction by the National Board of Man-

agement on March 7th, namely, the preparation and issuance of all certificates of membership bearing date of election prior to the Congress of 1895 is now completed. These certificates, numbering 2,700, and dating from June, 1894, have from time to time been sent to their respective owners, in the order of their completion.

Miss Young, whose efficient help was first secured for a few weeks, was succeeded by Miss Mary Randolph Ball, to whose valuable clerical assistance is largely due the completion of this work at this date. Perhaps it is not amiss here to state that each certificate undergoes thirteen different operations before being ready for the mail. The Registrars General, to whom this branch of the work properly belongs, will now take up this work dating from the Congress, 1895, and beginning with national number 8198. The work of the Recording Secretary General is up to date.

On motion of Dr. McGee, the report of the Recording Secretary General was approved and accepted with thanks.

REPORT OF REGISTRARS GENERAL.

	<i>Mrs. Burnett.</i>	<i>Mrs. Hichborn.</i>	<i>Tot l.</i>
Application papers received,	177	180	357
Presented to the National Board for election,	333	212	545
Badge permits issued,	61	49	110
Notification cards of election issued,	134	111	245

The applicants being declared eligible according to the Constitution were duly elected and the reports of the Registrars General accepted.

Mrs. Hichborn reported the gift of three volumes of Scharf's History of Maryland, together with one volume, entitled "The Ancient City," by Elihu S. Riley. This valuable addition to our library was made by the librarian at Annapolis, Maryland, in response to a request made by Mrs. Ritchie, Regent of Maryland.

On motion of Mrs. Hichborn, seconded by Mrs. Buchanan, the gift was accepted, and the Corresponding Secretary General

requested to convey the thanks of the National Board of Management to the donor, Mr. Fisher.

THE REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL was accepted, and published in the June number of the Magazine.

THE REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE was then read as follows :

The Executive Committee meeting was held on Tuesday, June 5th, at 10.30 o'clock a. m. A quorum being present, Mrs. Tulloch was elected acting chairman.

The following recommendations were made: That Mrs. Johnson present the matter of the Regency of the State of Washington to the Board for advisement.

That one thousand copies of the Lineage Book as corrected and amended by Mrs. Lockwood, be printed at a cost of \$200; that the offer of Mr. McAlarney to print the edition at the above rate be accepted.

That Mrs. Lockwood be appointed to countersign bills during the absence of Mrs. Tulloch, Chairman of the Finance Committee.

That a member in arrears may be reinstated by payment of all annual dues to date.

That the notice in reference to Flag Day be published in the daily papers for one week, as follows :

“ TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION :

“ By order of the National Board of Management, your attention is called to the observance of Flag Day, June 14th, the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the adoption of our national flag. It is suggested that suitable commemoration be made in the display of our national emblem by the members of the Society.

L. M. P. BUCHANAN,

Recording Secretary General, D. A. R.”

That the following resolution offered by Mrs. Buchanan be adopted :

WHEREAS, That certificates of membership as heretofore issued have not clearly stated the date of admission to the National Society. *Ordered* : That hereafter each certificate shall bear in the lower left-hand corner, the word “ *admitted*,” followed by the date of election ; that each certificate shall also bear the date when issued and shall be signed by the proper officers then in power.

That, in accordance with the above resolution, the steel plate from which the certificates are engraved shall have the word "*admitted*" added to the lower left-hand corner, and that pending this, the word shall be engrossed, as above ordered.

The report of the Executive Committee was considered in paragraphs and finally adopted as a whole.

It was ordered that persons who had received copies of the first edition of the Lineage Book, Volume I, could exchange them for the second edition without charge. New orders to be filled with either edition, as called for.

REPORT OF THE AUDITING COMMITTEE: Mrs. Ritchie, Chairman, reported the accounts of the Treasurer General as correct.

MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS.

On motion of Mrs. Draper, seconded, by Mrs. Earle, the Recording Secretary General was authorized to rent a box in the Washington Loan and Trust Company, in the name of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for the purpose of depositing contracts, leases, and other official documents as may be placed in the custody of the Secretaries General. Carried.

The President General presented the nomination of Mrs. Nash for election as acting chairman of the Printing Committee, with discretionary power to place the work with such printers as she deemed advisable, in the city of Washington. The nomination was confirmed.

Mrs. Ritchie offered her resignation as chairman of the Auditing Committee. Final action was deferred, with the request that Mrs. Ritchie reconsider the matter.

Mrs. Johnson presented the matter of the Regency of the State of Washington, whereupon the following resolution was offered by Mrs. Lockwood: The Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters having presented a petition from Mrs. J. G. Harvey and others in the matter of the State Regency for Washington State, she is hereby instructed to notify Mrs. Harvey that the Board of Management recognizes Mrs. Edwin G. Crabbe as the duly elected and qualified Regent for that State.

The Vice-President General in Charge of Organization is also requested to inform the petitioner that only two methods are provided by the Constitution and By-Laws for the election of State Regent, viz: "By the delegates from each State and Territory to the Continental Congress at the *annual meeting*," and by the Board of Management on the nomination of the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters: and that, therefore, the election of a State Regent in the manner indicated in the petition is unconstitutional and void. Carried.

The Corresponding Secretary General was authorized to prepay expressage on stationery to State Regents.

Miss Miller read a letter from Mrs. Adams, of Washington, addressed to the Revolutionary Relics Committee, offering for sale a valuable letter from General Lafayette. Miss Miller was requested to reply that the Board of Management cannot appropriate money except as constitutionally provided.

The Recording Secretary General was directed by the President General to call a special meeting on June 12th, at ten o'clock a. m., for the purpose of having the minutes of June 6th and 7th approved.

The meeting adjourned at one o'clock p. m. until the following day.

FRIDAY, *June 7*, 1895.

A quorum being present at ten o'clock a. m., Mrs. Lockwood was elected to fill the chair, and business was resumed as follows:

REPORT OF THE MAGAZINE COMMITTEE, Dr. McGee, Chairman.—Bids were received from two firms, who offered to print and mail the Magazine and secure advertisements for it, according to the specifications furnished by the committee. The committee felt it incumbent upon them to select the lower bid, especially as it was accompanied by an offer to secure advertisements without the usual agent's charge. The firm selected is the Harrisburg Publishing Company, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Accepted.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON ADMINISTRATION, Dr. McGee, Chairman.—It is recommended that Miss Stone, the Curator, be given vacation during August, with pay, and that the Registrar's clerk perform the duties of Curator in Miss Stone's absence. Also, that the Registrar's clerk be given vacation during the month of July, with pay. The work assigned to the committee is now completed and it begs to be discharged. Report accepted and the committee discharged with thanks.

REPORT ON DIRECTORY, Dr. McGee, compiler.—The Directory is now completed and is being printed.

It was ordered that general information and approved advertisement of articles sold by the National Society be printed on the covers of the Directory.

A communication from the Secretary of a Connecticut Chapter regarding the name of said Chapter was received and the Corresponding Secretary instructed to inform the writer that the Board has no jurisdiction over Chapter matters.

Dr. McGee moved that all questions of current business, except the admission of new members, be settled by the Executive Committee until the next meeting of the Board. Carried.

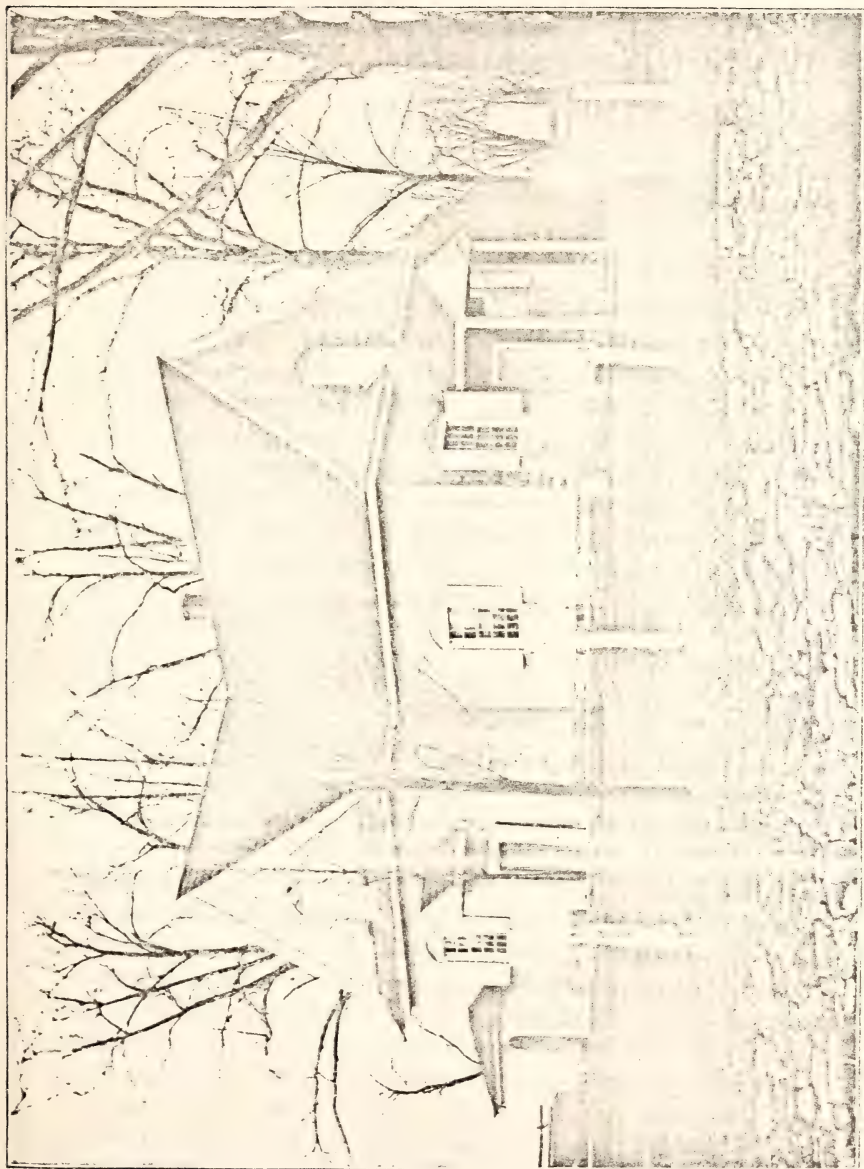
Mrs. Burnett offered the following resolution: That the royalty on badges sold by J. E. Caldwell & Co. be placed with the permanent fund. Carried.

On motion of Mrs. Gannett the Registrars General were permitted to present an additional applicant for membership to their list as presented on June 6.

The Board adjourned at one o'clock p. m.

LYLA M. P. BUCHANAN,
Recording Secretary General.





LOWER MERION FRIENDS' MEETINGHOUSE. BUILT 1698.

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII. WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST, 1895.

NO. 2.

LOWER MERION FRIENDS' MEETINGHOUSE.

THE history of Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse is the history of the Welsh in Pennsylvania. The history of the Welsh in Pennsylvania is the history of Pennsylvania and of the United States—indeed, of the civilized world.

Dr. Edward Jones, son-in-law of Dr. Thomas Wynne, kinsman and partner of John ap Thomas, set out with his company from Bala early in the summer of 1682, embarking from Liverpool in the "Ship Lyon," John Compton "Master." After a voyage of several weeks the vessel arrived at Upland, a Swedish town on the Delaware (now known as Chester), in August of the same year. There seems to be some uncertainty as to how long the Colonists remained at Upland, but it is known that they made a landing "on the Skoolkill," August 13th or 14th, 1682. According to the late John M. George, of Overbrook, Pennsylvania, the place of landing was at what is now Penquoid, or Pencoyd, nearly opposite the mouth of the Wissahickon, in the immediate vicinity of the present City avenue bridge. This is still, as it probably was then, one of the most romantic parts of Lower Merion. The name given to the region by the first Colonists was Merioneth, from Merionethshire—Merion, or Meriawn, being the appellation of an old-time Welsh hero. The annexed list includes the names of seventeen first purchasers, or heads of families, who had cast in their lots with John ap Thomas—but it is believed that not all arrived on this first vessel, although their families were represented: John Thomas, Hugh Robert, Edward Jones, Robert David, Evan Rees, John Edward, Edward Owen,

William Edward, Edward Rees, William Jones, Thomas Richard, Rees John William, Thomas Lloyd, Cadwallader Morgan, John Watkins, Hugh John, and Gainor Robert.

The ordinary reader might have some difficulty in understanding the original list, in which many names are abbreviated in this fashion: "Wm. Ed." This name written in full would be "William ap Edward," or "William the son of Edward." The first Welsh Colonists, or the majority of them at least, had no surnames in the modern sense. Thus we find the children of William ap Edward calling themselves Edward William and Sarah William; while the children of his brother, John ap Edward, write their names Edward Edward and Elizabeth Edward. Rees John William also subscribes himself Rees John and Rees Jones, while his sons adopt Jones as a surname. Katherine Thomas, widow of John ap Thomas, when she arrived in Merion, brought with her a number of sons and daughters. Her son Robert called himself, not Robert Thomas, but Robert Jones (Johnes or Johns), her son Evan was known both as Evan Thomas and Evan Jones, and her son Thomas as Thomas ap John and Thomas Jones. The reader, then, begins to see why Jones is considered a most aristocratic name in Pennsylvania, also, the difficulties in tracing early relationships.

The family Bible of William ap Edward, mentioned above, is in possession of his descendant, Mrs. Deborah Cresswell, of Merion Station, Pennsylvania Railroad. This antiquated volume contains a most interesting record, so far as it goes. Among the entries is the statement that, "We are to settle near the Falls of Skoolkill." From the same record it appears that many of the first Colonists lived for a time in caves cut in the banks of the river. There were probably others than the seventeen purchasers or their families to arrive on the "Ship Lyon"—among them David Jones, David James, and Robert Turner. (This last was an Irishman. He merits special notice from the fact that he apparently crossed the Schuylkill, to its east bank, and followed the Wissahickon on its highlands, soon after purchasing a tract of land in this region. This tract he sold to a later Welsh colony composed of kinsmen of the first. Thus was made the beginning of some of the



Welsh settlements in Gwynedd, Montgomery County, and vicinity, where such names as Penllyn, North Wales, Jenkintown, and Evansburg are still in use.)

We are not quite sure of all the names of the forty persons who constituted the "First Welsh Families"—but we are quite safe in calling them the "First Congregation of Lower Merion Friends' Meeting."

The earliest record in the antique books belonging to the old meeting is the burial of a child, "Catherine Rees, daughter of Edward and Mabby Rees, 8, 23, 1682." This date would correspond to our October 23, 1682, a little over two months later than the arrival of the "Ship Lyon," which was in "the sixth month, called August," according to the ancient calendar.

Hugh Robert settled at Pencoyd, near the landing-place. Religious meetings were held at his residence for several years. The early records show that a number of marriages by Friends' ceremony were solemnized beneath his roof. It is said that a log meetinghouse was erected near the site of the present edifice very soon after the landing of the Colonists. Another tradition has it that the log church was nearer the site of the present Haverford College. Haverford Meeting was organized in 1684. Certain it is, however, that Edward Rees sold to the congregation of Merion Meeting, for a nominal sum, equivalent to about \$2.50 of our money, a tract of land in Lower Merion prior to 1695. Probably very soon after the burial of his own child, which is recorded "at Merion." Other burials are recorded almost as early, as that of "Evan John William, 1683," and "Joune Roberts, wife of Hugh, 1686."

Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse stands on the Old Lancaster Road, (Montgomery avenue), about one mile from City avenue, half a mile from Narberth Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, and seven miles from the City Hall, Philadelphia. The quaint, little building is in the form of a cross, each wing having a high, peaked gable. Each gable end contains an entrance door covered with an antique shingled portico, without supports. A shingled pediment or strip of roofing runs across each gable, forming the base of a triangle. The windows are set high above the ground and have picturesque diamond panes.

Although built in 1695 the structure was remodeled in the present century, so that its age is greatly disguised. To-day it is covered with a coating of cream-colored plaster which detracts from the venerable effect. This plaster will be removed before the celebration and the appearance of antiquity restored.

The interior of the meetinghouse has suffered little change further than being freshly painted and supplied with new carpet, when needed. The carpet is dull brown; the paint, plain white. The hard, uncolored wooden benches remain as before. Formerly there were two solid oak tables upon which marriage certificates were spread. One of these tables was sent to the Centennial and never returned. The peg is still pointed out upon which William Penn hung his hat when he preached to a Welsh congregation who could not understand him. A similar peg was stolen by relic-hunters—its place filled later by one cut from the wood of old-time benches. Pieces of these same old benches were borrowed and sent to the World's Fair. The meetinghouse stands in a beautiful grove of sycamores, maples, and cedars. The well-kept graveyard is enclosed by a picturesque stone wall, surmounted by a tall iron fence. Upon the low tombstones may be read the names of some of Philadelphia's oldest and best known families. None of the dates are very old, as in early days the Quakers would not permit the use of tombstones. Accordingly, about half the enclosure is smooth, green lawn, unmarked by mound or tablet—this area covers the remains of the earliest Colonists. The most ancient date that can be deciphered is 1779—it is on the headstone of Rebecca Roberts, aged 69 years. Near by is that of Jonathan Jones, who "departed this life 4th month, 8, 1821," aged 90. Jonathan Jones was the grandson of Dr. Edward Jones, the great-grandson of Dr. Thomas Wynne. His wife was Sarah Jones, granddaughter of John ap Thomas and daughter of Thomas Jones.

The Old Lancaster Road, upon which the meetinghouse faces, is laid out on site of the prehistoric Indian trail leading from the Delaware across the Schuylkill to the Susquehanna. Back of the meetinghouse, passing along the graveyard, is a lane towards the Schuylkill, two miles distant. The old structure is nearly opposite the village of Manayunk, the

latter situate on the Schuylkill a short distance above Pencoyd.

Close to the meetinghouse is the "Price Mansion," a grand old stone structure in the true colonial style. This stands upon part of the tract of 1,000 acres once belonging to Edward Rees. In the course of a few generations the name became Price. From Rees the transition to "Prees" was easy—it was a contraction of "ap Rees." Next it was written "Preece," then "Price." The tendency is first seen in the record of the birth of "Jane Prees, daughter of Edward and Mabby, 1682." A member of the family, who died a few years ago, signed himself "Edward Rees Price."

The first Edward Rees, generally regarded as the founder of Lower Merion Friends' Meeting, was a preacher of remarkable ability. With his brother, Evan Rees, he appeared as one of the martyrs who endured religious persecution in Wales. It was the sufferings of these devoted Friends which brought upon John ap Thomas the "concern" of providing for them an asylum in the New World.

We of to-day have little idea of what "religious persecution" really means. How many of us, who have lived, as it were, in sight of Merion Meeting all our lives, have the faintest conception of what its founders underwent before they reached the land in which they could build and worship in peace? The present writer read Thomas Ellis's poem in praise of "Freedom in Pennsylvania," without any adequate notion of what inspired his joyous outburst. But study the following from the original record in possession of Dr. A. S. Roberts, of Philadelphia :

"Evan Rees, of the Township of Penmaen, parish of Llanvawr, Merionethshire, Wales, was prominent in Friends' meetings in Wales and suffered much persecution therefrom. Anno 1676, Cadwallader Thomas, Rowland Ellis, Lewis Robert, Hugh Robert, Evan Rees, Edward Rees, Griffith John, Gainor David, and Elizabeth Williams were imprisoned on an Indictment for not resorting to their Parish Church, and at the Assizes, held the 6th of the month called August, at Bala, in Merionethshire, were brought before Kenrick Eyton and Thomas Walcott, Judges, who tendered them the oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, which they refusing to take, the judges in open court declared that in case they did refuse the Oaths the second time, they should be proceeded against as Traytors, the men to be hanged and quartered and the women to be burned. Fortunately this severe sentence was never carried into effect and the prisoners were

subsequently released. This was not his first appearance as a Quaker, for we read that in 1668, Evan Rees for a fine of 5s. had two yoke of oxen taken away to the value of £11. He intended to remove with his Friends to Pennsylvania during the first settlement, which purpose he, for some reason, never appears to have accomplished."

Evan's son, called after the fashion of that day, Rees Evan, was one of the early Colonists. Rees Evan married Elizabeth, daughter of John ap Thomas. Sidney Rees, daughter of Rees Evan and his wife Elizabeth, married Robert Roberts, son of John and Gainor Roberts and nephew of Hugh Roberts. John ap Thomas, of Llaithgwm, Commott of Pennilyn, in the County of Merioneth, gentleman, became a member of the Religious Society of Friends in the year 1672. Hugh Roberts, his neighbor and friend from his childhood, says of him :

"In the year 1672 he came to Friends' Meeting and was thoroughly convinced of God's truth, and he gave up in obedience to the heavenly Father's call, though it was a time of great suffering ; the first two meetings he was at he was fined 5s., for which the informer took from him two oxen, and a horse that was valued to be worth £11, and returned nothing back.

"The appearance of truth was so precious to him that he did not only make profession of it, but was also made willing to suffer for its sake, which he did valiantly. When this faithful man first came among us, it was the hottest time of persecution that we ever underwent. The chief informer being a cunning, subtle man, seeing that the high constables and petty constables were something backward to execute his warrants, intended to have been the high constable so that he might make a quick despatch.

"Most of the great men being willing to assist John ap Thomas in what they could, this good man went to one of the justices that was moderate and requested that he might accept him to be the high constable, which was granted. So the informer went on and informed against Friends, and when he got a warrant, he brought it to the high constable according to his orders ; so he received his warrant, time after time, and would tell the informer to go about his business, that he was responsible for them. And thus the informer continued to go about until he had got nine warrants, not questioning but that he would ruin him at last, for there was a clause in the act that if the constables would refuse to execute their office, they would be fined to a great extent for every neglect. He kept his warrants until the King's declaration came to put a stop to these wicked informers.

"Thus this faithful and valiant man hazarded his own estate to save his friends and brethren, and this he did soon after he received the Truth. The Lord blessed him and that in every way. He bestowed upon him a

gift in the ministry, by which he hath been serviceable to many, and although it falls out sometimes that a prophet hath not honor in his own country, yet I know that he was honored, owned and dearly beloved, and was of great service unto many. So he grew and prospered in the truth unto his dying day. He had a tedious sickness, in which time his pleasure was in exhorting his friends, his wife, and children to be faithful in the Lord.

"A little while before his departure, I and other Friends were with him. Praising the name of the Lord, he took his leave of Friends, and so in a sweet and heavenly praise, he departed the 3d day of 3d month, 1683."

John ap Thomas is mentioned in Besse's *Sufferings of Friends*, Gough's *History of Friends*, and Proud's *History of Pennsylvania*. In many instances he had property taken from him for tithes for refusing to swear. Among other sufferers were Cadwallader ap Thomas ap Hugh, Robert Owen, Hugh Roberts, John David, John Robert David, and Jonett John, who were punished for attending "seditious conventicles, under colour or pretence of religion other than according to the Liturgie."

The persecutions endured by the early members of Lower Merion Meeting and their friends are set forth in the "Narrative of John Humphreys," one of the first settlers near what is now Ardmore. This narrative is quoted in full in "Jenkin's History of Gwynnedd."

As stated above, Lower Merion Meeting was organized in 1682, Haverford Meeting in 1684. Haverford, afterwards became the monthly meeting, including under its jurisdiction the particular meetings of Merion, Radnor, Tredyffrin, Gwynnedd, and Schuylkill. This last was situate in Blockley Township, near the present Market street bridge. It would seem that the Welsh had their own ferryboat at this place, under the care of the Schuylkill Meeting. Certain it is that for a long time the monthly meeting regulated the secular affairs of the Welsh tract. In one instance we find Haverford Meeting requiring its members to build fences.

Church and State were one in the Welsh Barony until 1688, at least. Then began a series of encroachments into the Cambrian tract, followed by the vigorous protest of these "descendants of the ancient Britons." This "First Declaration

of Independence" was signed by Thomas Ellis, Griffith Owen, John Bevan, Hugh Roberts, Henry Lewis, William Howell, John Evans, Robert Davies, Francis Howell, William Jenkin, John Humphrey, Samuel Rees, Morris Llewellyn, John Roberts, David Meredith, Richard Orme, Rees Peter, Hugh Jones, David Evan, John Jarmon, and Phylip Evan.

The boundaries of the tract had been "laid out ye 8th mo. 1684. Finished 11th month ensuing." The first purchasers, including the original seventeen, were Charles Lloyd, Margaret Davis, Richard Davis, William Jenkins, John Poyer, John Burge, William Mordant, William Powell, Lewis David, Morris Llewellyn, Thomas Simonse, John Bevan, Edward Prichard, John ap John, Thomas Wyn, Edward Joanes, John Thomas, Richard Davis, Richard ap Thomas, Mordecai Moore, John Millinton, Henry Right, Daniell Medlecott, Thomas Ellis, Patt Roules, Humphry Thomas, David Powell, John Kinsy, David Meredith, David Davis, Thomas John Evan, John Evans, John Jarmon, David Kinsy, Evan Oliver, Samuel Miles, Thomas Joanes, Daniell Harry, Henry Joanes, John Welb, John fish, John Day, Barker and Simson, Barker and Jobson, William Wood and Sharlow, Thomas Lloyd, Thomas David, Philip Howel, Hugh Robarts, Robert William, David Lloyd, Robert David, Evan Rees, John Edward, Edward Owen, William Edward, Edward Rees, William Jones, Thomas Richards, Rees John William, Cadwallader Morgan, John Watkin, Hugh John, and Gainor Robert.

As stated above, settlements in the Welsh tract grew so rapidly that it is difficult to keep track of them all. It must not be forgotten that not all of the Welsh settlers were Quakers—and that none of the other denominations kept such accurate records as did the Friends of Merion and Haverford. So that many noble pioneers in Merion, Haverford, Radnor, Newtown, Tredyffrin, Goshen, Whiteland, Charlestown, Nantmeal, Uwchlan, and Caln have left us next to nothing of their early history.

The inhabitants of the Welsh tract long lived in peace and plenty. As early as 1694 the members of Merion and Haverford Meetings collected a sum amounting to more than \$650 to be given to the poor of New England. The Cambrians sent their charity a long way, as they had no nearer calls.

The Cambrians also cultivated letters. Haverford Meeting, soon after its organization, caused the publication of several books in the Welsh language. The antiquarian, who chooses to explore this field, may find it as interesting as the Teutonic-American literature of Germantown and Ephrata.

Allusion has already been made to a poem by Thomas Ellis, written in "the British language." It was thus translated into English by John Humphrey:

Pennsylvania an habitation
With certain, sure and clear foundation,
Where the dawning of the day
Expels the thick, dark night away.

Lord, give us here a place to feed
And pass my life among thy seed,
That in our bounds, true love and peace
From age to age may never cease.

Then shall the trees and fields increase
Heaven and earth proclaim thy peace,
That we and they—forever, Lord,
Show forth thy praise with one accord.

It would really seem that the prayers of the Keltic bard were answered in the Keltic colony.

The present writer has found no trace of any great disturbances in the Welsh tract from the time of the division by county lines in 1689 until the outbreak of the French and Indian War. Then the old fighting Cambrian blood asserted itself once more, and the young men of the Barony prepared for active hostilities. The "Associators" were formed, a body of militia recruited largely from the Welsh townships. Among the officers showing the Keltic strain in their names may be mentioned General John Thomas, Captain David Parry, and Ensigns Rowland Parry and John Rees. Welsh names abound among the lists of privates.

A great number of young men were disowned by Friends' Meetings for enlisting, as war was contrary to the Quaker principles. But the services of the Associators were never required. Chester County's contribution to the defense of the frontier took the form of provisions and wagons. It must be remembered, that, in those days, everything sent to what was

then the West was "teamed" over the Allegheny Mountains. "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies" was as picturesque a figure of the Colonial and Revolutionary period as the California Miner or the Scout of the Plains in recent decades.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

A BACKWARD GLIMPSE.

WE drop a tear for the patriot brave—
As we raise a shout for a nation saved—
And mark the place of the hero's grave,
 With our Country's flag above it.
While words, deep graven in granite gray,
Now tell to the stranger who wanders this way,
That she merits our notice to-day
 Who long has slept below it.

Her hands, tho' at last calmly folded, and thin,
Were wringing with anguish 'mid battle's fierce din
On the day that her hero and kinsmen fell, slain
 By the sword which home had defended.
"O morn's tardy beams, look kindly within,
To cheer and to brighten the weary eye, dim"—
For alas that it mu t be—yonder brave men
 Were moaning and dreaming of kindred.

Her hand waver'd not; her young step ne'er was lighter
Than when it encounter'd their life blood; and tighter
She grasped that first cup of cold water,
 And held it to lips growing grim.
In the eye that met hers—glowing brightly with fever—
A new hope was born of this sympathy, sweeter
Than e'en life itself; it said to the helper
 "We'll live—God willing—and win."

The scenes which, a part of that long time ago,—
Have crumbled and changed 'neath many a snow,*
Or brightened and greened † with the sweet summer's glow—
 Are a part of our historic treasure.
But the burdens our foremothers—laden with then—
Seem'd nothing to them, neither actual pain—
If the end of it all were a dear Country's gain—
 To suffer seem'd even a pleasure.

* The pickets, platforms, and barracks of Fort Griswold are dust.

† The ramparts of the fort are still grassy and perfect.

They cared for the homes which our sires had left,
Whose absence was cheered by the loved so bereft;
And hearth-fires kept burning while willing hands deft—
Moved in time with the spinning-wheel's hum.
With courage and bravery, with sterling strong sense,
The *maiden* inherently added her pence;
While with wit and with laughter—none deemed an offense
Her *heart* beat time for the drum.

But Old Father Time—who life's wheels e'er revolving—
That relentless reminder of life's fateful morning—
Bade them welcome the heavens' effulgence surrounding,
Which enfolded and bore them away.
Home faces then cheer'd them and hand clasps far dearer
For hardships encounter'd and conquer'd, as nearer
Sweet voices then greeted; and clearer
The dawning of day.

HORTENSE D. FISH.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

MACAULAY said that Sir Walter Scott's novels were the best history of England that was ever written. The reason is evident. The books referred to treat of the habits, manners, customs, and the domestic conditions and personal relations of the people of the period to which they relate. The life of a nation is more closely wrapped up in these elements apparently of private concern, and the character and quality of the people more exactly illustrated by them, than by the public demonstrations of statesmen and soldiers, who occasionally float to the surface and become for a brief time conspicuous in the midst of political excitement or national disasters. It is the home life of a people that is its real life. It is there that the best, the purest, and most characteristic qualities of human nature are developed; it is there that progress is begun, that the seeds for good or evil are planted, and the quality of the product is definitely determined. There are found the influences which mold and determine the manners, the habits, the customs, the taste, and the tendencies of individuals, and it is of these individuals, aggregated and brought together, that the national life is made up. The character of a nation cannot rise above the character of the people who compose it.

The people of this country at the time of, and prior to the Revolution, were far from being homogeneous. The Colonists were of divers qualities, habits, thoughts, and sentiments. So long as they were merely Colonists, each community preserved to a very great extent its distinctive peculiarities. The families of these communities respectively had their own characteristics, their own Lares and Penates. There was but little of active sympathy between them. Each had its angularities, its sharp and bristling projections, which were continually giving offense to the others. The stubborn and uncompromising Puritan of Massachusetts Bay was a poor companion or associate for the dashing cavalier of South Carolina, and this poverty of good fellowship was fully reciprocated. The Quakers of Pennsylvania had but little in common with the followers of Lord Baltimore in Maryland. The settlers upon the banks of the James, adventurers of all grades and kinds at the first, and who could tolerate, if not be proud of, the redoubtable John Smith, as rash and daring a free-rider as ever served in the armies of southern Europe, and to whom a service with the Sultan of Turkey had been as attractive as that under the most Christian King, found little in common with their fellows of the wilderness, whether near or remote. It was a common danger and a common pressure which brought these discordant elements closer together, and finally into such immediate contact with each other as broke off, or wore away, the angularities and projecting points which for years had kept them asunder.

A few things, however (and they were important), they had in common. The settlers and Colonists along the eastern coast of North America, from the Gulf of Mexico northward to the mouth of the St. Croix River, were mainly of English descent, and their tenure of rights, whether of lands or governmental powers, were under grants from the Crown of Great Britain. The impressions, sentiments, habits, tastes, and peculiarities which they had, they had brought with them from England. They would have quarreled and stood aloof from each other in England, just as they did on this Continent, during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century: but at the same time the memories of the past, the political, civil, and religious liberties which they enjoyed, the manners and

customs which prevailed with them respectively, although so diverse and apparently irreconcilable, were all of English growth, and it was to England that they all looked for protection and defense, however they might disagree as between themselves. In these conditions there was a rallying point for association and union, a strong magnet, tending toward harmony of thought, harmony of action, harmony of taste and manners, which the pressure and necessities of the Revolutionary period developed into vigorous activity, and the result was our national independence.

The facts, thus briefly stated, show how it happened, and how inevitable it was, that during the Revolutionary period, and for many succeeding years, the habits, manners, and customs of the American people were patterned after the English model. Everything they had, even reaching up to their methods of thinking, had been cast in an English mold. France and Spain, with the crowds of adventurers, convicts, and priests who controlled their mercenary and fanatical schemes of earlier colonization, had long prior to that time abandoned their pretensions to the domination of the eastern coast of North America within the limits already stated. It might almost be said with historical truth that England alone was the foreign correspondent of the American Colonies. What, then, could be more natural than that they should draw upon England for their manners and customs, their style of dress, their forms and ceremonies, and have cultivated their tastes in etiquette and art in the schools of English society? Practically such schools were their only resort until time had developed wider fields and greater opportunities. The change came as the country and its people grew in strength and resources; but it is the Revolutionary period to which attention is called by the subject of this paper.

Of the production of art and artists there were few in the Colonies. Esthetic taste and cultivation were crowded out by the sterner necessities of living. Neither the means nor the opportunities for the prosecution of art studies or the accumulation of works of art were present except in a very limited degree. Only a few men who came to this country prior or immediately subsequent to the Revolutionary period brought

with them much or anything which would be recognized to-day as deserving of notice amongst art connoisseurs, and native ability found little encouragement in that direction. It acted, if it acted at all, under rigid rules of propriety such as belonged to the times, and to which it must pay deference and give expression.

In the art gallery of Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, there are a few examples of works of art belonging to the eighteenth century, left to the college as part of the donation of James Bowdoin, whose ancestor largely contributed to that institution of learning. These paintings, portraits mainly of prominent people, were gathered by Mr. Bowdoin whilst abroad as a representative of the Government of the United States, prior to the year 1808. It is the only collection of its class, so far as I am advised, which has been kept together for so long a time and is on public exhibition, and which represents the artistic efforts of the painters of that period so conspicuously. There are few, if any, galleries of paintings in this country which date back so far as that.

Practically the period covered by the subject of this paper discloses but little effort in the artistic line in this country. A few illustrations by way of quotation from books relating to the subject will explain the situation. The period produced its own characteristics in the work of its artists. It is said of Copley, who lived between the years 1737 and 1815:

"The want of ease and grace in the time-hallowed portraits is as authentic as the costume. They illustrate the men and women of a day when pride, decorum, and an elegance, sometimes ungraceful but always impressive, marked the dress and air of the higher classes. The faces are rarely insipid and the hands fair and delicately moulded. It appears to have been a favorite mode to introduce writing materials and to select attitudes denoting a kind of meditative leisure. A rich brocade dressing gown and velvet cap, a high backed and daintily carved chair are frequent. The hardness of the outlines and the semiofficial aspect of the figures correspond exactly with the spirit of those times. Pride of birth had not been superseded by pride of wealth."

The distinction of gentle blood was still cherished. Equality had only begun to assert itself as a political axiom; as a social principle it had not dawned upon the most ultra reformers.

Sharpless, an English miniature painter, not particularly

distinguished in his own home among the many famous artists, made a great sensation in America. He traveled around the country with his whole family in a four-wheeled coach, making portraits of all the distinguished people. The portrait was finished in about two hours, and the price for a profile was \$15, for a full face \$20. He painted a profile of George and Martha Washington, and a full face of the former. These pictures were made for a Mr. Cary, in England, and were constantly visited by traveling Americans.

"He, Sharpless, brought with him from England a portrait of Burke and one of Erskine. Everyone asked him out to tea, and it was expected that the portraits should accompany him on every occasion."

Charles Gilbert Stuart and Edward G. Malbone were conspicuous examples of the best work of portrait or miniature painting of the period to which I am referring. Malbone was a native of Rhode Island, and illustrations of his work are still to be found.

"Evidence of his skill is afforded in the fact that a foreign artist recognized in the miniature of a beautiful girl of seventeen the features of an old lady to whom he had been introduced a few days before."

During this period also, Eugene Pierre du Sintièrre, a West India Frenchman, cut profiles from black paper. He made in this way the profile of Washington, which was copied and used on the first American coin in this country. He was also a painter of miniature in water colors.

The manners and customs of the people of the Revolutionary period corresponded with their conditions, and with the education which they had received, or were able to acquire. Official life, to a very large extent, had, what would to-day be called, a stilted side to it, an abruptness, positiveness, amounting in many cases to absurdity. The chief quality of that life in that day was its formal stability. No chance for parvenuism, no stocks in which to speculate, no sudden fortunes made. People lived on their broad lands, and when they died it was understood that the eldest son inherited the family residence. On their carriages and silver were emblazoned their arms brought from England, by which everyone knew them, which were used as a matter of course, and were a distinction no one ventured to assume unless entitled to them.

Gentlemen were great diners-out, and the giving of dinners was considered a science. Manners were most punctillious even among those best acquainted. The tradition is that many husbands and wives as the last thing before retiring at night were accustomed to salute each other with a bow and a courtesy. Among Washington's rules of civility was this : " Every action done in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present." There was also, in appearance at least, an extreme austerity in morals and religion.

The history of Philadelphia tells us that—

" Our girls in the daytime used to attend to the work of the family, and in the evening paraded on their porch at the door. Those who had not housework, employed themselves in their accomplishments, such as making shellwork cornucopias, working of pocketbooks with a close, strong stitched needlework."

The Marquis de Chastillux writes of these times :

" Desmoiselles here (Boston) have the liberty enjoyed in Geneva when morality was there, in the time of the Republic, and they did not abuse it. Their frank and tender hearts had nothing to fear from the peridy of men, the vows of love were believed, and to sum up, all wives were occupied in rendering their husbands happy."

One of the hospitable customs of New England which prevailed at this time was that of preparing a tankard of punch every morning, and visitors during the day were invited to partake of it ; the master of the house sometimes taking the vessel from its cooler, and after drinking from it himself, handing it to the guests. It would be surprising at this day to find a letter from a daughter to a father concluding with : " I am, with the most sincere respect and affection, your daughter," and from a son, " I am, with profound respect, your obedient son."

Social distinction was marked and well-defined. The upper class or gentry, so called, were composed of " all who held office and who possessed wealth, all of the clerical order, and all who had family connections in England, and dressed as the fashions of the times determined to be appropriate to their station."

All hired women wore short gowns and petticoats of domestic fabric, and could be instantly recognized as such whenever seen abroad. Slaves were held in 1775 in Ulster County, New

York,—a male slave between fifteen and forty years of age was valued at \$150. In the *Osaego Herald*, 1779, appeared this advertisement :

"A young wench for sale. She is a good cook, and ready at all kinds of housework. None can exceed her if she is kept from liquor. She is twenty-four years of age—no husband nor children."

This may serve to illustrate the condition of service in the halcyon period of American simplicity to which politicians nowadays so often refer.

Coffeehouses were places of great resort. Here the newspapers were to be seen, and gentlemen gathered to exchange opinions and for discussion. "At the Tontine Coffeehouse, corner of Wall and Water streets, New York, a gentleman could live handsomely for seventy to eighty pounds a year, wine and porter excepted."

The houses of that period were simple and substantial. A description of one will answer for many. The Schuyler house at Albany, built by General Bradstreet :

"Building eighty feet square, roof double-hip pattern, dormer windows, and two square chimneys. Within is a main hall thirty feet long by twenty feet high. The hall was paneled and painted white. The house had a secret stairway leading to an underground passage, which was connected with the barracks not far away,—heavy doors, brass knobs, and locks."

Marble mantles, sideboards, and folding doors were unknown before the Revolution.

In 1790 wall paper was introduced. Parlors had white floors sprinkled with clean white sand drawn into patterns with a broom. Carpets were very rare and highly prized, and only covered the center of floors. Families of affluence had couches covered with worsted damask. Plain people used settees, or settles, having high backs of plain boards unpainted, and white with unspared scrubbing. They were placed before the fireplace to keep the back from wind and cold. Chairs, tables, and bedsteads of the better quality for family use were generally of mahogany, simple in construction, graceful in form, and usually with legs curiously turned or carved. Instead of waiters teabards and round teatable, which could be turned up against the wall, were used. Corner closets called "beaufets" had glass doors for displaying all the china

and silver of the family. Small pictures painted on glass with black moldings for frames, or mirrors, were the adornment of the walls. High chests of drawers were in every parlor and clock cases reached the ceiling. Lamps were unknown in parlors. Dipped candles in brass candlesticks were in general use. The bedsteads were high, in many cases requiring the use of step-ladders, and rope corded, having white or blue and white coverlids and dimity curtains. One style of bureau consisted of enclosed shelves in the top, a writing desk with pigeon-holes in the middle and drawers below with brass handles. Writing paper was of creamy hue and envelopes were unknown. Quill pens were in constant use, and instead of blotting paper sand was used and sealing wax to fasten the folded sheet. It would have been vulgar to moisten the sticking material of an envelope for a letter by drawing it through the mouth.

General Washington's coach (an imported one) had the body and wheels cream color, with gilt moldings. It was suspended upon heavy leather straps and iron springs and drawn by six bay horses, and the horses' hoofs were painted black. His arms were emblazoned on the door and upon each of the four panels was an allegorical picture emblematic of the seasons.

Mrs. Washington on her trip to the American camp was attended by her servants and a small escort of soldiers. Her chariot was drawn by four magnificent horses and she was attended by as many postillions in red and white liveries. It was an unusual sight even in that day; it would be a strange one to-day; but she was only pursuing a fashion then in vogue among the Virginia aristocracy. The spirit of the times and the character of the woman, added to the imperiousness of her demeanor, aided the soldiers in at once giving her the title of "Lady Washington." The travel of the country was then done mostly in carriages and on horseback, and the style in which it was accomplished was one relating to the real or assumed importance of the traveler.

The family china and silver were, in those days, kept in corner closets in the diningroom, and was cared for by the mistress of the house. After meals a basin of warm water was placed before my lady, and her own fair fingers washed and wiped the

china and glass, not because of lack of service, but because fragile dishes were too highly prized in those days for careless hands to touch. And just here I digress to say that the nineteenth century knows a china more beautiful, fragile, and precious than any our great-grandmothers ever knew, but lacks the care.

A conspicuous article in houses was always a great china punch bowl; for wine drinking was then much less in vogue. China teapots and coffeepots with silver nozzles were a mark of superior finery. Plated ware was unknown. Where we now use earthenware, they used Delft, imported from England. Instead of queensware (then not known), pewter plates and porringers, made to shine along a dresser, were universal; common people ate from wooden trenchers.

Mrs. Franklin writing to her husband, while he was in France, says, "The blue room has a set of china. I bought it since you went from home, and a very handsome mahogany stand for the teakettle to stand on, and the ornamental china." This ornamental china consisted of several odd pitchers, berry or salad dishes. Some of the odd dishes of those times were "china boats" for spoons, Turk cups, mint stands, custard stoves, also china tumblers with covers, "sniffers" were pudding dishes, "goglets" were small jugs for holding water for sleeping rooms. Washington in refurnishing his house at Mount Vernon ordered a small room to be appropriated for the Sèvres china, and other things of that sort not in common use. This was probably the china presented to himself and Mrs. Washington by the officers of the French Army. One set of this was dull white, encircled with a leaf pattern band of deep blue, and on each piece was the order of the "Cincinnati" painted in delicate colors.

The few family portraits, articles of vertu or family jewels brought from the mother country, were not often, in those days, brought to light, but were carefully hidden as things to be looked upon at rare intervals—seldom or never used. I have now a piece of blue and white china, which formed a part of a set presented by the Emperor of China to General Washington, and used by him at Mount Vernon.

ELLEN R. JEWETT.

(Concluded in September number.)

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE SHOWN AMONG THE PIONEERS OF WESTERN VIRGINIA AND THE CAROLINAS IN 1774.

THE hotly contested battle of Point Pleasant was fought October 10, 1774, by the Colonial troops, commanded by General Andrew Lewis, against the Shawnees, Delaware, Mingoes, and other hostile tribes of Indians, led by the warlike chief of the Shawnees, Cornstalk. The Colonial troops were victorious, leaving a large number of the enemy dead upon the field.

Just three weeks after this eventful engagement, on November 5, 1774, General Lewis, his officers, and men declared,

"As the love of liberty and attachment to the real interests of America outweigh every other consideration, we resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty and for the support of her just rights and privileges."

And on the 20th of January, 1775, two months later, Colonels William Campbell, William Preston, Gilbert Christian, William Edmondson, Arthur Campbell, John Campbell, the Rev. Charles Cummings, and many other leading men of Fincastle County, Virginia, comprising the Holston settlements, sent a calm and patriotic address to the Continental Congress, announcing that—

"If no specific measures shall be proposed and adopted by Great Britain, and our enemies attempt to dragoon us out of those inestimable privileges which we are entitled to as subjects, and reduce us to slavery, we declare that we are deliberately and resolutely determined never to surrender them to any powers upon earth but at the expense of our lives. These are our real and unpolished sentiments of liberty and loyalty, and in them we are resolved to live and die.

Influenced by such publicly expressed sentiments the settlers of Western Virginia were ever on the alert, waiting for developments from the east. As soon, therefore, as the echoes of Patrick Henry's patriotic appeals reverberated among the hills of the Holston Valley, they were ready for action, well knowing how exposed they were to the attacks of the British and Indians on the frontier. The English Government was aware of the increasing spirit of rebellion among the Colonists in

America, and they were using every means in their power to subjugate them, and a part of the measures adopted by her officers was to arm the Indian tribes on the frontier and incite them to hostilities against the settlers. Alexander Cameron, John Stuart, and Dr. John Connelley were the officers who were sent among the Indians to arm and prepare them to fight with the British in the impending struggle against the Colonists, and they aroused the savages to open hostilities before the breaking out of the War of Independence.

Thus it can be seen what great disadvantages the settlers of Western Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia had to contend against during that long struggle between the Colonies and Great Britain. English foes from the east and south, Tories at home, and the most warlike and savage tribes of Indians on the west, led by the most cruel and unscrupulous of men in the British Army.

By great hardihood, endurance, and a stern adherence to principle, our worthy forefathers paved the way for the future greatness of the United States of America.

Though more than a century has passed since many of those brave patriots have passed off the stage of action, their noble deeds should be remembered in song and story by the coming generations, and this should be the work of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

MARGARET CAMPBELL PILCHER,
Regent Campbell Chapter.

GENERAL ANDREW PICKENS.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN November, 1775, occurred the first battle of Ninety-Six, an event but little noticed in the histories. It was the first real battle of the war. Colonel Andrew Williamson, commanding the Whig forces, was besieged three days in a log fort and forced to capitulate. The agreement referred the settlement of the dispute to the Governor and Council of Safety respectively. The articles were signed by Colonel Joseph Robinson for the King and by Colonel Andrew Williamson and Major James Mayson for the Council. They were attested by Patrick Cunningham and Richard Pearis, Andrew Pickens and John Bowie, in

or the two sides. According to the account of Mayson and Williamson the Americans had five hundred men, the British two thousand, commanded by Colonel Joseph Robinson. The American loss was one man killed and eleven wounded: the British thirty killed and about fifteen wounded.

The treaty was faithfully kept by the Americans, but foully violated by the Tories in a month afterwards. Pickens was appointed captain of militia, and immediately organized a company. He served in various engagements until 1777, when he was appointed colonel and assigned a command of his own. There was a large band of Tories operating in upper Carolina and Georgia, under Colonel Boyd. When pressed in South Carolina they would retire to Georgia, returning at the first opportunity and spreading terror along the frontier. These Pickens determined to destroy. Collecting a force of seven or eight hundred men he pursued them and brought them to bay on Kettle Creek, Georgia, at the present site of Washington, in Wilkes County (White's statistics). The Tory force was nearly double that of the Whigs. There was a crest commanding the field which the Tory commander had left unoccupied. Upon this Pickens seized, and though twice driven back, completely routed the Tories, killing their leader and destroying their force effectually. In this year his son Andrew was born, the future Governor of South Carolina.

After the fall of Charleston, 1780, Pickens, like Hayne and others of South Carolina's bravest sons, took British protection. The conditions of this protection were honorable, but were sought to be violated by the British themselves—a fatal blunder, as after events showed. When orders came that all who had taken protection must take up arms against their country, then Pickens resumed his sword for the American cause and was outlawed.

The first action of note he was engaged in was the battle of Cowpens. So much misconception has arisen in regard to this action that we shall be careful to divest it of conflicting details and present the bare account, upon which British and American authorities are agreed. The honor of winning the fight has been claimed for no less than five men, viz: Morgan, Hughes, Washington, Pickens, and Howard. Morgan, of

course, nominally has the palm, as being in command. The clear narrative of events leaves no room to doubt, however, who won the fight at Cowpens. Tarleton, who was pursuing Morgan, came up with him at Hannah's Cowpens, in Spartanburg County. The British troops were not in good condition for a fight, having been jaded by a long and forced march, when Tarleton found himself face to face with his adversary, and the fight began. Morgan had taken up his position on a small crest, where his picked troops under Colonel Howard, of Maryland, were stationed. About one hundred and fifty yards in advance of this line Colonel Pickens with about three hundred men (North and South Carolina militia) was posted. One hundred and fifty yards in advance of this were the American sharpshooters, under Colonels Cunningham and McDowell. Washington's cavalry were held in reserve. Tarleton ordered his cavalry to drive in the sharpshooters, who now fell back, and thus the fight commenced in earnest. Pickens's men, after standing a galling fire for a few moments, broke and fled, when Howard's men became engaged with the enemy. Tarleton's infantry advanced, driving back Howard. Washington brought his dragoons to Howard's assistance, but the British onslaught carried everything before it. Pickens, after rallying his men, re-formed them behind and waited there, stopping all stragglers and putting them into his ranks. At this instant Howard's men were in full retreat. The victorious British pressed on, when, "all of a sudden," says Tarleton, "my men were seized with a sudden and mysterious panic." It was simply this: Pickens's command had poured a deadly flank fire into them, before which they quailed. As they wavered Howard's men renewed the fight, and to add to their confusion Washington's cavalry charged. "Pickens showed himself above the second hill advancing to support the right, and in twenty minutes the whole British Army were in possession of the Americans." (Johnson's Life of Green, Vol. I, p. 381.) "In vain did Tarleton urge forward his men. Pickens's marksmen had now opened upon them, and they literally broke away with a *'sauve qui peut.'*" The Seventy-first exhibited for some time a countenance and maintained their order to the last. But when the cavalry fled and the whole weight of the American Army

pressed upon them resistance was vain. They laid down their arms and Colonel Pickens in person received the sword of their commander, McArthur. Colonel Pickens, with a suitable detachment of mounted militia, was left upon the field to bury the dead and provide for the wants and comforts of the wounded of both armies. This duty was discharged with the care and diligence of a brave and benevolent man. The next next day Pickens rejoined his commander." (*Ibid. seq.*)

For this brilliant action Congress voted medals to Morgan, Washington, and Howard, but a sword, with the thanks of the country, to Pickens. Now who won the fight at Cowpens? It is not our purpose to detract from Morgan, Washington, or Howard, but simply to give Pickens his due, which has not hitherto been accorded him. (Cf. Ramsay, Tarleton, McCall, Lee, and Moultrie for the truth of these statements.) Johnson says further "that most of the American militia, like their commander, Pickens, fought with halters round their necks. No eulogium of ours can add to the reputation of Pickens." (*Life of Greene, Vol. I, p. 245.*)

The battle of Cowpens took place January 17, 1781. After this Pickens operated with the regular army. When Greene marched upon Ninety-Six, Pickens and Lee were sent with a detachment against Augusta. They pressed the siege of Augusta with such vigor and care that this important post surrendered on June 5th, and the two commanders rejoined Greene at Ninety-Six.

Lawlessness and deeds of violence were rife in the Ninety-Six region. People refugeed in large numbers. It became necessary to check this or the region would be depopulated, which would seriously affect the provisioning of the army. Pickens used all his influence. Finding that his own family had come to Ninety-Six in wagons in order to be under the protection of the army, he made them return home at once. By this sublime and patriotic deed the country round about was spared depopulation. People who had left returned, and confidence in the American cause was renewed. It is an act upon which we do not dilate. For no wealth of language or rhetoric can add a tittle to its beauty and worth; it is limned as, if by the finger of an archangel on the changeless records of

time. To save his country he devoted his wife and helpless babies to the risk of butchery. One word more of this: When hostilities were over and many miserable wretches, cut off from British protection, threw themselves on the mercy of their Whig neighbors, Pickens was the friend to the friendless, and saved much bloodshed by pacific counsels. In a letter to Captain William Butler, dated August 21, 1782, Pickens orders him to enlist twenty-five men for the protection of citizens against lawlessness. Butler is enjoined to protect property and life; to pay for what he obtained or give receipts in order that such articles might be paid for later by the State. The letter is a model—forceful, prudent, wise. (See Gibbess' *Doc. Hist.*, Vol. II, p. 210.)

After the siege of Ninety-Six Pickens was assigned the arduous task of watching and harassing the British Army to cover Greene's retreat. This he did with distinguished ability. At the battle of the Eutaws he was wounded in the breast when leading the American charge. Save for a short service around Charleston his next movement in September, 1782, was against the Cherokee Indians, whom he completely subdued with only four hundred men and compelled them to make a treaty the next spring which ceded valuable territory to South Carolina. This included the present counties of Anderson, Pickens, Oconee, and Greenville. The treaty was conducted by Pickens in person and concluded on his own place. Pickens received since little credit for this action. Johnson assigns the following reason: "Pickens was one of the most unambitious and unostentatious of men. Public applause he never sought or regarded, an opportunity to serve his country he seized on as a blessing sent from heaven. The service rendered, he scarcely seemed to think of it more. His simple, unassuming, rather diffident, even taciturn habits, suggested no idea of the energy of his character. It was only in the hour of command, or of battle, that his mind animated his figure, and exhibited its latent vigor and resources. Yet he was often called into public service in the counsels of his country. Then his strong good sense, great weight of character, and clear, full conceptions seldom failed to bear away opposition." (*Life of Greene*, Vol. II, p. 348.) General Greene in a letter to Colonel Lee,

written during the siege of Augusta, says, "I am happy to hear that you and General Pickens are on a perfectly good footing, and I beg that you will cultivate it by all the means in your power. He is a worthy, good man, and merits great respect and attention, and no man in this country (*i. e.* upper Carolina) has half the influence that he has." (*Ibid.*) It will be seen that this confirms the opinion expressed before by the author of this essay. Pickens's military career ended with the expedition against the Indians. After the war he was one of the commissioners appointed to lay off the counties of Abbeville, Edgefield, Laurens, and Newberry; served three years as major general of State militia; was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of South Carolina, a member of the Legislature for several terms, and was sent to Congress in 1791 for one term and declined reelection. In 1801 he abandoned public life; but in 1812 reëntered the Legislature. In this year he was offered the governorship but declined it with characteristic modesty. On one occasion Washington sent for Pickens to come to Philadelphia to consult about the best means of dealing with the Indians—a high compliment to Pickens's knowledge of this savage race. The result of the interview is not known to us. From 1812, until his death in 1817, General Pickens resided at Hopewell in the Pendleton district, where he had moved after the war.

We conclude this article with two tributes, different in time but one in effect (as all judgments on Pickens were). The learned editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana* says: "Throughout his whole career he was distinguished for a scrupulous performance of every duty. His character was marked by simplicity, decision, and prudence." Dr. George Howe (*Hist. of Presbyterian Church in South Carolina*, p. 560, ff. note) says: "He was a man of few words, rather stern in his manner, but of great integrity, wisdom, and courage, and was greatly respected by his Indian neighbors as well as by all others." His was the star that illumined our night of sorrow, though its radiance is lost in the sunburst of our prosperity. Think of it as you will, he was one of those "who, stripping life bare, stand forth models for men."

JAMES HENRY RICE, JR.

A SKETCH.

IN the spring of 1777, Connecticut became more fully aroused to the fact that her own homes were not secure from British invasion. Long prepared as she had been to meet her foe on home ground, yet, when the summons came that the "Red Coats" had actually landed, the first flash of dread that whitened faces settled into wills of resistance that made iron in the blood. On April 25, 1777, the parish of Green's Farms was awakened as one from sleep, as in the dusky evening a horseman came in furious haste to shout the news that the British had landed at Cedar Point, Norwalk, and were marching to Danbury. Rev. Hezekiah Ripley, the pastor of the Congregational church, was the chaplain of brigade commanded by Brigadier General Lilliman, formed in the town of Fairfield, of which Green's Farms was a parish. Chaplain Ripley's right-hand man in helpful labor, both in church and town, was the stalwart young patriot John Gray. His betrothal to Mary Burr, one of the most lovely maidens of his flock, was to him and his wife Dorothy a union under Divine guidance. The excitement was great in the little colony, and none were more earnest than the faithful women who gave husbands, sons, and brothers comfort in words and deeds. The chaplain, standing on the green, gathered the few about him who had returned for home duties, whilst awaiting action, and with bared head and raised hand besought God's protection and blessing on this call to arms, and as the "Amen" came earnest and strong he laid his hand on the shoulder of John Gray.

* * * * *

"Mary, why do you look so pale?" and John Gray quickly scanned the sweet face that walked rapidly by his side, as he hastened on the "King's Highway," to join General Silliman at Fairfield. "Are you going to be a soldier, too?" he laughingly added. Her lips quivered and quickly the bright blood flushed her cheeks as John whispered, "When I return, Mary, Parson Ripley must make you my wife." Evasively she replied, "I will walk with you as far as Sasqua to get my flag of the little merchant, John Osborne. Dame Osborne is so

calm and peaceful these sad days, it is like a benediction to be with her." "Come John," and she gently took his hand and led him through the garden path to the old Osborne well, and together they drank of the cool, clear water from the silver tankard always there, whilst their souls gazed into each other's eyes.

"Kiss me, John," and with a love quiet in its depth he kissed her cheek and lips. "I'll watch for your return, John, over the hill, and surely come to meet you." She watched then his form till it was lost in the distance.

Early the next morning General Silliman led the march up the weary hills to Reading and Ridgefield. The lighted fire of patriotism that burned in their hearts consumed all thoughts of self, and like an inspiration sustained them. It was a march of ideas; the blood and suffering, like unto seed sown, became in the next century a harvest so plenteous and sustaining that the nations of the earth came to it, as the life-giver of the world.

* * * * *

April 27th, on one of Ridgefield's heights, they met the foe; nature, just awakening from her long, cold sleep, was dressing her valleys in their robe of green, till lost in the misty purple hills. The clear west wind fanned the faces of the living and those whose light had gone upward.

Slowly Mary Burr retraced her steps. She stopped many times to press her hand over her heart where the pain came, but it was a day when duty ruled the hour, and hers awaited her at home. Delicate and sensitive as the frailest of flowers, Mary Burr labored among the strongest. It was eight o'clock when her work was done, and longing for that quick, intuitive sympathy that made Mrs. Dorothy Ripley a beloved and helpful friend, she entered the parsonage. Mrs. Ripley repressed the alarm she felt (knowing the heart disease that was Mary's heritage), as she looked at her intense pallor and watched her exhausted breathing. Quickly and noiselessly she moved to procure water, and turned, to see her head droop, as the spirit passed out.

With the sunset of April 28, 1777, Reverend Hezekiah Ripley entered, with lagging steps, his home; he looked as

though years, not days, had seamed his face with sorrow and care. The quiet and rest of the old-fashioned "keeping-room" impressed him, as he sank weariedly into the old Boston rocker. When his wife came to greet him, "Dorothy," he nervously began, with shaking voice, stopped, and bracing himself as one who has to face a fear, controlled both his voice and manner, "Dorothy, my soul is weary with grief, I shrink as never before from duty, to meet our gentle Mary with the sorrowful tidings John Gray is dead; with courage he fought by the side of the heroic Colonel Gold; *he* fell, wounded to the death, and when he fell John was the first to raise him, and being for the moment defenseless, received a stab; I assisted in carrying him to a neighboring house, and on the floor with my coat for a pillow his life fast ebbed away. He was only a private, Dorothy, but *God* promoted him. Again and again I called him; once he knew me, and gasped in broken words, 'She was coming to meet me.' But Dorothy, a strange thing happened; life stopped, when suddenly his eyes opened and over his face seemed to come a light, he looked up and his old cheery smile came and went, as in clear tones he called, 'Mary!'"

Mrs. Ripley arose, with streaming eyes, laid her hand on her husband's, "Hezekiah," she said, "she met him, over there."

EMILY P. J. PERRY,
Dorothy Ripley Chapter.





OUR LOVING CUP.

THE story of the Erfi-öl (Arvel) or Inheritance Cup, usually called "Bragi's Horn" by Norsemen, and the "Loving Cup" by Scots, English, and Americans, is one of surpassing interest to all who love the tracing of an occult idea through ages, races, and religions. The Arvel Cup has an especial interest for all good Americans, since its history connects it with one of the most important events of our national life.

In old Norway, a thousand years ago, an arvel or inheritance feast was always made after the death of a king or jarl (earl). The person giving the feast, always the inheritor, must sit on the lower step of the high-seat or throne, until Bragi's Horn was brought in; he must then rise, take the horn, make some special vow, and drain the cup. After this he ascended to the high-seat and became possessor of the inheritance and title. *The draining of the cup after the vow* was the crowning act of the Erfi-öl. Sometimes the king or jarl abdicated in favor of another, in which case the cup was offered by the abdicator, and the heir was led to the high-seat by his hand. An understanding of these facts will enable one to comprehend the importance of the Arvel-vow and its rightful place in the memories of Americans, since without it America to-day might have been an unknown jungle, inhabited by "Skrælings" in the northeast, and more or less peaceable red Indians in the west, of as little importance on the roll of nations as the Fiji Islands are to-day. For, evade it as persistently as we may, in the end we are compelled to own that from Norway came the discoverers of our land; and through perfectly reliable records we know that a Loving Cup figured importantly at their start.

In old viking days, when a warlike clan would go forth to conquer or discover conquerable lands, it was the custom for the entire clan to gather at the house of the chief, whose foremost woman—mother, wife or daughter—would pass the Loving Cup to each man, from highest to lowest, having first tasted the draught herself. Holding the tankard to each lip she received from each the fealty-vow, or oath of brotherhood, and these became her guardians and protectors, come what might to the chief.

On the return, the Arvel-cup was again passed as a reward to the victorious, never to the unsuccessful. A vow thus made on Bragi's Horn was the most binding of all oaths and was absolutely never broken. The loss of life was of less moment to these sturdy truth-lovers than non-fulfillment of "the vow."

A powerful jarl, named Rögnvald the Rich, time of Harald Harfagr, had a turbulent son named "Göngu Hrolf," a second son, to whom it was advisable to give his inheritance and let him peaceably depart out of Norway, which he did. Inasmuch

as he was favorite son to his father, to him was given the ancient Arvel-cup, which he carried to Iceland, and later to Greenland, where his son, a lad of seventeen boisterous winters, came to drink ale with him at Yule-tide "according to his vow on the cup." This lad, Bjarni, had left an Icelandic port to seek his father, and in his Skuta with fifteen companions he had been blown across the entire width of the North Atlantic Ocean, where he sighted a land of marvels fairer than anything Norseman had yet discovered. He could not land, and explore, because his vow held him, and time did not admit. Back to the north and east he went. He drank ale with Hrolf at Yule-tide (12 January), and over the cups he told the tale of that wonderful land "Vinland" which he had seen. "Sprang then to his feet Leif, son of Red Eric, and taking in his hands Bragi's Horn (Hrolf's cup) he vowed on the cup that he would find first that land which Bjorn had seen." This was about the year 893. Leif bought the Skuta of Bjorn, made the trip to Vinland, and kept his vow.

Thus, at the outset, a Loving Cup played an important role in our drama. Hrolf and his tankard went to Normandy and there the cup appears in authentic history three times.


First, after the conquest, and the capture of St. Lo, where, in Charlemagne's courtyard, Hrolf, or Rollo as he was afterwards called, gave the cup to each of his followers to drink from, "highest and lowest alike," as a reward of bravery and devotion to the "fealty-vow." It was again used on the occasion of his marriage to the sister of Charles the Bald, when he abjured Paganism and became a zealous Roman Catholic. It appears for the last time as a gift from Malger de Sancto-Claro, great-grandson of Rollo, and first Archbishop of Rouen, to his church, whereupon it became something of a myth. It is said to be still in existence in Normandy, but I cannot vouch for it.

It has been claimed that Hrolf's cup was the original sacred cup of Odin, the hero-god who headed a mighty migration from East Asia about one hundred years B. C., and who, through thirty recorded generations (which may be read in the "Ynglingatal," written 907), was ancestor direct of Hrolf, the Norman conqueror. It is improbable, yet wholly possible.

Many times it received the "blood-sanctification," as did all sacred cups, which was done by opening a vein and letting a few drops of the *sang real*, or true blood of the highest born, into the wine, which all tasted, and thus became one with the all-father or over-lord of the race. This custom was as old as history, legend, and myth. It has come down to us in the communion service. The wine was drank always with a formula of remembrance pointing back to the blood-bond.

According to an ancient description and sketch, "Hrolf's tankard was made from the stem of a half-grown oak tree, sacred tree of the Druids and Norway. This section of tree was hollowed, lined, and bottomed with gold, and bands of the same carved with runes and set with garnets of great value encircled it. Around the middle of the tankard a gold cobra coiled, and reared his head above the top of the cup, forming the handle. His eyes were two great emeralds, and a huge garnet was set in the bottom of the cup so that when the drink was done, the red jewel was symbol of the royal blood of the Odin-race, as the cobra was badge of descent from the Asar." It was in very truth a blood-cup, Sang Real or San Graal, and was Phallic, though not feminine as was the Holy Grail. It symbolized transmission of the Odin-blood through the males of the race, and not through its females.

From this sketch of Gängu Hrolf's tankard was made, in 1893, a Loving Cup, which has revived the old or created a new interest in the subject, causing the Loving Cup to take high rank once more as a family and society institution. An order called "De Sancto-Claro," Hrolf's family name in Normandy, composed of his proven descendants, and numbering in America alone about six thousand members, was to meet on July 17, 1893, at the Mecca Hotel in Chicago, to celebrate the discovery of America by the Norseman, and to receive as kinsmen the "Viking's" heroes who were to bring that bonnie craft safe to port. The secretary of De Sancto-Claro furnished a copy of the sketch of Hrolf's cup to Mrs. Frackleton, of Milwaukee, for reproduction, with suitable designs for thirteen cups, the number of Vikings expected. Mrs. Frackleton accepted the order with poetic enthusiasm and made the cups,

which were run through the kiln or "fired" on the Fourth of July. To these lovingly-fashioned cups an accident occurred which in pagan Norway a thousand years ago would have been received with frenzied delight; and although to us it has little or no significance, it beautified the cups, and has a sentimental value worth the space. Other articles had been placed in the kiln for firing: as great haste was necessary in order to have the cups ready for "Viking's" appearance, greater heat than usual was employed, and the kiln, over-heated, destroyed itself and fell, a mass of ruins, upon its contents. Imagine Mrs. Frackleton's delight when the *débris* was removed, to find that the Viking cups were perfectly preserved, while everything else was destroyed. The old Norsemen, from whom we derive the fashion of using Loving Cups, claimed to have, through their gods, absolute mastery over the four great powers, earth, water, wind, and fire. On the rim of the huge Loving Cup of 1893, in old Norse runes, were the names and symbols of these four gods, while on its face was , the Holding-sign of Odin, which nothing could resist. Of earth and water had the cups been fashioned; wind, angered by fire had attempted their ruin, but Odin's mark had saved them unbroken, as any good pagan would assert.

The Viking cups arrived safely at "Mecca," and were used at a banquet given to Captain Magnus Anderson and his men, according to the ancient rite, every man drinking from the Loving Cup, pledging fealty to the society, to each other, and to the head woman giving the cup. It was afterwards presented to Captain Anderson, and taken to Norway, where, he avers, it will eternally remain, having almost made a tour of the world. Another of the cups, retained as the especial property of Society de Sancto-Claro, was used at the Leif Ericsson reception in the Woman's Building in August, where Mrs. Frackleton most eloquently told the story of its making. Another cup was presented to Mr. Elwyn Barron, of the *Inter-Ocean*, author of "The Viking;" one went to Baranquilla, Colombo: one to England, and one to Scotland. The rest will be distributed to the auxilliary societies of the order, after exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition.

The Loving Cup recently presented by the Sons of the Amer-

lean Revolution to the New York Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, continues the beautiful custom revived at the Viking banquet and completes an occult circle, for, while the Loving Cup first originated with woman, and was by her bestowed upon man, it is not on the page of history that the emblem has, until the New York event, ever been presented by man to woman, a significant nineteenth century deed.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON,
Secretary Society de Sancto-Claro,
Washington, District of Columbia.



WHAT WE ARE DOING.

RECEPTION TO NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.*

On the nineteenth day of April the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution gave to the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, a most brilliant reception at the Windsor Hotel, the principal feature of which was the presentation of a beautiful silver Loving Cup. As set forth in the programme, it was given as a token of the reverent memory in which the heroic sacrifices and sufferings of the women of the Revolutionary period are held; a mark of appreciation of the patriotic work of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a pledge of friendly sympathy and support. On one side the cup is inscribed:

Presented to the Regent of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution [the insignia of the Society and the autographs of the Board of Managers reproduced in fac-simile] by the Board of Managers of the New York State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution April 19, 1895.

On the other side is the seal of the Sons of the American Revolution, representing a minute-man leaving his plow and seizing his gun; and the seal of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Between the seals is the following inscription:

April 19, 1775: First battle of the American Revolution at Lexington, Massachusetts. April 19, 1783: Cessation of hostilities formally proclaimed to the American people. April 19, 1891: New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, organized. April 19, 1895: Reception to the N. Y. C. C., D. A. R., by the New York State Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew presented the cup, saying:

"It is my pleasant duty to present to the Daughters this Loving Cup, although a cup is not needed to emphasize the fact the Sons love them. Individual Sons have convinced individual Daughters that they loved them, but as we cannot love you all, it was necessary to find some object to express collectively our sentiments."

*NOTE.—This article has been withheld until the present time at Mrs. McLean's request.

And ended by saying, "Let all who drink from this vessel honor the Loving Cup of American patriotism."

Mrs. Donald McLean received the cup from Mr. Depew, and amidst hearty applause said :

"I had never expected to be so near the altitude of the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, but the Sons of the American Revolution have placed me here. Plato says, 'Women are born to do the same things as men, but to do them not so well,' and however much that sentiment may differ from the prevailing opinion of my own sex, I, at least, must own the truth of it to day. To-day when I am called upon, I, with poor, weak, untried, feminine wings of public speaking! to respond to him who long ago bridled Pegasus and soars thro' the rare air above Olympus with the assured wings of acknowledged oratorical genius. And yet the very nature of this gift—this Loving Cup—causes me to refute Plato after all; for inferior as we doubtless are to men, physically; even mentally, if you will have it so (tho' we do not so readily cede that point!), there is one power in the exercise of which we yield the palm to no man, and that is the power of *Loving*. And, after all, it is, 'Love, love, love which makes the world go round.' At what crisis in the world's history has not woman's love proved a potent factor. (You know, we are always told, 'There's a woman in it.') When has it not been an electric spark to generate deeds of refulgent heroism? What woman does not bravely climb to the heights of self sacrifice, e'en tho' she tramples in the climbing all hope of happiness, willing to say :

'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.'

In that very Revolution which we honor here to-day (April 19th), and I am proud to say that one of the ancestors of a member of this New York City Chapter lighted the taper in Paul Revere's lantern,—think how overpowering was *love*, as an incentive to courageous struggle which wrested freedom from an Old for a New World—the love of home and children, which inspired men and women to fight e'en to the death for the protection of both. Think of that woman, the grandmother of our honored Ex-Regent and Honorary National Officer, who dared look death in the face and be silent rather than betray the hiding place of her country's treasure confided to her husband's keeping. And I hold that when personal love combines with patriotic love of home and country it becomes the strongest motive power the world has known or can know.

"Ah! believe me :

'The maid who binds her warrior's lash
With smile that well her pain dissembles
The while, beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,
Tho' heaven alone records the tear
And fame can never tell her story,
Her heart hath shed a drop as dear
As ere bedewed the field of glory.

'The wife, who girds her husband's sword
 'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle.

'The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her son she pressed,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor.'

"Mr. Depew has just said that he wonders at our number here—does he not know that where the Sons are, there will the Daughters be gathered together. And so, Mr. President, and Sons of the American Revolution, if you, in your generosity, present aught to the New York City 'Daughters,' it is meet that the 'Sons' having presented to their great President the gavel of power and authority, you should give to the 'Daughters' a *Loving Cup*. Be assured that every name engraven on its silver surface will be ever hereafter engraven on the heart of each member of the New York City Chapter.

Then Mrs. McLean read the names as follows: Chauncey M. Depew, Rob't B. Roosevelt, Ira Bliss Stewart, Edward Hafaman Hall, Henry Hall, Thomas Wilson, Wm. A. J. Warren, Stephen M. Wright, Walter S. Logan, John C. Calhoun, Andrew J. C. Foye, Ferdinand P. Earle, Hugh R. Garden, Frederick D. Grant, Ebenezer W. Wright, Elbridge G. Spaulding, and J. Warren Cutler.

"We fill to the brim this cup with the red wine of the patriotic affection of a sister Society. In fact, we will all be sisters to you! We 'drink to thee' not 'only with our eyes' but with full hearts of constant coöperation and grateful acknowledgment of your superb gift.

"And as I quaff this wine it gives me second sight and I see before me a vision, in the fast on-rushing ages, of men and women TOGETHER pressing forward and leading the triumphal march, the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution—doing great deeds, not dreaming them all day long—preserving ever the memories of those sublime heroes of '76, whose spirits look down upon us to-day; inspiring to high heroic deeds those generations yet unborn. And over 'Sons and Daughters' two emblems entwined and commingling in the free air of Heaven and America—one, 'The banner over us is *Love*,' the other that dear flag above us, than which the world has never sang a greater, 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

General Horace Porter was introduced by Mr. Depew. He made humorous reference to the position given him on the programme; it was unique in that he followed Mr. Depew and Mrs. McLean; it was not often that he had the privilege of the last word. He told several witty anecdotes and paid tribute to the Daughters present and to the sentiment which animates the Society, speaking with reverent regard for all mothers, particularly the mothers of the American Revolution. It would be a pleasure to quote entire the speeches on this occasion did time and space allow, as it is, I can only express our hearty appreciation of this celebration of our fourth birthday.

EMMA GOBLE LATHROP,

Historian.

CELEBRATION OF FLAG DAY AT MAPLEHURST.

MISS SUSIE GENTRY, Regent of Williamson County, Tennessee, celebrated Flag Day in appropriate and artistic style at her home, "Maplehurst," in Franklin, Friday, June 14.

The ladies of the National Chapter present were, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Reese, Mrs. and Miss Gentry. About twenty other guests were present, who are prospective Daughters of the Franklin Chapter.

Each guest added not only her mite, but her store, to the interest of the occasion, by relating historical events and traditional family incidents of the year in which the "Stars and Stripes" were adopted as the flag of our Union. Miss Gentry gave a history of the design of the first flag, of the materials of which it was made, and the time when it was first unfurled to the breeze with five stands of British colors nailed to its staff.

Mrs. Gentry told in a graphic style of the origin of some of our national airs; of a unique dower given to a daughter of that period; actually her weight in gold,—she was not a "*feather weight*" either, pulling one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and the occasion which gave rise to the expression "*Mollie Stark sleeps a widow to-night.*"

Mrs. Perkins furnished an interesting account of John Paul Jones, the invincible hero of the seas. Miss Reese gave a graphic account of the massacre of her maternal great-grand-

father, Colonel James Brown, and the capture of his wife and children by the Indians, and the long captivity of Joseph Brown, his twelve-year-old son, who afterwards became a famous preacher.

Miss Smithson also proved herself well versed in the history of that period and a most agreeable narrator.

Miss Cannon won laurels by the dignified, pleasant manner in which she told some events of that fateful year, 1777.

The Misses Marshall told many things of interest, among them that the "Star Spangled Banner" was written on the 14th of June, and a family tradition of the "tea drinking," and of the romantic marriage of an ancestress during that period.

Mrs. Cochrane was particularly interesting in an account of a conch shell, still in her family, that was used in Revolutionary times to warn the rebels of the approach of the British. The Misses Reobbie Hunter, Lioh Cannon, Mary Sam Smithson, Clare Puryear, Alice Germon, and Mrs. Geo. Cowan were felicitous in their quota to the entertainment of the day.

Much information was gained of history, musical lore, and traditions in those very pleasant hours.

After this "flow of soul" and feast of patriotic love, the guests repaired to the dining room, which was artistically decorated with representations or rather miniatures of "Old Glory," the hope of the free! It seemed the very irony of fate that Miss Gentry, who is such a devotee to liberty, as well as alive to amusing satire, should have placed in the hand of a bronze Alexander the Great the emblem of "*the free*" to be waved in the face of that conqueror of nations, Napoleon.

□ The table was resplendent with those gorgeous, old-fashioned flowers, red hollyhocks, snowballs, and blue larkspur, in quaint brilliantly-colored delft pitchers, from which, no doubt, many a refreshing draught of milk or cider was quaffed in 1777. All of us, no doubt, rejoiced that we were the honoring posterity instead of the honored ancestry of that trying time. The beautiful menu cards were the artistic, unique, and skillful productions of Miss Gentry's brain and deft fingers. Her motto was "The hope of the free! Our glorious banner."

As the ben-diction to this delightful occasion, the "Loving Cup" of Miss Gentry's great-grandfather, was passed from

guest to guest, with many a cordial wish for enduring friendship and undying patriotism. There is one more work of art which I can not resist mentioning. Opening into the hall is a thing of beauty—an ideal boudoir; every article in the dainty chamber breathes of the deft hands and artistic taste of its fair occupant, from the paternal "coat of arms," to the exquisite drawn-work tidies, etc., embroidered and embellished by herself. Thus ended the tender grace of a day that will never die.

MRS. THERESA G. PERKINS.

HARRISBURG CHAPTER CELEBRATES "BUNKER HILL DAY."

THE HARRISBURG CHAPTER met on the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill at the beautiful home of Mrs. Edgar C. Felton, in Steelton. There was a full representation of the members. At the conclusion of the exercises an elegant luncheon was served.

These officers were reëlected for the year: Regent, Mrs. Francis Wyeth; Vice-Regent, Mrs. John C. Kunkel; Historian, Miss Carrie Pearson; Registrar, Miss Martha Wolf Buehler; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ellen Williams Hall; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Levi B. Alricks, and Treasurer, Mrs. Hugh Hamilton.

The exercises were appropriate to the anniversary. Mrs. Levi B. Alricks recited "Grandma's Story," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mrs. Francis Jordan read Benjamin Franklin Taylor's poem, "Bunker Hill." Mrs. Hugh Hamilton read an interesting historical paper on the battle, from which we take the following extracts:

The historic association of this day, the 17th of June, 1895, is the anniversary of that battlefield first adorned by a monument on the Continent—Bunker Hill. At the time of its dedication Daniel Webster lent the strength of his intellect and the force of his more impressive eloquence to stamp the incident with similes that stir one's patriotism to its sources.

Living so far away from the actual scene of this event it is difficult to do more than refresh our minds by its story. The little triangular patch of land extending into Boston Bay, known

as Charlestown peninsula, presents four points: The neck by which it is joined to the mainland and three hills, Bunker's, Breed's, and Morton's in their order from "the neck," the whole surrounded by water in which were the British war ships *Lively*, *Falcon*, *Cerebus*, *Glasgow*, *Symentry*, and *Somerset* with a supporting army in Boston. The Americans were in Cambridge beyond "the neck." The British general, Gage, determined to become aggressive on the 17th of June, 1775. Colonel Prescott, of the American forces, wanted anxiously to stop the movement and was reluctantly allowed to. He took with him three hundred of Prescott's regiment, two hundred and ninety of Knowlton's regiment, a detachment of Frye's, a detachment of Bridge's regiment, in all 1,000 men, two light field pieces with wagons and tools, at seven p. m. on June 16, 1775. He was directed to fortify Bunker's Hill, one hundred and ten feet high, instead marched further on to Breed's Hill, sixty-two feet high. He got there at midnight. Through the advice of Engineer Gridley he fixed a place for the redoubt and had it nearly completed by daylight. The "*Lively*" then opened fire; the Provincials worked on for all that. By noon Prescott received reinforcements of Colonel Stark's regiment, Colonel Reed's regiment, one hundred and fifty of Little's regiment, seventy of Brewer's regiment, sixty of Witcomb's regiment, fifty of Willard Moore's company, and fifty of John Nixon's company. They went down on the left of Breed's Hill and made there a breastwork defense of hay, rails, and stones, known as "the rail fence." It was extended to the swamp on the Mystic River. Prescott had then in all a command of about fifteen hundred men.

The British hurried forward at 8.30 a. m. ten companies of grenadiers, ten companies of light infantry, some artillery, the Fifth, Thirty-eighth, Forty-third, and Fifty-second regiments of the line. Subsequently they were reinforced by the Forty-seventh regiment of the line, three more companies each of grenadiers and light infantry, with a battalion of marines, making in all about twenty-five hundred to three thousand men, besides the ships spoken of. They landed at Morton's Hill and disposed themselves for attack on "the rail fence." But General Howe was deterred from assaulting without re-

enforcement. By this delay the defense at this point was perfected.

The American general, Artemas Ward, was an old man, unable to secure obedience through discipline because much of his command obeyed him only through courtesy. When they were convinced that it was the proper thing they were directed to do, they did it with all their might. Not only was this the case but the supplies of the army had to be endorsed by several committees of civilians, who were exceedingly jealous of each other, consequently delayed urgent business. The system was the outgrowth of personal liberty and the composite responsibility of a republican form of government, weak in civil administration and preëminently so in militant force. Upon the other hand the organization and authority of the English was stable and recognized. General Ward, while the battle on Charlestown Neck was in progress, remained inactive at his house in Cambridge unable to rise to the importance of the occasion. When it was noised abroad about the British general's intentions, the army clamored to do something and were sent as detailed; they built works splendid for resistance in front, but on the contrary very bad in a retreat. They had no idea of being defeated. The individual enthusiasm of all concerned had much to do with the efficiency and bravery of the undrilled contingents. Can we realize what they accomplished? Marching until midnight, working until four a. m., and continuing to work through eight hours of cannonading, succeeding in erecting works and so capable of opposing trained troops as to oblige the British leaders to call for more soldiers. They rested at noon while the "Falcon," "Cerebus," and "Somerset," with the battery on Copp's Hill, at Hudson's Point, played on their breastworks to demoralize their devotion. What water could they get on that hilltop? What food had they?—but that they brought with them the evening before. The day was fearfully hot even for that time of year. The flank on the Mystic was tried, repulse followed the gallant defense—then the British sent for more men. At 2.30 p. m. the general assault took place with Lord Howe attacking "the rail fence," and Colonel Pigott leading on the redoubt. Three times did these columns charge before they drove the Ameri-

cans from their works. The latter retreated slowly and carefully to Bunker's Hill and they only did so when every bit of ammunition was used up. The British did not follow the retreat. The battle lasted about half an hour and was fought under the flag of New England. The weakness of the Americans laid not in the lack of comprehension of their position, but in the lack of supplies and ammunition: their strength in their surprising endurance and determination. The provincial movement was extremely hazardous, the wonder now is the whole party were not captured without much conflict. The British generals were evidently ignorant of both the ground and of correct information concerning the American Army. The preceding affair at Lexington stimulated the personal valor of every patriot, at the same time it created in the thoughtful the true nature of the crisis at hand. How could success crown resistance to one of the foremost military nations on the globe? The ways were plenty, but the means scanty. Should this outburst of pure love of country suffer repression it would instantly vanish. Haste to use this gratifying popularity was essential, delay meant much to the cause of liberty.

However General Ward hesitated in the solution of the problem the impulsive Putnam saw it, Ward temporizingly complied, and the battle was fought. Just before this forward movement Washington was chosen general. He was on his way to Cambridge when he heard the result of the battle. Its effect upon the Americans was fraught with much moment.

In the midst of the early hours of that fateful 17th of June, 1775, before 9 a. m., General Gage stood with a field glass viewing from Copp's Hill in Boston the new redoubt on Breed's Hill across the Charles River. He asked Colonel Willard, a brother-in-law of Colonel Prescott, as he saw him encouraging his men: "Will he fight?" "Yes, until the last drop of blood," was the reply, and Prescott did until there was no more powder. Then he tore the cannon powder out of its cartridges and loaded his muskets with buttons on top of it, hence the stubborn resistance to the repeated charges. This battle gave the army rest; it bivouacked on Bunker Hill until the next day, then returned to Cambridge without harassment. It encouraged the army to prepare for war. It helped Washington

on his assuming command a few days afterwards. It gave the European powers notice of the failure of Great Britain to crush the rebellion, and that a struggle for the rich possibilities of a continent was on the side of the Americans. This was realized by the English, for General Gage wrote to Lord Dartmouth "such victories are worthless."

The British loss in killed and wounded was 1,054, including thirteen officers killed and seventy wounded. The total loss of the Americans was four hundred and fifty. The personal losses of the patriots were great: among those who fell was Joseph Warren, a physician, whose actions on the records for the principles of this struggle of the Colonies were prominent. He was killed just as he was leaving the redoubt on Breed's Hill, being but thirty-five years of age. His wife had died some time before, his children were by this bereavement total orphans, but a grateful community cared for them through the influence of Samuel Adams. A few days before his death he was made a general. In this battle he nevertheless fought as a private although outranking Colonel Prescott. Bancroft speaks of him as one in whom "were combined celerity, courage, endurance, and manners which won universal love." The enemies of his country estimated his worth by their great rejoicing at his death.

SARATOGA CHAPTER CELEBRATES INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE SARATOGA CHAPTER celebrated the Fourth of July in the most patriotic way on the afternoon of that day at the residence of Judge George S. Batcheller, in Circular street, Saratoga Springs. Alice Batcheller, his accomplished daughter, whose long residence abroad and familiarity with the courts of Europe has left her patriotism undimmed, is the popular Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in this historic county.

Miss Batcheller's guests of honor were Mrs. J. B. McKee, ex-Vice-President of the National Society, and daughter of the first President General, Mrs. Harrison, and Miss Forsyth, the Regent of the State of New York. The presence of Mrs.

Hamlin, ex-Chaplain General of the National Society, also gave interest to the occasion as well as that of the members of the New York City Chapter, Mrs. James M. Andrews and Mrs. Story. Mrs. Schenck, of Fairfield, Connecticut, was also present. Connecticut is called the Banner State of the "Daughters," as it excels all others in numbers, and possibly enthusiasm.

With a few graceful and cordial words Miss Batcheller expressed her pleasure in meeting the Chapter after her long absence from home, and then called for the reading of the minutes by Miss Brown, the secretary. These related to the celebration of Washington's birthday.

The Committee on By-Laws reported progress. Mrs. Walworth made a brief statement of the organization of the Chapter last year and of its visit to the County Clerk's office to examine the historical records of the county as they are preserved at the county seat.

The leading paper of the occasion was then read by the historian of the Chapter, Mrs. McKnight. It sparkled with happy reminiscences of the old-time celebrations of the Fourth, and appealed strongly to the Daughters to stimulate a joyous, yet dignified commemoration of this historic anniversary. Her theme was illustrated with interesting incidents and was received with warm applause.

Miss Forsyth, the State Regent, gave a most interesting address, congratulating the Chapter on its beginning with the local history of the county, and urging a devotion to the history of this State which has been neglected by historians as compared with the records of other States. Her exposition of the part New York took in the Revolution met with hearty applause.

Mrs. McKee, in the graceful manner which is her characteristic, told the Chapter of the telegram her father, the ex-President, had sent to-day to the inauguration of the Children's Society of the Revolution, which, she said, was being held in the Old South Church at Boston.

Miss Jones made a few remarks to show the need for patriotic education for the children, and Mrs. Mingay read an inter-

esting paper with special reference to the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Hamlin, ex-Chaplain General of the National Society, held the attention of the Chapter with her reference to historical Saratoga and the privilege enjoyed by those who reside here.

Mrs. Walworth read a short paper in which she emphasized the fact that the Fourth of July is the birthday of the Nation and that to Daughters of the American Revolution the two periods of colonial and of national history are distinctly marked. In closing she said: "It is, then, to the birthday of the Nation, the hour of its Declaration of Independence that we look with enthusiasm, with hope, and with joy. To every Daughter of the American Revolution the Fourth of July is the birthday of her family. The natal day of its initiation into the citizenship of America as we know it, and as we hope to preserve it; no matter how long a line of ancestors may lie behind that Revolutionary hero from whom the Daughter of the American Revolution traces her descent, the true founding of the American family can date only from the Fourth of July, 1776. Before that date there was no Nation to claim us as Americans, but from that date the ideal of a new citizenship sprung into being, and no hero of the tenth century (from which time many true genealogies are traced); no hero, of that or any other century, can be of greater worth as the founder of a family than the minute man of the American Revolution."

Mrs. Hull then, with much animation, played an accompaniment on the piano for the "Star Spangled Banner," which was sung by the Chapter standing. Miss Batcheller expressed the thanks of the Chapter to the ladies who had contributed to the celebration. Mrs. Walworth accompanied by Miss Forsyth, and Miss Batcheller with Mrs. McKee led the way to the dining room, where Mrs. Batcheller presided with her accustomed hospitality. Refreshments and an hour of social intercourse, closed this pleasant occasion for "Daughters" of Saratoga.

This Chapter, organized early in September last, has already an enthusiastic membership of thirty-four "Daughters," with several names on the "would-be" list.

"OLD GLORY" HONORED.

FLAG DAY is comparatively new in the calendar of anniversaries, but was celebrated by Bound Brook, New Jersey, with a patriotic zeal fairly rivaling the time-honored Fourth of July.

The exercises were under the auspices of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, and the entire success of the entertainment is highly creditable to those loyal ladies, of whom Mrs. Olendorf, the Regent, is a leading spirit.

The hour appointed for the beginning of the programme was eight o'clock, but long before that time many people found their way to the Presbyterian church, which was most beautifully decorated with flags, bunting, and flowers.

Pioneer Council, Junior Order United American Mechanics, acted as a reception committee, and the school children, marching in from the several public schools, passed through their open ranks.

Rev. T. E. Davis presided, and after an invocation by Rev. L. P. Goodrich, and singing of patriotic songs, he told of the history of the American flag.

Mrs. Annie Key Bartow, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, was then introduced. As she mounted the platform the school children arose and gave her a flag salute, amid hearty applause. She read the following sketch of how her honored grandfather wrote "The Star Spangled Banner:"

In one of the seaports of Japan there is an old hulk of English oak that is now utilized as a powder ship, and that was once His Majesty's ship "Surprise." Upon this historic deck one midsummer night in 1814 a prisoner restlessly paced back and forth, his hands clasped behind his back, his head erect, and every faculty keenly on the alert. He was a tall, slender man of graceful mein and refined aspect, and appeared more slight than in reality by contrast to the burly English sailors, who from time to time cast surly glances upon the American captive treading their deck. His unselfish quest of friendship held in abeyance and his own liberty denied him, he seemed one man against a nation, as he stood amid the din of battle

on the deck of a hostile ship, while the fate of his country was at stake.

The dark curls upon his forehead lay damp and heavy, but not from the dews of night alone, and the dark eyes from under the high-arched brows had other mists before them than the smoke of battle. The incendiaries' fires still smouldered around his home in Washington, and a like fate awaited Baltimore if this night's work was a triumph for the English hosts.

The anxious watcher summons up the victories of Decatur and Perry, Lake Erie and Lundy's Lane, to strengthen his faith and animate his hopes, but the roar of cannon and the flashing of artillery lies like a heavy pall upon his heart and shuts him in with horrid fears. He sleeps not at this crisis of America's fate, but stands a solitary watchman upon Freedom's tower through that long night of carnage, striving with prayer and vigil to pierce the first faint light of coming dawn. It is stealing up now, from the underworld, dim and sweet. The guns are silent, the shores enwrapt in smoke, and England's dogs of war are ominously still. Great God of Battles! give him strength to know the worst! A glint of rosy light breaks over the Patapsco. It gilds the waters and lights the land, and as the clouds part above the ramparts of Fort McHenry the tattered "Flag of Stars and Stripes" triumphantly opens out to the morning breeze.

The prisoner's bonds are burst! "On eagle's wings he mounts, he soars" to supremest heights of joy! What thoughts, what emotions are shaping themselves in his loyal heart for immortal utterance! The rising sun, the majestic wooded heights, the sparkling waters, all seem ringing in his ears loud pæans of victory! while below, the vanquished hosts are fleeing to their ships, with their dead and dying, in gloom and haste. England, "canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades? or loose the bands of Orion? canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" The "Stars" of America are fixed in their orbits, and neither Kings nor Queens can "alter their courses" or quench their glittering light. Then was proclaimed in rapturous praise an impassioned song of victory—a

song that shall last as long as the stars in Heaven and that shall thrill men's hearts with patriotic pride, and move them even to tears when they shall hear its strains in foreign lands. But the singer? He sleeps in an obscure grave at the side of the wife of his youth. The only token that marks that quiet spot as his is the tiny flag that is always waving there.

"No costly pile, nor monumental tomb,
Describes the spot where now he sleeps;
But there the wild thyme and the cowslips bloom,
And there affection weeps."

Maryland, his native State, that he so much loved, remembers him not. It was left for a stranger on the far Pacific's coast to erect a monument to him; that is as much a memorial of a Nation's neglect of, as it is a tribute of respect to, the genius and patriotism of Francis Scott Key.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Bartow's paper she was again greeted with hearty applause, and then Bound Brook's favorite orator, J. B. Cleaver, was announced. He was tendered an ovation. His addresses on Francis Scott Key and the American flag fully accorded with the sentiments of his attentive audience, and his eloquence was frequently interrupted with expressions of approval.

After the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," a collection was taken for the fund being raised to build a monument to the memory of Key, in Frederick City, Maryland, where his body rests.

Rev. J. W. Dally then read the composition considered the best submitted in competition for the five dollar prize offered by the Chapter, the subject being "The Revolutionary Battles of New Jersey."

The five dollar prize was presented by Rev. A. L. Mershen to Merton Davis, son of Rev. T. E. Davis. The second prize of two dollars was won by Miss Frances Clark, daughter of Benjamin T. Clark.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Bartow for honoring the audience and the town with her presence.

After singing "Hail Columbia" the audience was dismissed, all present feeling amply repaid for attending the exercises.

THE MAHONING CHAPTER COMMEMORATES THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE Mahoning Chapter at Youngstown, Ohio, the second Chapter formed in the State, now numbers thirty members, including four granddaughters of Revolutionary patriots, and a lineal descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was formed April 18, 1893, at the "log cabin" which is built on the site of the house erected by the patriot Baldwin, by a descendant. The interior of the log cabin, however, is that of a modern mansion, a contrast to the cabins of the pioneers.

The Chapter met on the 17th of June at the hospitable home of the Misses Jacobs, out of the city. The ladies are the possessors of interesting relics of Revolutionary times; a pewter platter is among them, the remainder of the set having been melted into bullets for the war. Another relic is a silver fork made of money paid to a patriot ancestor and used in the family for three generations.

After uniting in repeating the Lord's prayer, the minutes of the preceding meeting were read. An instrumental solo was rendered, and a paper read by Mrs. Howard B. Hills on the Battle of Bunker Hill. The disinterestedness of the officers and soldiers was dwelt upon.

Everett says, "If the patriots of 1775 could have plausibly been suspected of selfish motive, the taint would have poisoned the Revolution, and stripped it not merely of its moral grandeur and beauty but of its political power. But no one would stoop to refute the suggestion that Warren, Putnam, and Prescott were carried to the summit of Bunker Hill by the hope of military advancement or the prospect of the spoils of a profitable war. History records nothing more beautiful than the self-denial of Warren, waiving the command of the day, renouncing the honor of leading the heroic defense, accepting nothing but its perils and its fate."

"Such was the fathering race that made all fast,
Who founded us and spread from sea to sea,
A thousand leagues the zone of liberty,

And built for man this refuge from his past,
Unkinged, unchurched, unsoldiered,
Shamed are we failing the stature such sires forecast."

Mrs. Walter D. Euwer's reading of Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "Grandmother's Story," was thoroughly appreciated.

Mrs. Charles J. Wick's singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" was most inspiring.

Miss Mable Thorne favored the ladies with two patriotic recitations.

Afterwards came the relating or reading of current events by the members, a feature of each meeting.

Mrs. William J. Hitchcock moved that the Chapter send \$5 toward the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." The motion was carried unanimously.

A dainty collation was served. Cards were given the members as souvenirs of the occasion. Below the insignia of the Society, which was in blue and silver, were the dates 17th of June, 1775-1895, and Warren's reply to Mr. Gerry, a member of the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, of which General Warren was chairman, who remonstrated with him for risking a life so valuable to the country, saying, "As surely as you go to the hill you will be slain." To which Warren replied, "It is sweet and becoming to die for one's country."

The Society adjourned to meet again in October.

ALICE SMITH HILLS,

Secretary.

LOUISE HOME, May, 1895.

To the National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

I received from the National Society one of the finest specimens of their work in an orange spoon, very beautiful. I wish to express the great pleasure the Society has given me in this high and graceful compliment, more greatly valued as it is in recognition of my father's services as surgeon during the Revolutionary War. Accept my warmest thanks. It has my initials on it, and a spinning wheel associated with plantation life in my home, where many servants used them for flax thread, that was woven into linen and bleached. I felt a great inclin-

ation to use this spinning wheel, but the servants were afraid I would spoil their broach.

I was as greatly surprised as delighted to receive this testimony from a Society I feel deep interest in and would like them to see some relics I have in my little den of my great-great-grandmother, of the time of Queen Anne, who sent my great-great-grandfather to Williamsburg, Virginia, as the secretary of her Colony of Virginia. With renewed thanks for this valued kindness, I am, with high respect,

Yours truly,

HARTLEY GRAHAM.

Born November 25th, 1810.

LIBERTY BELL CHAPTER'S OUTING ON FLAG DAY.

MAPLE GROVE, on Flag Day, was the scene of an inspiring sight and a most pleasing and patriotic occasion. Liberty Bell Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, made the day memorable for the quiet denizens of that peaceful village by raising and unfolding to the breeze the Star Spangled Banner from the top of the flagstaff (presented by Edwin Mickley) at the schoolhouse, so that the school children should imbibe from their daily tasks a renewed love and veneration for the flag of their country.

The flag is twenty feet long and on the edge is printed the following: "Presented by L. G. Muller, of New York, to the Daughters of the American Revolution, June 14th, 1895. Long may she wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The party, consisting of Mrs. Daniel Ermentrout, Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim, Mrs. George Clous, Mrs. Ethan Allen Weaver, Mrs. McCambridge, Miss Patterson, Mrs. Charles M. Dodson, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Thomas, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. J. Marshall Wright, Ralph Metzger, Robert J. Berger, and Edwin Fogel of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, together with the members of the Liberty Bell Chapter, left on a special train from Catasauqua for Maple Grove, where carriages were waiting to convey them to the place of meeting, the Maple Grove farm, owned by Mr. Edwin Mickley, of Mickley's.

The guests were received at the entrance to the house by the

members of Liberty Bell Chapter. The Regent welcomed them in the name of the Chapter, after which all were invited to luncheon, which was served in the two large rooms opening into the quaint hall. After luncheon the party was treated to music by the Mertztown band, which entertained the guests during the day by its choice selections. A picture of the party was taken, after which, to the stirring strains of "Hail, Columbia," the party marched to the schoolhouse, where, upon the lawn, the assembled people of Longswamp Township greeted the visitors.

After an invocation by Rev. Dr. Little, and the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner," General B. F. Fisher, of Philadelphia, was introduced and paid a glowing tribute to the Daughters of the American Revolution and the good work they were doing by instilling into the minds of the young in this generation love of home and country. He also outlined a course of study for the boys and girls, to commence with the history of our glorious flag and follow it from the beginning, when it was made by the patriotic Betsy Ross, and in following the flag he gave the history of their country. General Fisher also spoke of the flag bearer at the battle of Antietam, the head of the little Irish Brigade, who carried the standard between the two lines, where it stood defying the enemy to take it and by its presence urging and encouraging its followers till victory perched on the flagstaff. His speech was full of patriotic sentiments and enthusiasm. He also read a poem, entitled "The Schoolhouse and the Flag," which had been given him by Mrs. Jos. P. Mickley. It was extremely appropriate to the occasion, its sentiment being that the schoolhouse should stand by the flag, and the Nation would stand by the schoolhouse.

After the exercises in the schoolhouse the people assembled upon the lawn, where John J. Mickley was ready with the flag and rope. The flag was presented by L. G. Muller, of New York, through Mr. Edwin Mickley, who presented it to the Regent of the Liberty Bell Chapter, who in turn presented it to Mrs. Daniel Ermentrout, of Reading, and Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim, ex-Regent of Connecticut, and Vice President General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

Both the ladies made graceful and eloquent responses to the presentation speech. The flag was then presented to the schoolboard of Longswamp, through a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, who raised and unfurled it. After the rendition of the chorus, "Red, White, and Blue," a speech was made by a Grand Army man, after which the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. D. Schindel.

The following letter was received by Miss Minnie Mickley, from L. G. Muller, of New York, who presented the flag:

"It gives me great pleasure to be afforded the privilege of presenting to you, as Regent of your Order, this emblem of freedom, loyalty, and patriotism. May its beautiful folds daily float from the masthead, instilling into the hearts of the old and young, male and female, a greater love, and more steadfast devotion to our dear country than ever. It is much to my regret that, owing to the stress of business, I cannot personally be present, but hope some time next month to get away, and will then take pleasure in running the flag at Maple Grove up to its highest limit.

"I shall be with you in thought, and hope the day will be such that you will enjoy all the good things provided."



OUR OFFICERS.

MRS. CHARLES SWEET JOHNSON,

VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF
CHAPTERS.



MRS. CHARLES SWEET JOHNSON.

MRS. MARY KATHARINE JOHNSON was born in Washington, District of Columbia, and was educated at Fulford Female Seminary, Maryland. She is a daughter of the late Mitchel Hervey Millar and Sallie Clayton Williams, and the wife of Charles Sweet Johnson, who is a member of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. On the paternal side she is descended from John and Jane Millar, born in

Scotland, who came to America from Ireland in 1770 and settled in the western part of Pennsylvania; and of the maternal side from Pierre Williams, Sergeant-at-Law, of London, England, who was also the ancestor of the distinguished patriot general, Otho H. Williams, of Maryland. She is the great-great-granddaughter of William Williams, a member of the Committee of Public Safety for Culpeper County, Virginia, two of whose sons, John and James, were officers in the Revolutionary Army—the latter being also major general in command of the first division of the Virginia militia in the War of 1812. Mrs. Johnson is also a descendant of Major Philip Clayton, of Virginia, whose daughter Susan married Colonel

James Slaughter of the Revolutionary Army, and of Philip Pendleton who in 1674 settled in New Kent County, Virginia, and who was the grandfather of the eminent statesman and patriot, Edmund Pendleton.

Mrs. Johnson has been actively interested in the Society for several years, having served one year as Registrar General and one year as a member of the National Advisory Board. She was also a delegate to the recent Continental Congress of the Society, by which she was unanimously elected to her present office.

MRS. ROBERDEAU BUCHANAN,
RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.



MRS. ROBERDEAU BUCHANAN.

MRS. BUCHANAN, a native and lifelong resident of Washington City, is the wife of Roberdeau Buchanan, of the Nautical Almanac Office, Naval Observatory. She entered the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution on February 2, 1892, by virtue of descent from her grandfather, Thomas Peters, who was one of the original twenty-eight men of family and fortune who formed the famous First Troop,

Philadelphia City Cavalry, November 17, 1774. He served with great distinction at the battles of Trenton and Princeton under General Washington, and was subsequently commissary general of prisoners at Yorktown. William Peters, father of Thomas, came to this country from Yorkshire, England, and in 1745 purchased a large estate on the banks of the Schuylkill, erecting thereon a family mansion, which he called Bel-

mont. The house remains intact, bearing his monogram and family arms in stucco work. This estate was purchased by the city of Philadelphia, and now forms part of Fairmont Park. Williams Peters was a member of the Legislature and deputy colonial secretary of the Province of Pennsylvania. Both of his sons, Richard and Thomas, were prominent during the Revolution.

Mrs. Buchanan is a great-granddaughter, also, of Dr. Edward Johnson, committeeman of Calvert County, Maryland, 1774-76. On her mother's side Mrs. Buchanan is also of English descent, being great-great-granddaughter of Sir Charles Burdette (baronet), of London, who came to this country after the Revolution.

Mrs. Buchanan was elected to a vacancy on the National Board of Management as Registrar General on December 10, 1894, and at the Congress of 1895 was elected to the office of Recording Secretary General.

MRS. MARY ORR EARLE,

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL.



MARY ORR EARLE is the daughter of the late Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina. She was born in 1858, while her distinguished father was Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.

Mrs. Earle's connection with the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is through descent from Robert Orr, a captain of Pennsylvania troops, and dates from the organi-

zation of the Society in 1890, she having been one of the early vice presidents, and a member of the first National Board. At the last Congress, in February, 1895, she was elected Corresponding Secretary General, which position she has filled with marked ability.

Gifted with rare mental and social qualities, Mrs. Earle has drawn around her a large and cultured circle of friends at the national capital, where her accomplishments as a linguist are much appreciated in the diplomatic corps. Her ability to converse fluently in five languages renders very applicable to her the encomium bestowed by Talleyrand on one of the brilliant women of the French salon of that period, when, in an outburst of admiration, he exclaimed: "What a wonderful woman! *She knows how to be silent in five languages!*" (*Quelle merveilleuse femme! Elle sait se taire en cinq langues.*")

Mrs. Earle is the widow of William E. Earle, Esq., who occupied a prominent position at the Washington bar.

MRS. JENNIE FRANKLIN HICHBORN,

REGISTRAR GENERAL.



MRS. PHILIP HICHBORN.

JENNIE FRANKLIN HICHBORN, daughter of Philip Franklin and Mary Bailey, was born in southern Vermont. Educated at Leland and Gray Seminary, Townshend, and Glenwood Seminary, Brattleboro, Vermont. At the age of nineteen her attention was turned to music, and three years were profitably spent at the Old Boston Music School, after which several years were devoted to church music and teaching the art.



Mrs. Hichborn comes of a long line of ancestors bearing such well-known names as Richard Dana, of Boston; Jonathan Hyde, of Newton, whose name appears on a monument erected in honor of the early settlers of the place; George Bunker, of Charlestown, from whom the Hill of Glory received its name; John Starr, whose name is interwoven with the early settlement of Plymouth—history tells us that upon the walls of Pilgrim Hall may be seen, in a good state of preservation, deeds of sales of land made by John Starr, and bearing the signature of Miles Standish.

Mrs. Hichborn's claim of eligibility to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is through Captain Comfort Starr, Captain Richard Bailey, Lieutenant Joshua Hyde, and Philip Franklin, the 2d. At the last Congress, in February, 1895, she was elected Registrar General of the Society.

Mrs. Hichborn is the wife of Philip Hichborn, the distinguished Chief Constructor of the United States Navy. A son and daughter constitute the home circle.

MRS. A. M. BURNETT,
REGISTRAR GENERAL.



MRS. AGNES MARTIN BURNETT.

AGNES MARTIN BURNETT was born in New York City and is the daughter of George G. Martin and Mary Lawrence Martin. She is descended from Captain Adam Martin on the paternal side and Captain William Lawrence on the maternal side. In March, 1894, she was elected by the National Board Registrar General, and at the Congress of 1895 was reelected to the same office.

MRS. AMOS G. DRAPER,

TREASURER GENERAL.

MRS. AMOS G. DRAPER (BELL MERRILL), Treasurer General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was born in Haverhill, New Hampshire, and is the daughter of Daniel F. Merrill, for many years principal of a large boys' school in Mobile, Alabama, and Luella Bartlett Bell, of Haverhill, New Hampshire. She graduated from Mount Holyoke College in 1877, and soon after graduation was married to Prof. Amos G. Draper, of Gallaudet College, a national institution, and the only one in the world where deaf mutes can receive a collegiate education.

All of the ancestors of Mrs. Draper who came to this country before 1640 landed in Massachusetts, many of them emigrating to New Hampshire and other parts of New England. Among these, on her father's side, were Nathaniel Merrill, of Newbury, Samuel Appleton, Philip Fowler, and Richard Jacob, of Ipswich, and William Symonds, in later life a representative from Wells, Maine, the son of the Hon. Samuel Symonds, deputy governor of Massachusetts, and Dorothy Harlackenden. On her mother's side were Edmund Gale, Edward Gilman, who settled in Hingham, but removed to Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1652, and Richard Bartlett, Jr., representative from 1579 to 1584, who with his father, Richard, settled at Newbury in 1634.

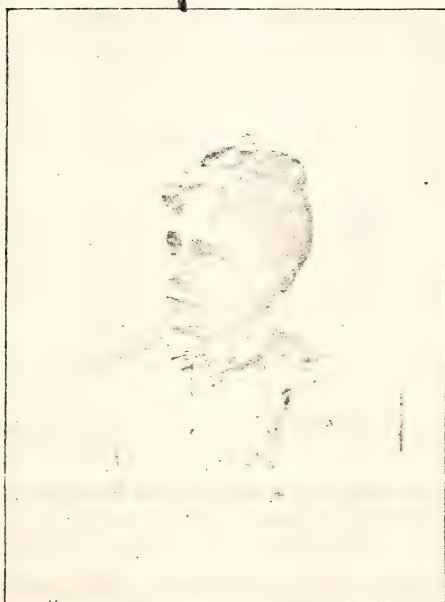
Among the several ancestors through whose service Mrs. Draper claims eligibility to the Daughters of the American Revolution, two, Daniel Gilman and Jonathan Weeks, were over seventy years, and one, John Bell, Jr., only sixteen years of age, at the time of service. Another, Hon. Josiah Bartlett, the last president of New Hampshire and its first governor, was the first member of the Continental Congress to vote for the Declaration of Independence, and the first after John Hancock, the president, to attach his signature to that document.

Since her marriage Mrs. Draper has lived very quietly, surrounded by her family, but devoting her leisure moments to

some of the many historical and benevolent societies of the capital. She was one of the original members of the Ladies' Historical Society, is the vice-president of the Home Missionary Society in her church, and has for many years been connected with the Homeopathic Hospital and Dispensary. She was for two years Regent of the Dolly Madison Chapter and in that capacity attended the Third and Fourth Continental Congresses, and by the latter body was unanimously elected to her present position.

MRS. MARY CHASE GANNETT,

THIRD HISTORIAN GENERAL.



MRS. HENRY GANNETT.

MARY CHASE GANNETT (Mrs. Henry Gannett) is a New England woman by birth and education, her early home having been in Saco, Maine. Her grandfather on the maternal side, Samuel Peirson, entered the Revolutionary Army when very young, and after a short period of active service became Washington's private secretary. Her great grandfather was Major Hill, who served through the war and afterwards held many positions of trust

and honor. On the paternal side Mrs. Gannett is descended from General Frye, an officer who distinguished himself at the battle of Louisburg, and as a reward for his services received a grant of the township in Maine which has since borne the name of Fryeburg. Mrs. Gannett was married in 1874. Her husband is one of the leading men in the scientific society of

Washington. He is a geographer by profession and has been for many years connected with the United States Geological Survey.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.,

SURGEON GENERAL.



DR. ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE.

BORN November 4, 1864, at Washington, District of Columbia, daughter of Prof. Simon Newcomb (considered one of the first of living astronomers), senior Professor of Mathematics, United States Navy; Superintendent Nautical Almanac Office, United States Navy. Through her mother, Mary Caroline Hassler Newcomb, she is great-granddaughter of F. R. Hassler, founder of the United States Coast

and Geodetic Survey; grandniece of Prof. Joseph E. Nourse, United States Navy; great-grandniece of Joseph Nourse, first registrar of the Treasury, and the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Rittenhouse, superintendent of the gun factory of Pennsylvania during the Revolution; brother of David Rittenhouse, the astronomer. (See biographical dictionaries for every name mentioned.) She enters the Daughters of the American Revolution through General and Mrs. John Bull, of Norristown, Pennsylvania: Rittenhouse, Nourse, and other families.

After graduating at a private school in Washington, three years were spent in travel and study in Europe.

Married, February 14, 1888, to W J McGee, then geologist

of the United States Geological Survey, now ethnologist in charge of the Bureau of American Ethnology. (See biographical dictionaries.) A marriage of rare happiness.

Graduated as M. D. from medical department of Columbian University, Washington, 1892, and took a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. Has since been practicing medicine. Has published a number of articles, chiefly relating to the communistic societies of this country, and has lectured on them and on medical topics. Is officer, fellow, or member of many scientific societies. Has done much genealogical work, which is as yet unpublished. Was elected Surgeon General, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the Congress of 1894, and again the year following. Has served as chairman of Magazine Committee (two years), chairman of Committee on Administration, compiler of directory, etc. Has child.

MRS. LUCIA A. BLOUNT,

SECOND HISTORIAN GENERAL.



MRS. HENRY F. BLOUNT.

MRS. BLOUNT was born in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She was the daughter of Lovett Eames and Lucy C. Morgan, and comes of good Revolutionary stock; in fact, so far as traced, all of her ancestors emigrated to this country between 1624 and 1632. The first Eames ancestor who settled in this country was a soldier in the Pequot war, and afterwards his wife and three children were killed by the Indians.

his house burned to the ground, and his remaining children taken captive. One of the boys escaped and found his way home alone—living on roots.

The family have always been brave soldiers, fourteen of the name having been in the Revolution while nine were in the battle of Lexington and Concord.

On the mother's side the record is equally as good. There were fifteen Morgans in the regiment in which her great-grandfather served during the Revolution. Seven of them were officers in the regiment.

Mrs. Blount was educated in Kalamazoo College under Dr. and Mrs. Stone. She lived several years abroad to educate her children. Since her home has been in Washington she helped to organize and was made the president of the Pro-Ra-Nata Society, an organization that has taken a front rank in the "federated clubs, and noted for its parliamentary procedure, and so, as its name signifies, ready for a special emergency, according to the circumstances. Any question for the public good or individual, any issue of the day where thought and deliberation are necessary, any current topic that touches the public weal, finds ready hearts and hands in "Pro-Ra-Nata."

Mrs. Blount is a charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She has been a Vice President and Historian for two years.

She has also been identified with several other societies and clubs whose trend is for the betterment of society.

The spirit of her ancestors has taken on new phases in this her generation—but all of it means for liberty, justice, and the right.

M. S. L.



A PURITAN LEADER.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE think of Roger Williams as the founder of a State. In his view, that was incidental. He did not go to Narragansett Bay for that purpose—but to secure for himself and others the object of his life, “soul liberty.”

The fundamental article of government, which persons admitted to residence in Providence were required to sign, established a pure democracy, absolutely forbade control of the conscience; also required obedience to rulers *only in civil things*.

The Colony was at first a pure democracy; but in 1643, Williams was sent to England to procure a charter, which he did, returning in 1644. On his voyage he wrote his “Key into the Languages of America.” His industry was amazing. In the midst of a turbulent life he found leisure to write works enough to fill the time of an able man. He also published during this visit, “The Bloody Tenet of Persecution for Cause of Conscience discussed in a Conference between Truth and Peace.”

New difficulties arose in the Colony. He was again sent to England, 1651, and again successful in his mission. This time he published “Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health.” This was written, he says, “in the thickest of the native Indians of America, in their very wild houses, and by their barbarous fires.”

Here we must digress a moment. He made a faithful, scholarly study of the Indian languages, had a better acquaintance with the Narragansett tongue than any other white man of his time. In order to do this it was necessary for him, a refined, educated, Christian gentleman, *to live among those savages*. He was led to do this, not by a scholar's passion for deeper draughts from the wells of knowledge, but that he might teach them of Christ.

While in England, attending faithfully to the interests of his Colony, publishing his works, engaging in charitable work, he filled his "leisure" time with teaching. He writes to Governor Winthrop: "It pleased the Lord to call me for some time and with some persons to practice the Hebrew, the Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch." Every thing is referred to God; "It pleased the Lord to call me" being a constant formula in his letters. Such reference may seem fanatical to an advanced nineteenth century thinker. But, after all, does not the belief, which was so strong in him, that a man's work is appointed unto him by the Ruler of the Universe, dignify that work? Does not the belief that one is constantly in the sight of One who is all-powerful; does not the belief that one lives for Eternity, make life sublime?

While teaching he found one pupil who paid for his tuition in very precious coin. That pupil was none other than John Milton. He says: "For my Dutch I read him, he read me many more languages." Who would not have been glad to listen to conversations between these two great Puritans? The poet whose physical eyes were closed; but the eyes of whose spirit were wide open to all holy truth and moral beauty: yes, and so strong that they seemed almost able to look, undazzled upon God himself. And that other strong-souled Puritan, who served God and his fellow-man, not by leaving "something so writ that men would not willingly let die;" but by living a life whose memory men could not easily let die. John Milton and Roger Williams holding high converse! It is an inspiration to think of it.

In the letter to Governor Winthrop referred to, he also says: "Grammar rules begin to be esteemed a tyranny. I taught two young gentlemen . . . as we teach our children English,



by words, phrases, and constant talk." The so-called "Natural Method," then, is as old as Roger Williams.

He returned to Rhode Island in 1654, and in the same year was elected president of the Colony, an office which he held for two years and a half.

During his presidency his influence with the Indians enabled him to render valuable service to the other Colonies, by averting the calamities of savage war; but they refused to admit Rhode Island into the New England League, and even put obstacles in the way of her procuring the means of defense.

Some one has said: "Be sure that saints are not so good, nor sinners so bad as people think them." These men, sacrificing so much for religion as to preclude all doubt of their sincerity, yet could so soon and so far forget the Golden Rule, be so oblivious of the common brotherhood of man!

It is pleasant to know that one man of those times could flee from persecution without turning persecutor at the first opportunity. Roger Williams refused to persecute the Quakers: but in 1672, he met three of the most eminent preachers of the sect in public debate at Newport, and afterwards published, "George Fox Dugged out of his Burrowes."

Lack of space forbids that we refer to his part in the wars with Canonchet, Philip, and other Indian chiefs, further than to say that, whenever it was possible, his role was that of peacemaker. "He alone was," says one, "a better defense to his people against Indian wrongs than all the guns of the combined Colonies."

He died in 1683, at the age of eighty-four, having enjoyed a brief period of rest and peace.

And now, what manner of man was he? In reply to the German question, "What could he do?" we may say, he was explorer, author, linguist, diplomatist, teacher, preacher, missionary, and theologian.

To the attainments of a scholar he added the simplicity of a child, the zeal of an apostle, the faith of a patriarch.

He might be called obstinate; but his seeming obstinacy was always for conscience' sake; it was the firmness of a saint. Like George Eliot's Tom Tulliver, he believed his principles to be good ones, or he would have had nothing to do with

them. His convictions were so strong that they seemed to him to be the voice of God. Fanaticism, says one. Perhaps so. Perhaps open to criticism: but certainly preferable to namby-pambyism, to the moral flabbiness against which Christians of this comfortable, liberal, tolerant age must strive.

He might be accused of inconsistency, having once even withdrawn from the church he had founded. This was because he doubted the validity of his baptism. Were not all his seeming inconsistencies traceable to the fact that he had a thinking mind, open to conviction? There is, doubtless, a consistency worthy of praise. But the word is sometimes only another name for mental stagnation.

He was unselfish—indeed, utterly “reckless of his own affairs,” we are told, “when weighed against the common good.” He once sold a business bringing him five hundred dollars in gold yearly—no mean income for that day—appropriated the receipts to the support of his family, while he went to England in the interests of the Colony.

Though forced to give much attention to business he was true to his calling as a minister. “The desire for the conversion of the Indians,” says a biographer, “was ever the burden of his heart.”

We think of him as an agitator. He was; truth thrown among error always produces agitation. But this was incidental to the condition of things around him. His soul-yearning was for peace. He did much practical work toward the attainment of peace; among the white men, among the Indians, between white man and Indian.

He had broad sympathies, a large mind; if this was not always appreciated by his contemporaries. A soul may seem narrow to those of lower moral stature, because of its very loftiness. His freedom of thought was limited only by a reverent attitude toward God and truth.

Above all, his was a religious nature. Religion, even more than love or genius, is an alchemist, transmuting common things to precious. From his laboratory the lead and iron of hardship and sorrow came forth as the shining gold of the virtues. In every noble soul gleams now and then a spark of poetry, e'en though it never kindle into verse. It is pleasant

to believe that the bleak New England forests, through which the ardent spirit of Roger Williams dragged his weary body, were occasionally transfigured to his vision at the time, as they must ever be in our thought of them. As we look back upon those stern winter woods, with that strong soul wandering through them, the interlacing boughs become the arches; the supporting trunks the mighty pillars; the blue sky overhead, cloud-fretted by day, star-lighted by night, the lofty ceiling; the cold ground beneath his feet the snow-carpeted floor of a vast cathedral, from which the Puritan hymns, the soul-out-pouring prayers must have gone to Heaven as directly as any which rise from the cushioned pews of the beauteous temples which we to-day delight to build to God's glory.

Roger Williams founded one of our beloved United States. He founded the Baptist Church in this country. He planted here the idea of soul freedom. He did a greater thing than any of these for America and Americans; he lived here a true, noble, brave life. In grateful recognition of this best gift a man can leave his race, we, daughters of brave forefathers, may well pause a moment in our busy modern lives, may well step aside from the flowery paths of nineteenth century ease and luxury, to lay upon a grave in a dreary New World a wreath of laurel intertwined with cypress.

LIZZIE PERSHING ANDERSON.

JONATHAN JONES,

BORN 1738, died September 26, 1782, was one of the original "Minute Men" of the Revolution, or Associators, as they were called in Pennsylvania, and was appointed captain in the first Pennsylvania battalion of the Continental Army October 27, 1775. This was the first battalion raised in Pennsylvania by Congress for the Continental Army.

He was stationed with his regiment at the barracks, corner Third and Green streets, Philadelphia, until he was ordered to Quebec. He began this terrible march of two months, with his company, from Philadelphia, January 23, 1776, and continued it in mid-winter over the frozen lakes, reaching Quebec toward the close of March.

He took part in the siege of that place through the rigors of a Canadian winter, and in the precipitate retreat which followed he returned at great personal risk and secured valuable papers which had been left behind. He was with General Arnold in his pursuit of the British after the battle of "The Cedars," and took a conspicuous part in the battle of "Three Rivers," on June 8, 1776.

He shared the privations and great suffering of the army in its retreat to Ticonderoga, and was promoted for distinguished services to the rank of major, October 25, 1776. He was instrumental in persuading his troops to remain at Ticonderoga, after their term of service had expired, until after General Carleton had retreated to Canada. His regiment, then numbering 472 men, was ordered back to Pennsylvania in November, 1776. They marched to Albany, and were transported from there to New Windsor in boats. From New Windsor they marched by the way of Haverstraw to Morristown, crossed the Delaware from New Germantown, and joined the troops under Washington at Newtown, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and participated in the attack upon Trenton, December 26, 1776. He was made lieutenant colonel March 12, 1777, and after the resignation of Colonel James Irvine was in command of his regiment for some months, two companies of which were on duty in Philadelphia while the others were guarding the upper ferries of the Delaware.

Though only thirty-nine years of age and of robust constitution, the privations, hardships, anxieties, exposure, and sufferings of the campaign in Canada had completely shattered his health, and he was stricken with paralysis in the summer of 1777. He had experienced, to the full measure, that suffering which Irving described as "the lot of the Revolutionary soldier." It was a source of bitter regret to him that he was physically unable to take part with his regiment in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. He resigned his commission toward the close of his two years' service in the Continental Army.

He was a commissioner under the "test laws" of Pennsylvania in 1778 and a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly in 1779-80.

He is buried in Bangor churchyard, at Churchtown, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Katharine Jones Wallace, of Pittsburg Chapter, is great-granddaughter of Jonathan Jones, and granddaughter of Brigade Quartermaster William Rodman, of General John Lacey's brigade.

EVAN SHELBY.

[Read before Mary Ball Chapter, Tacoma, Washington.]

IN 1735, while King George the Second was still on the throne of England, David Shelby with his family left their home in Caernarvan, Wales, crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and began a new life in Frederick Town, Maryland. It has come to me from some family tradition that David Shelby was a younger son and came to the New World for a broader life than would be possible in his old surroundings, but of his son Evan Shelby we know more definitely. He was fourteen years old when the family left Wales; the accounts say he had a meager education, that means, of course, from books, but that he had an education of another kind that fitted him better than written lore for the work that came to him to do is certain. We read that early in life he became a noted hunter and woodsman, later he engaged with his father in the fur trade with the Indians, establishing posts at intervals all the way from Kenawha River to the Island of Mackinaw, which island was acquired and owned by the Shelbys, and this same family tradition to which we have referred, says that John Jacob Astor was in their employ. That all these pursuits were successful is shown later. It was not long before the Colonies were called upon to enact their chapter in the seven years' war then being waged between France and England, known more familiarly to us as the old French and Indian wars. This put an end, of course, to any active fur trading, but it was a time for action, and Evan Shelby was ready. Of the fruits of his education in the forest and on the rivers of the unexplored country save for such as he, and the large fortune accumulated in his trading with the Indians, he gave freely: he raised, armed, and equipped at his own private expense, and then maintained, a full company of scouts, and himself piloted the British and Colonial troops

westward—the first general west of the Allegheny Mountains. He, with his company, took a prominent part in the battle of Fort Duquesne, where he was wounded. After the war, as family papers show, he applied for some remuneration from the bankrupt Colonies and from King George, but he was unsuccessful, except that the Maryland Colony voted him a small amount of Colonial currency—not possibly the first case of ingratitude on record. After this, with possibly a sore heart, he went south, and finally to what is now Bristol, Tennessee. He was killed at the age of seventy-four by an Indian in ambush: he was buried on his own land, but as the town grew he was moved to a public cemetery, just across the line in Virginia. Other services rendered by Evan Shelby must not be told here, of successful raids against the Indians, and of the part he took in the battle of Point Pleasant, etc. That the life of this sturdy Welshman was not without its romance we know, for a faithful wife is buried by his side, and at the battle of Point Pleasant his son Isaac shared the danger of the battle with him.

This son Isaac was born in Maryland, December, 1750—a common-school education the records accord him, but his letters show no lack. His public services began before he attained his majority. Seeing a boundless stretch of unexplored land he chose as his profession that of a civil engineer, making journeys into the future State of Kentucky, the history of which he afterwards assisted so largely in making. He left Maryland with his father and engaged with him in the cattle business. His first military service was at the battle of Mount Pleasant, where he was appointed lieutenant in his father's company. To him was given the credit of the successful result of the battle that did so much to relieve Kentucky from the Indians. Isaac Shelby was left in command until the troops were disbanded by the English general—just as the first note of battle for liberty sounded. All efforts at reconciliation with the mother country had failed, and when resistance was found to be the price of liberty we find Isaac Shelby at the front casting his lot with the army in Virginia. With Sevier he was instrumental in repulsing the British just as they had hoped to crush the southern Colonies. He also gave material aid to the commissary

department from his private fortune, and when Sevier planned an expedition to seize the British stores at Chickamaugh he equipped and supplied the troops by the pledge of his own individual credit. Isaac Shelby's services in establishing the independence of the Colonies were many and varied, too many to recount in this simple introduction of my ancestors to my sisters of the Mary Ball Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Many historians have recounted at length those services, but I am sure it is with pardonable pride that I mention his part in the battle of King's Mountain, the battle that is conceded to be the turning point of the Revolution. He had first taken part in the disastrous defeat of General Gates at Camden, North Carolina, and was obliged to retreat. This instead of disheartening him served to awaken a realization of his own ability to stem the tide, and he suggested the campaign which led to the battle of King's Mountain. In his regiment were his two brothers, Evan Shelby, Jr., as major of the regiment, and Moses in command of the company. To more than one of the heroes who took part in this battle is accorded the crowning glory of the victory, but of Shelby's claim for the supremacy Professor Shaler says: "Although Shelby was not in name the chief of this action, there is no reason to doubt that the conception of the campaign and the vigor of its execution are his alone." He adds, "His also was the scheme which led to the battle of Cowpens." Draper, in his "King's Mountain and its Heroes," says: "Shelby's noble efforts in prosecuting the King's Mountain Expedition, his magnanimity in securing the appointment of Colonel Campbell to the chief command, and his heroic conduct in the battle, all combine to render his services at the critical period of the greatest importance to his country." But, as he himself says, with his characteristic modesty, when friends of other military leaders would claim the credit of the victory, "I want no credit for it, we whipped them, and so any man who wants can take the credit;" but all accord unflinching bravery. No less a person than Bancroft says: "Shelby, a man of hardest make, stiff as iron, among the dauntless singled out for dauntlessness, went right onward and upward, like a man who had but one thing to do, and but one thought—to do it." In later years for these

services in this battle he received a sword from the government of North Carolina. That the surrender of Cornwallis came almost with the news of the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain is an index of the importance of that battle.

MARY SHELBY STALLCUP.

(*To be continued.*)

. MATTHEW SMITH,

BORN January 13, 1755; mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1777; died October 26, 1777; son of John and Mary Jaquelin Smith, of Shooter's Hill, Middlesex County, Virginia.

The heroism and martyrdom of Arnold von Winkelried in the battle of Sempach, fought on July 9, 1386, between the Austrians and soldiers of the Confederate Swiss Cantons, have been the theme of praise from men for five long centuries

"There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name!
Unmarked he stood amid the throng
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see with sudden grace
The very thought come o'er his face,
And, by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike and how.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide
As if his dearest friend to clasp,
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried
Their keen points crossed from side to side;
He bowed amidst them like a tree
And thus made way for liberty."

In such exalted strains does the poet love to perpetuate the deeds of daring that make a *hero* one of the world's rich possessions. No clime or country can fetter the fame of those who bequeath their glory to the great brotherhood of man.

The soldier whose name heads this article was a Virginia youth, a captain in the First Virginia Regiment in the Conti-

mental Army. To his sacrifice of self, and great personal bravery the story of Arnold-von Winkelried seems to afford a touching parallel.

In the difficult position in which General Washington found himself during the battle of Germantown, Pennsylvania, October 4, 1777, questioning the propriety of advancing troops to meet the enemy with a strongly fortified citadel (improvised by the British) in their rear—a citadel which proved impregnable against attacks from front and rear until the end of the battle, it was proposed to send a flag of truce to this stronghold, known as "Chew's house," and garrisoned by six companies under command of the British Colonel Musgrave.

The battle raged beyond Chew's house, and Colonel Musgrave, having taken advantage of this *point d'appui*, kept up a destructive fire on the Americans as they passed; hence the necessity of reducing, if possible, this defiant fortress.

General Henry Lee, in his interesting "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," says:

"The halt at Chew's house was taken after some deliberation, as the writer well recollects, being for the day in the suite of the commander-in-chief with a troop of dragoons charged with duty near his person. Many junior officers, at the head of whom were Colonel Pickering and Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, urged with zeal the propriety of passing the house. Brigadier Knox opposed the measure with earnestness, denouncing the idea of leaving an armed force in the rear, and being always high in the General's confidence his opinion prevailed.

"A flag of truce was instantly dispatched to summon the British colonel, while appropriate bodies of troops were prepared to compel his submission. As had been suggested, the summons was disregarded by Musgrave, who persevered in his judicious defense, and Captain Smith, of the First Virginia Regiment, deputy adjutant general, bearing the flag, fell with it waving in his hands. Thirsting after military fame, and devoted to his country, he obeyed with joy the perilous order, advanced through the deadly fire pouring from the house, presuming that the sanctity of his flag would at length be respected. Vain expectation! He fell before his admiring comrades a victim of this generous presumption."

Also, in the life of Timothy Pickering, adjutant general of the Continental Army, we find the following:

" * * * But a flag was sent, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, adjutant general, offering himself to carry it. I did not expect to see him return alive. I imagined they would pay no respect to the flag, they being well posted and the battle far enough from being decided. The event justified

my apprehensions; in a few minutes Mr. Smith was brought back with his leg broken and shattered by a musket ball fired from the house.

" * * * He died of the wound on the 26th of October."

Colonel Pickering, in a letter to his wife (of November 2d), speaks of Matthew Smith as a "youth much to be lamented. He was active, sensible, and brave, of a manly and generous disposition."

Thus is the deed of valor performed by Matthew Smith recorded by two distinguished officers present upon the field of Germantown, and thus may we with reverence perpetuate his noble memory. The mother of the writer of this article, Mrs. Francis Lee (Sarah Gosnelle) Smith, of Alexandria, Virginia, is the great-niece of Matthew Smith and one of his nearest living relatives. On his father's side he was descended from Colonel George Reade, of the Virginia Colony (as was also George Washington), who was brother to Robert Reade, private secretary to Windebank, Secretary of State to Charles I, and through his mother traced his lineage to John Jaquelin, who married Elizabeth Craddock, daughter of "generous Matthew Craddock," governor of Massachusetts Bay Company, 1629. Hence the perpetuation of the name "Matthew."

Matthew Smith was the youngest son of John Smith, of Shooter's Hill, Middlesex County, Virginia, and Mary, daughter of Edward Jaquelin. It seems to be a singular and interesting coincidence that his paternal ancestor, Captain Nicholas Martain, had taken out in 1639 a patent for the land on which Yorktown was built, and that Edward Jaquelin, his grandfather, should have owned the largest portion of Jamestown.

The following extracts from the *Virginia Gazette* are valuable contributions to the history of Matthew Smith's personal antecedents.

[*Virginia Gazette, Williamstown, November 18th, 1737.*]

"Yesterday, Mr. John Smith of Gloucester County was married to Miss Molly Jacqueline, Youngest Daughter of Mr. Edward Jacqueline of James-Town, An agreeable Young Lady of Merit and Fortune."

[*Virginia Gazette, November 16th, 1739.*]

"On Friday night last died at his House at James-Town, in the Seventy-First Year of his Age, Mr. Edward Jacqueline, who was formerly a Representative in Assembly, for James-Town: and has been many Years a Justice of Peace of James City County; a Gentleman of very good Sense,

and endow'd with many excellent and valuable Qualities, which his Relatives, Neighbors and Acquaintances have with Pleasure experienc'd and now greatly lament the loss of him. His Corpse was Yesterday interr'd in a very decent Manner in the Church Yard at James-Town, accompany'd to the Grave by a great Number of Persons, many of whom testify'd how deeply they were affect'd with the Loss of so Valuable a Friend."

Matthew Smith died at the age of twenty-two, unmarried. He was a brevet major at the time of his death and his property descended according to the law of primogeniture.

Matthew Smith's services were rewarded by Virginia and the Federal Government in bounty and in scrip, but to us it is left to pay a more enduring tribute to his memory. Let his name not be forgotten, or the throbbings of his patriot heart as he waved that flag of truce be unrecorded. That flag was doomed to be his winding sheet, but 'twas a banner upheld by youth and pride and love of country and is the sacred legacy he has left his name and kindred.

And so, upon the story of individual valor the mind delights to dwell and through knowledge of the men who made our history we can appreciate the price they paid and the matchless treasure which they bought. It will teach us to love and guard that thrice-blessed freedom which lifted America to what she has been, is, and will be in the future of the world.

MARGARET V. SMITH.



CHAPTERS.

CAMPBELL CHAPTER (Nashville, Tennessee,) was fully organized December 20, 1894, with twelve members, its Regent having been commissioned three months prior to that time. We have a good prospect of a number of new recruits very soon. Those already enrolled are as follows: Mrs. Margaret Campbell Pilcher, Regent; Mrs. Margaret Douglas Richards, Treasurer; Miss Mary Sevier Hors, Mrs. Lizzie K. Picton, Mrs. Mamie Smith Berry, Mrs. Alice Allen Berry, Miss Valeria E. Allen, Miss Louise Trousdale Allen, Miss Elinor Katherine Trousdale, Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare, Mrs. Lucy Hudson Morris, Mrs. Louisa Allison Lipscombe, Mrs. Hettie M. Stubblefield, Mrs. Fanny Campbell Bowner, Mrs. Mary Cherry Head, Mrs. J. Putnam Perkins, Mrs. Maria Louise Ewing Blackmar, Mrs. Elizabeth Sevier Donald, Mrs. Marion Palmer Kirkland, Mrs. Eunice Williams Fite, Mrs. Lucy Chase Chapman Denny, and Mrs. Pearl Daniel Morreil. Our Chapter is making a study of the early history of our State and the men and women who assisted her settlement in the last century. Thanking you for your kind words of encouragement, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself yours sincerely.—MARGARET CAMPBELL PILCHER, *Regent*.

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL CHAPTER (Ansonia, Connecticut), was informally organized in June, 1894, by Mrs. Keim, the State Regent, and held its first regular meeting on October 11th, with twenty-four members enrolled. The monthly meetings during the year at the homes of different members have been devoted chiefly to the part Connecticut bore in the Revolution and pleasantly varied by music, vocal and instrumental, under the direction of a competent musical committee. "The Riverside Song Book," a collection of patriotic airs, has added much to the interest, and the meetings invariably open with grand old "America." Being an offshoot of Derby, which is two and one-half centuries old, Ansonia now claims the right

to but one historic spot, Pork Hollow, where in 1777 a large quantity of pork was concealed from the British when General Tryon made an attempt to raid the town. As the hollow is being rapidly filled up and devoted to building purposes one of the first duties of this Chapter will be to mark it, as nearly as possible, by a wayside stone, that one now almost forgotten spot may be redeemed from utter oblivion. For the name of our Chapter we have chosen that of Elizabeth Clarke Hull, an early resident of this place, the mother of General William Hull and grandmother of Commodore Isaac Hull. She may well be called the "mother of a patriot," as three sons served in the Revolution, two sons and five grandsons in the War of 1812 and many descendants in the Civil War. Our patriotic work commenced on Memorial Day, when the graves of three Revolutionary soldiers were decorated with wreaths of laurel and the Society colors. The grave of Elizabeth Clarke Hull was also remembered and covered with flowers. On Flag Day, under the auspices of the Chapter, a contribution was taken in all our schools to aid in the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." Mite boxes and rolls had previously been placed in each room and 1,235 children showed their interest in the undertaking by signing their names to the rolls and contributing \$34.36, including 1,500 pennies and 200 nickels. The members of the Chapter and their friends added their offerings, thereby raising the sum to \$51. Our last meeting was held on June 14th, when the birth of the Stars and Stripes was commemorated by patriotic exercises at the home of the Vice-Regent, Mrs. C. F. Bliss. About one hundred guests were present by invitation of the Chapter, among them the Regents and delegates from several neighboring Chapters and the State Regent, Miss Clark, who spoke a few words of greeting to her new Daughters. The guests were seated on the shady lawn, while the piazza was converted into a temporary platform and beautifully draped with flags and bunting. The house and grounds were elaborately decorated with red, white, and blue and the members of the Chapter were distinguished by rosettes of the Society colors. A chorus of fifteen male voices, under the direction of Professor Goodale, rendered "The Star Spangled

Panner," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and "Red, White, and Blue," with fine effect, and "The Stripes and the Stars" was delightfully recited by Miss Edith Munger. The address was delivered by Hon. Stephen W. Kellogg, of Waterbury, a Son of the American Revolution, who gave a stirring account of some of the heroic deeds of our foremothers and of the important part the "month of roses" played in the early history of our country. He heartily congratulated the Chapter on the choice of a name so closely connected with glorious deeds by land and sea and made famous by the memorable battle between the "Constitution" and the "Guerriere;" also on obtaining for the fame of its Chapter such a valuable historical relic as a piece of "Old Ironsides." "America," enthusiastically sung by the whole audience, closed the exercises, which were followed by an informal reception. Interest in the Society and its work has increased much during the year, and we hope in the future to prove ourselves ready and able to help in the noble work that is being done "for home and country."—LUCIA HOSMER COTTER, *Historian*.

CONTINENTAL CHAPTER (Washington, District of Columbia).—One year ago this Chapter was organized at the residence of Mrs. M. A. Ballinger, and the following members were elected as officers: Mrs. M. A. Ballinger, Regent; Mrs. M. S. Gist, Vice-Regent; Miss Louise Codwise, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Emma Sears, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. B. Solger, Treasurer; Mrs. Sarah Griss, Registrar. But one change has occurred in the board, that of corresponding secretary. Miss Codwise having gone abroad. Miss Lucy Moore was elected to that office. It was unanimously voted that the monthly meetings should be public, which decision has been closely adhered to, and in spite of much hard labor and many perplexities there has always been a historical paper or address by some prominent citizen or visitor, an article by a member of the Chapter, music and recitation by members and others. The greater part of this herculean task has fallen upon our Regent, who even when ill has not failed to present an elaborate programme. We have not been without our reward, for every meeting has been crowded with courteous, cultured, and appreciative audi-

ences, and at almost every meeting new applicants have been received: so that at the close of this first year the Chapter congratulates itself that while perpetuating the memory of its ancestors and emulating their good deeds, they have disseminated much useful historical information and helped greatly in educating the community as to the object of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Hardly had we entered upon our work when one of our most earnest and helpful organizers, Mrs. Pattie Stocking, was laid aside through the entire year by a dreadful accident. After numerous times of meeting death face to face she has recovered and is present for the first time. Three times have the joyous marriage bells rung out for our members. The Red, White, and Blue tea by our Regent, and the sixteenth anniversary of the marriage of our Registrar were joyous reunions not soon to be forgotten. But oh! how soon does sorrow follow upon the heels of joy. Six times has the death angel entered into the families of our members and taken away beloved ones. As one after another passed under the sod we drew closer and closer to the stricken ones, sustaining and sympathizing as best we could, and with renewed energy and strong effort kept our beloved Chapter and its interests to the front, hiding our own heartaches that the friends outside should be entertained and instructed. We have journeyed together in love, and now when we are about to transfer our banner into the hands of our successors, if it be illuminated by the three virtues, Fraternity, Patriotism, and Unity, then will have been gained the highest ambition of the retiring officers of Continental Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.—M. S. GIST, *Vice-Regent*.

ELIZABETH BENTON CHAPTER.—The Daughters of the American Revolution in Kansas City, Missouri, in selecting the name of Elizabeth Benton for their Chapter, have paid a graceful tribute to one who in every way fills the requirements of such a distinction. It is also fortunate that the leading Chapter of the State is furnished an opportunity to confer an honor upon the wife of him, who for thirty years served her so honorably in the Senate of the United States, and who was the best representative of the statesmen of the middle west at a time when the latter gave the tone to the political thought

of the Mississippi Valley. Mrs. Benton was Elizabeth Preston McDowell, her father, Colonel James McDowell, being a man of marked decision and efficiency of character at an early day in Virginia. Her mother was the daughter of William Preston, who took an active part in the movement that brought about the War of Independence: organized troops for the Revolutionary struggle, and died from wounds received while gallantly leading his regiment at Guilford Court House in 1775. The McDowells were Scotch Covenanters, and they, as well as the Prestons, were chiefs in the large settlement in Rockbridge and the valley counties, known since as the Puritans of Virginia. The annals of these two families furnish many instances of spirit and heroism shown by their daughters, as well as sons, during the struggle for independence. One of them carried to her grave a large cut in the forehead from the knife thrown by an Indian in the British service, King George's mark she called it. There is also a story of an English officer, of the hated Colonel Tarleton's command, riding up and demanding food for himself and soldiers of another one of these colonial dames. She, arrayed in her best damask gown and petticoat, invited them first to their rooms to remove the dust of travel and then to sit down to the best her servants could prepare. This same officer, unable to appreciate such delicacy, and observing the very green color of the pease, exclaimed, "I understand the meaning of your fine airs, madam, you are trying to poison us." Silently she took her youngest child on her knee and fed her the pease, adding, "You may feel quite safe now, gentlemen; whoever eats at my table, invited or uninvited, has my best care." After her marriage in 1822, the ruling feeling in Mrs. Benton's heart, and strongest to the last, was her devotion to her husband. Indeed, their lives may have been said to be inseparable, for she made her home where his business called him. Her daughter says of her, "Hers was a life not lived in words or conspicuous actions, but a gulf stream of natural force and warmth that was felt and influenced all who came into relation with her. Her creed was, 'The life best fitted for woman is the one where home and heaven comprise all aspirations and confer all happiness.'" She was distinguished for great personal dignity, keen wit, and a toler-

ant grasp of the many subjects that came before the home and friends who valued her quick insight and just perceptions. By birth and family, in honor, in courage, in loyalty, she was a true Daughter of the Revolution.

BUFFALO CHAPTER.—Among the many delightful reunions of this Chapter a reception and standing luncheon given on Thursday, June 20th, in honor of Miss Forsyth, the Regent of the State of New York, was not the least enjoyable. Miss Forsyth, who had been in Rochester to assist in the celebration of "Flag Day," arrived in Buffalo on Thursday morning and was received at eleven o'clock by about seventy women in the beautiful Colonial parlors of the Genesee Hotel. Owing to the short notice given, the attendance did not include the whole Chapter. Mrs. Mary N. Thompson, the Buffalo Regent, presented Miss Forsyth to the members, who gave an interesting talk, describing in a charming and unaffected manner the object of the organization and the results that have been obtained in inculcating and arousing a spirit of patriotism in the people of the United States. She spoke particularly of the interest felt in the Southern States, and in closing warmly urged the necessity of keeping up the interest, especially in the schools. Mrs. Thompson then gave a brief résumé of the methods and work of the Buffalo Chapter, of the course of study which had been pursued in American history, and spoke of the many brilliant papers which had been read, saying that next winter the course of study to be taken up would be "The Constitution of the United States, 1787-1789, Period of the Formation of the National Idea." This study will be based on the University Extension Lectures, using a syllabus by Francis Newton Thorpe. Mrs. Thompson also told of a recent reunion of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution on the occasion of the presentation to the public schools of Buffalo, by the Sons of the American Revolution, of fine engravings of Stuart's picture of Washington, when it was their good fortune to listen to a most eloquent address on Washington by Mr. Clarence Bushnell, of Buffalo. She also spoke of the hymn presented last February at Washington, at the national convention, from the State of New York, "The Song of Freedom." As there

was no decision made at that time, and the subject was laid over until next February. she urged the necessity of having a New York woman on the committee of selection that our State might have representation. This hymn was written by a member of the Buffalo Chapter. Mrs. Thompson was followed by Miss Maria Love, whose special work has been to carry out and foster the spirit of Article II of the Constitution of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Love gave a brief outline of her investigations in regard to the public schools of Buffalo, and spoke earnestly of the necessity of keeping a constant watch over the workings of the school system, deploring the fact that politics should have any influence over our schools. Her talk aroused much interest and several of the women who had visited the public schools recently (in order to report to Miss Love) spoke in a most interesting manner, and on the whole the reports were favorable, and showed that in Buffalo much patriotism is evinced, and all the days commemorating important events in American history are observed with due ceremony. Several other women spoke on subjects of interest, following the same trend of ideas, thereby making the meeting one of unusual interest. Miss Forsyth expressed in warm terms her delight in finding that Buffalo had such a flourishing Chapter, conducted on such broad lines, imbued with such a spirit of patriotism and progression. There is no doubt that the woman who presides influences to a great degree the general tone of a Society, and that the Buffalo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is particularly fortunate in having Mrs. Mary Norton Thompson for its Regent is an undisputed fact. Mrs. Thompson is a scholarly, dignified, Christian lady of the "old school," and therefore it is not surprising that the tone of the Chapter is dignified and scholarly. It is also fortunate in possessing many bright and talented women, whose papers have shown thought and cultivation, and with this a delightful spirit of friendly and social intercourse pervades the meetings, which occur once a month from October until May, with a special celebration of Washington's birthday.—LINDA DE K. FULTON.

ONONDAGA AND CAZENOVIA CHAPTERS.—Yesterday was a notable day in the history of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which a Chapter has been established in Syracuse, New York. The first formal meeting took place at "Overlook Farm," Cazenovia, July 2d, where the members were invited to luncheon by the Regent, Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, to meet Miss Mary Isabella Forsyth, of Kingston, New York, Regent of New York State. The party left Syracuse at 11.15 a. m. by a private car, and on arrival at Cazenovia were met by Mr. Dennis McCarthy with carriages and driven to his beautiful home on the lake side, where luncheon was served on the veranda, which was beautifully decorated with national colors. The cards at each plate bore not only the name of the expected guest, but on the upper left-hand corner the insignia of the Society in blue. The colors of the Daughters of the American Revolution are blue and white, and these were everywhere present, even the beautiful china was blue and white, the red and white roses blended, the colors of the flag with the blue with which the entire house was artistically draped. After the dainty repast, most charmingly served, was a season of social interchanges, after which Miss Forsyth addressed the ladies in an interesting manner, urging upon them their duties as Daughters. Her remarks were very pleasant and were greatly appreciated.

Those present from the Onondaga Chapter were: Mrs. Thomas Emory, Mr. Geo. N. Crouse, Mrs. Chas. H. Halcomb, Mrs. Wm. Nottingham, Mrs. Andrew H. Green, Mrs. John S. Finch, Mrs. Wm. B. Burnham, Mrs. Judge Irving G. Vann, Mrs. Chas. L. Stone, Mrs. C. M. Emerick, Mrs. Geo. K. Collins, Mrs. Wm. K. Pierce, Miss Stella McIntyre, Miss Bessie Collins, Dr. Juliet Hanchett. The visiting members were: Mrs. Ruth Ashmore, New York, and Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch. The Cazenovia ladies called upon Miss Forsyth during the afternoon to consider the project of forming a Chapter to be known as the Cazenovia Chapter, and appointed Miss Amanda Dows as Regent. The visitors rendered their thanks to Mrs. McCarthy for her hospitable entertainment, and returned to the city at 7 p. m. Mrs. Dennis McCarthy is the great-granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and is peculiarly qualified for

the Regency of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The officers of Onondaga Chapter are Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Regent; Mrs. Charles H. Halcomb, Secretary; Mrs. Geo. N. Crouse, Registrar; Mrs. Wm. Nottingham, Treasurer; and Mrs. Thos. Emory, Historian.

RUTH HART CHAPTER.—A very cordial invitation was extended by Mrs. Bauer to the members of Ruth Hart Chapter to meet at her home in Berlin, on the afternoon of June 19. This was an invitation of more than usual interest, as Mrs. Bauer is a niece of Ruth Hart and her home the former home of Ruth Hart, in honor of whom our Chapter is named. Mrs. Bauer and her three daughters warmly welcomed thirty-five of our members to the hospitalities of their home and the afternoon was delightfully spent in social intercourse, as we sauntered through the rooms or rambled about the grounds of the old homestead. The house has been modernized, still there are features remaining sufficient to mark it as the old colonial home. Its large beams, low ceilings, antique cupboards. A few things of historical interest, especially to our Chapter, were scattered about. The commission of General Hart hangs upon the wall in one of the rooms. On a table was seen the bible of Ruth Hart, also a copy of the discourse delivered at her funeral, and, standing near, the cane she used as a support in her advancing years. She lived to the great age of one hundred and two years, and, as her pastor declared in his tribute to her memory, was a woman of remarkably well-preserved powers both mentally and physically. Delicious ice cream and fancy cakes were served, while a huge punch bowl of lemonade standing on a table in the hall was exceedingly tempting and refreshing to the guests after the warm and dusty ride. As a fitting close to the afternoon's entertainment all gathered around the piano and joined in singing America.

ST. PAUL CHAPTER (Minnesota).—The regular quarterly meeting of the St. Paul Chapter was held Tuesday, April 31, at the parlors of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church. The Nation's flag was used in decoration, and tea was served to members and invited guests from a table festooned with smilax and clusters of red and white flowers. Flags were

artistically draped about the room, producing through the senses that warmth of feeling which must underlie every patriotic sentiment and contributing much toward a full appreciation of the noble work accomplished by the unselfish women comprising the last Continental Congress, a very spirited account of which was given in the report read by Mrs. Joseph E. McWilliams, chairman of the St. Paul delegation, who had but recently returned from Washington. She graphically pictured the scenes and incidents connected with the Congress, and called attention to the keen and growing interest manifested throughout the east, and gave such a comprehensive account of the work accomplished that those present acquired knowledge of the proceedings without the fatiguing details of a four days' session. The St. Paul Chapter is appreciative of the honor paid their former Regent by electing her a Vice-President General, and we earnestly hope that our remoteness from the home of the National Board will not prevent us sharing either the burdens or the honors in the future, while we fondly hope that our record of growth may some day rival that of our eastern sister States. Mrs. McWilliams spoke earnestly in behalf of, and called attention to, the effort to popularize the AMERICAN MONTHLY by conforming to the "spirit of the times" (or should I say "the necessity of the times") by a reduction in the subscription price. Another influence toward making the Magazine welcome in our midst is the name of Miss Jane Meade Welch among the associate editors, for since her visit to St. Paul last winter, and course of lectures, under the auspices of the St. Paul Chapter, anything from her lips or pen will be received with pleasure by her many friends here. The shadow upon the record of this otherwise bright occasion was the announcement made to the Chapter, which brought sorrow to many hearts, of the death of Mrs. Julia Waters Johnstone, who was a charter member, and, until recently, chaplain of the Chapter. A brief sketch of her life was read by Mrs. E. R. Sanford.—FRANKIE K. SCHURMEIER, *Corresponding Secretary*.

PITTSBURG CHAPTER.—By request of the recording secretary of the Chapter we publish the following: "The following

preamble and resolutions were presented at the special meeting of the Pittsburg Chapter on February 15, 1895, and were unanimously adopted :

"WHEREAS, It is understood that our much valued State Regent, Mrs. Julia K. Hogg, will be nominated for the highest office in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution :

"*Be it resolved*, That it is the unanimous wish of the Pittsburg Chapter to be put on record as having expressed their wish to have her elected to an office for which she is so eminently fitted, because of her ability and her devoted services to the Society."







Young
People's
Department

EDITED BY

Margaret Sidney

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR GRAND FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

WE present this month, according to promise, our report of the great celebration in the interests of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, in the old South Meeting House, Boston, Massachusetts. We cannot get it all in this department, but enough will be given to show what a thoroughly good time was enjoyed, and how the tide of patriotism swelled high to bear all over the country the wave of enthusiasm to speed the young people on. Two out of the many newspaper accounts are given, taken down by reporters on the spot, as they present different features of the occasion.

THE FLAG BURSTS INTO SONG!

NOVEL FEATURE PRODUCED BY CHILDREN.—HARRISON SENDS GREETING TO YOUNG PATRIOTS.—GREENHALGE AND WOLCOTT IN EQUAL SYMPATHY.—SOCIETY HOLDS ITS FIRST LARGE MEETING.—OLD SOUTH CHURCH FILLED WITH ENTHUSIASTIC SPECTATORS.

"Hail to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Patriotism should be inculcated. The children should not be left to catch it or not as they do the measles, and people who have caught it must not allow the cry 'jingo' to keep them indoors."

This was the greeting ex-President Harrison sent from Indianapolis to the meeting held yesterday morning in the Old South Church in the interest of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

His daughter, Mrs. Harrison McKee, with her two children, were among the invited guests, but being unable to be present Mrs. McKee sent a letter of regret, which was read by Mrs. Lothrop, in which she expressed her sympathy with and interest in the organization.

Many representative people were present to indorse this patriotic organization, of which a New England woman is the inspiration, and no other spot would have seemed so fitting as the historic Old South, with its many traditions and memories, in which to inaugurate this movement.

Flags were draped very effectively over the reading desk on the platform, and the galleries were prettily decorated with red, white, and blue bunting.

At the right of the platform a "living flag" was arranged, composed of a chorus of little people, their dresses blended into the ever beautiful red, white, and blue, while in front was an augmented chorus of children from the Presbyterian Church in Roxbury, the Day Street Congregational Church in Somerville, the old Harvard Hill Church of Charlestown, and a delegation of young girls from Quincy and Grove Hall.

The auditorium and galleries were filled with a most enthusiastic audience when, at 9 a. m., the "Liberty Bell" presented to Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "America," by the Liberty Bell Committee, was rung as a signal for the opening of the exercises.

The opening prayer was by Rev. E. A. Horton, after which Mr. John W. Hutchinson, the famous abolitionist, sang "The Blue and the Gray," with cornet accompaniment by Miss Mabel L. Swift.

Then the "flag," under the direction of Mrs. L. C. Loomis, burst into song, singing the "Star Spangled Banner" with appropriate vigor.

There were patriotic airs by Mr. E. N. L'African, followed by the address of the President, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, who is known in the literary world as "Margaret Sidney."

Mrs. Lothrop gave a very interesting sketch of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, which was incorporated in April.

One of the reasons for starting the work is that it will tend to popularize the work of the public schools toward patriotism and good government; for those children who are not eligible for membership are to be gathered by the local societies into all its public meetings, into its plans, its works, and its pleasures.

All over the country there has been great interest in this Society. Young people are rapidly sending in their names, and parents are forwarding those of their children.

"Hail Columbia, Happy Land," was sung by the entire chorus as a prelude to the remarks of Rev. S. F. Smith, who told how he came to write his famous song.

Next came the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Master John Hudson Merrill, a very bright and promising young student at the Boston Latin School, where he recently received the first prize for declamation.

Lieutenant Governor Wolcott was the next speaker. He recalled a speech Wendell Phillips made at the State House when a strong effort was being made to preserve this old landmark. It was spoken of as a matter of sentiment, but most of the good things of this world, said Mr. Phillips, are, after all, only sentiment.

The Lieutenant Governor spoke of the sentiment which attaches itself to objects associated with the life of those whom we love or revere.

"Mr. Turner, of Philadelphia," he continued, "likes to keep a glove

worn by Shakespeare in one of his famous plays, and I thought perhaps you would like to see these little locks of the hair of George Washington and Mary Washington."

They were in a little leather case, which Mr. Wolcott took from his pocket, and he explained how it had been given by Mrs. Washington to the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, upon the breaking up of Washington's cabinet.

Miss Maggie May Bradbury, of Quincy, sang very sweetly "Our Free America." Mrs. Tufts playing the accompaniment.

The following letter was then read from Governor Greenhalge :

"The lessons of patriotism and lofty citizenship cannot be inculcated too early in the minds of the youth of America. Devotion to country—its institutions and its purposes—must mean good will to all men and inure to the benefit of the whole world. An organization calculated to promote noble ideals of patriotic duty deserves to be fostered and encouraged."

Rev. William Copley Winslow, President of the Egyptian Exploration Society, who was unable to be present, sent the following message :

"From the first Pharaoh in Egypt to President Cleveland there is but one Fourth of July, and that is our Fourth; and in all history it is the greatest day for the boys and girls - the boys making most of the noise and the girls doing most of the keeping still by looking on.

"If anybody has a right to celebrate the Fourth of July it is our boys and girls, especially our little, patriotic lads and lassies, who now form the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution."

Miss Lucy Hayes Breckinridge, Recording Secretary of the National Society, the thirteen-year-old daughter of General Breckinridge, Vice President General of the Sons of the American Revolution, sent the following greeting from Washington :

"The Capitol Society, Children of the American Revolution, sends greetings to the public meeting held in the Old South Church at Boston, under the auspices of our National Society, on the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence."

"The Liberty Song" and "God Bless the Soldier," composed by Miss Charlotte M. Hawes, who directed the musical programme, were then sung.

The salute to the flag was a very pretty feature, given under the direction of Mrs. Mary E. Knowles.

The closing address was by Mr. Nathan Appleton, Vice President of the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution.*

Boston Globe, July 5th.

* NOTE.—This address will be printed in this department next month.
—ED.

OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

THE CELEBRATION BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE
CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE National Society of the Children of the American Revolution held very interesting exercises at the Old South Meeting House yesterday morning. The children of the Society were seated on raised seats, and were so dressed that the effect was that of a large American flag. Every one in the hall had a small American flag, on which was printed the words and musical score of Miss Charlotte Hawes's "Song of Liberty." The waving of these flags on various occasions during the exercises presented a scene which called forth expressions of delight on all sides.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the National Society. It was called to order by the ringing of the Liberty Bell presented by the Liberty Bell Committee to Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America," and by him loaned for the occasion.

Greetings were sent from the Jonathan Brooks Society, of New London.

Thomas Starr and Thomas Avery organizations, of Groton, telegraphed greetings through Mrs. Cuthbert-Slocumb.

Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., of Auburndale, one of the Massachusetts promoters who had promised to speak, telegraphed his inability to be present and sent greetings and best wishes for better citizenship.

APPROVED THE OBJECT.

Dr. James A. McDonald, of Charlestown, sent regrets at not being able to assist at the exercises. He is in hearty sympathy with the objects of the Society, believing it of the greatest importance to teach every young American the ennobling lesson of the Revolution until they have an all-consuming love of country, and are imbued with the purity and high-mindedness of the Revolutionary statesmen.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, one of the promoters of the Society for New York, sent his regrets at not being present, and suggested that a part of the article in *Munsey's Magazine* for July relating to the Fourth of July be read; which was done.

Rev. William Copley Winslow wrote to say that if anybody has a right to celebrate the Fourth, it is our boys and girls.

LETTERS FROM NOTED PEOPLE.

Governor Greenhalge wrote that the lessons of patriotism and lofty citizenship cannot be inculcated too early into the mind of the youth of America.

Prof. John Fiske said that great good would come from the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Mary Parke Foster, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of Honorable John W. Foster, sent her regrets at not being able to be present with those on whom our future depends.

Hon. F. A. Hill, Secretary of the State Board of Education, for Massachusetts, wrote that every young person is a citizen from his earliest years, and that the duties of good citizenship begin as soon as responsible boyhood or girlhood begins. It is, therefore, an important matter to make known to the young their constitutional status, and to lead them to play well their role as young citizens of the republic.

Ex-President Harrison wrote as follows: "Hail to the Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Patriotism should be inculcated. The children should not be left to catch it or not as they do the measles, and people who have caught it must not allow the cry 'jingo' to keep them in doors."

THE EXERCISES.

Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the Society, made the opening address, in which she said:

"We are working for each other and for all children, and not for ourselves alone, by means of this Society. If our work means anything, it means to impress upon all minds the sacred value of all children, and the tremendous importance of beginning to urge the growth of patriotism and good citizenship in the tender and impressible hours of childhood and youth.

"Good citizens are not made to order; they slowly grow, imbibing, just as the plant world does, all the forces of nature around them. And our boys and girls are, one way or the other, every instant of their swiftly passing lives, fixing inevitably their future as citizens of this Commonwealth or of other communities. These future years will soon claim them; we cannot and we will not hold them back. Shall they be good citizens or bad citizens? This is our responsibility."

SONGS AND ADDRESSES.

John W. Hutchinson sang "The Blue and the Gray," prefacing it with a reference to his Revolutionary ancestors.

Lieutenant Governor Wolcott made an impassioned address, full of fervid eloquence. In his descriptions of his own early associations with patriotic teachings and conditions, and in his eulogy on the flag he brought the audience up to a white heat of enthusiasm. He was often interrupted by applause, in which the small flags were waved by all in the audience. He concluded his address by showing in a little case the locks of hair of George Washington and his wife, presented by Mrs. Washington to the wife of the Secretary of State. At the conclusion of the address the audience gave him prolonged applause.

Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., delivered a very happy address, in which he said that he had been told by Hezekiah Butterworth that the first blood shed in the Revolution was that of a boy, Christopher Snyder, who was shot in Boston, March 5, 1770, for taking some action in relation to a shopkeeper with pronounced English tendencies. He also told the story of the composition of "America."

John Hudson Merrill read the Declaration of Independence, and a solo was sung by Mary Eleanor Brennan.

DECORATING LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE.

Captain Nathan Appleton, Vice President of the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution, made an address in which he told how he decorated Lafayette's grave in France, taking with him the French flag, which had been already displayed on a historic occasion from his brother's house. He also placed there one of the markers used at the graves of Revolutionary veterans.

The "Liberty Song," by Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, and dedicated to the old Concord (Massachusetts) Society, the first one organized under the National Society, was sung, and was followed by the Youth's Companion salute to the flag.

At the close the wreath used in crowning the flag was sent by the President of the Society to Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith, thus crowning his loving work for children and youth as the expression of their love for him.

Similar musical programmes were sung at Oakland and San Leandro, California; at Camp Groton, Connecticut; at Camp Durell, New Hampshire; in the First Congregational Church in Revere; and at the Boys' Brigade Camp at Northport, Maine.

Boston Standard, July 5th.

TELEGRAMS AND MESSAGES RECEIVED

By the President of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

NEW YORK, July 3, '95.

H. M. LOTHROP,

The Wayside.

It will be impossible for me to speak for you to-morrow; perhaps you might find something which you might care to read in my article in *Munsey's Magazine* for July.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE BIRTHDAY OF LIBERTY.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew upon the Fourth of July as the greatest day in the calendar—A graphic recital of the meaning of the celebration, its historic memories, and its national importance:

When I was a boy in the village of Peekskill I used to set my three pounder gun in front of my father's house at four o'clock in the morning of every Fourth, waiting to join in the salute that greeted the rising sun. The firing of cannons and the ringing of bells helped to saturate the youth of that generation with respect for the fathers of their country, and for the ideas upon which it was founded. The proudest day of my life was that on which I first participated as a principal in one of those old-fashioned celebrations. For years I had looked with awe at the orator who rode in an open barouche at the head of the procession. The day came, in the year of my graduation, when I sat there myself; and as I stood on the platform and spoke forth the familiar praises of my country,

I thought that ambition had culminated, and that there was nothing more in life to wish for.

But the Fourth of July seemed to go out of fashion. Our society leaders told us that noise was vulgar, and that the whole celebration lacked refinement. Newspaper wits poked fun at it, and college professors branded it as "catering to the national vice of brag."

My opinion is that the Yankee who would not brag on the Fourth of July is unworthy of his birthright. I believe in the importance of keeping alive the memories and traditions of our liberty's natal day. I believe in reverence for all ancestors; I believe in pride in their splendid achievements.

The contemplation of the subjects suggested by the birthday of our Independence brings before the mind, in all their grand proportions, the actors in the struggle for liberty with their patriotism, statesmanship, and public virtue.

The men who led the Revolutionary armies, the men who sat in the Continental Congress, the men who framed the constitution, have left behind them a heritage of ideas and principles that will preserve our institutions so long as they animate and inspire the conduct and character of the Nation. Our flag floats over us to-day with no star lost or dimmed, more than ever emblematic of assured unity and power; and as we are gathered under its protecting folds, shoulder to shoulder, heart beat to heart beat, in the full blaze of the risen son of liberty, which gilds the glories of the past and clearly reveal as the duties of the future—with one voice let us repeat the deathless words of our martyr President, Abraham Lincoln: "and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish forever from the earth."

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"Munsey's Magazine" for July.

GROTON, CONN., July 4.

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,

Pres. Nat. Soc., C. A. R., Between nine and ten o'clock, Old South Meeting House, Boston, Mass.

Thomas Starr Society, first organization in New London County, and Thomas Avery, second organized, send patriotic greetings to Concord's Children American Revolution.

MISS S. B. MEECH,

President.

MISS A. A. THOMAS,

President.

MRS. CUTHBERT H. SLOCUMB,

Regent of Anna Warner Bailey Chapter.

TO MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,

Old South Church, Boston.

NEW LONDON, CONN., July 4.

Jonathan Brooks Society is now assembled and sends kind greetings.

MRS. ARMS.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL TO THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY. GREETING.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—Prov. 31:28.


WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 4, 1895.*

THE Capitol Society, Children of the American Revolution, sends greeting to the public meeting held in the Old South Meeting House at Boston under the auspices of our National Society on the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

General Washington, on arriving at Providence, March 13, 1781, at a time when he was much perturbed at the treason of Arnold, was surrounded by children bearing torches; they crowded around and called him "father." He turned to Count Dumas (his escort), and seizing his hand, exclaimed, with great emotion, "We may be beaten by the English; it is in the chance of war; but behold an army which they can never conquer."

LUCY HAYES BRECKINRIDGE.

Recording Secretary, Capitol Society, C. A. R.

 Other letters and messages will be given in our next number.

NOTES.

Boys' Leagues, and Brigades, and all Patriotic Societies in which young people are interested, are invited to send in items of interest to this department. In no way can young people help each other so much as in such an exchange of methods and ideas; and patriotism and good citizenship will be the richer for it in this land.

It is requested that all information concerning the formation of Societies and any other news of interest to the young people, should be promptly forwarded to this department.

An earnest effort is being made to bring out the Magazine promptly. Records, and fresh bulletins and all items should therefore be sent as early as possible.

Everything connected with this department should be sent to Margaret Sidney, The Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts.

THE Chaplain of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Frances Bacon-Hamlin, wife of Rev. Teunis Hamlin, D. D., of Washington, D. C., has been visiting at The Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts, the home of the President, Mrs. Lothrop. Mrs. Lothrop gave a reception to Mrs. Hamlin, inviting the Concord Society (Children of the American Revolution) to meet her.

The reception was held at The Wayside on the morning of July 17, the day when the Christian Endeavorers, about six thousand, visited Con-

cord. Mrs. Lothrop and her guests, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Hamlin, and others, received the large company. A fine paper, written by Mrs. Hamlin, describing this day at Concord is awaiting publication in this department. It is obliged to give space to the Fourth of July matter.

NEW SOCIETIES FORMED.

A NEW Society in Connecticut. Organized in the Historical Rooms, Barnum Institute, Bridgeport, Conn., on the day of the last meeting, (June 17, "Bunker Hill Day," of the Mary Silliman Chapter.

One of its meetings with historical exercises is to be held at the home of Judge Wheeler on August 14.

A flourishing society has been formed in Stonington, Conn. President, Mrs. Franklin Babcock Naves.

A Society was formed in Westerly, Rhode Island, August 2, in the famous historic house owned and occupied by Miss Julia E. Smith, one of the Vice Presidents of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

At what period and under what conditions does the "Gaspee" appear in history?"

ORLANDO R. SMITH, JR.,

Westerly, R. I.

How long was the British embargo at Newport, Rhode Island?

OLIVE L. DODGE.

When did the burning of the Gaspee occur?

MARY ADA BAILEY.

What place is called "The Cradle of Liberty?"

KATHARINE DIXON FRANKENSTEIN.

Who was Jonathan Brooks of New London?

MARTHA J. SMITH.

Westerly, Rhode Island.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 2, IN JULY QUESTION BOX.

BETSEY ROSS was a Philadelphia lady and lived in a house on Arch street, which is still standing.

Using a sketch, which was presented her by Gen. Washington as a pattern, she made the flag which was adopted by Congress, June 4, 1777, as the flag of the Nation.

ORLANDO R. SMITH, JR.,

Westerly, R. I.

WE hope the young people will quickly answer the questions given in the last number. Answers are expected also to the questions in this number. The first correct answer that is received, will be given in each instance.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. DORA LANE McNABB.

It is with much sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Dora Lane McNabb, one of the charter members of Camp Middlebrook Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. McNabb was born at Readington, New Jersey, in 1864, and died at her home in Bound Brook, New Jersey, on Friday, June 7, 1895, after a lingering illness. In her short life she was active in all good works, she was a zealous Christian and filled a responsible place in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She was lovely in person and in character, and she has left many friends to mourn her loss and sympathize with her afflicted husband and mother. Mrs. McNabb was a descendant of Rufus Hageman, who served in the War of the Revolution as a private and afterwards became sergeant under Captain Braddock. He was present at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Monmouth, etc.

MRS. JULIA WATERS JOHNSTONE

PASSED from the earthly to her heavenly home early in the morning of April 6, 1895. A truly gifted, earnest Christian has entered into her reward. Life's journey ended, we can but rejoice for her that the goal is reached. Born of pious parents, the daughter of Rev. John and Mrs. Wealthy Doubleday Waters, in Oneida County, New York State, in the year 1822, she was early trained for a life of piety and usefulness, being one of a family of fifteen children, twelve of whom lived to adult age. The mother has been spoken of as a remarkable woman and her daughters testify as to her great ability, tact, and earnest piety, and best of all, her wonderful faith. Her father was one who in connection with Rev. G. W. Gale and

others colonized and settled the now flourishing city of Galesburg, Illinois, and was also one of the founders of Knox College. Two years previous to Mrs. Johnstone's marriage she became a teacher in the Steubenville Female Seminary, presided over for many years by Rev. Dr. Beatty. In July, 1848, she was married to Rev. Merwin E. Johnstone and removed to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where at the end of six happy years she was left a widow, with her only son, to continue life's journey. The last milestone was passed after forty years, and all was peace. Her long line of ancestry, dating back in America to 1621, is full of interest. One of the consignors of the May Flower, Nathaniel Tilden, was her great-granduncle on her mother's side: he came to this country three years later in the ship *Ann*, and with six Kentish gentlemen founded the town of Scituate, Massachusetts. Her great-grandfather was John Tilden, his daughter Lois was her grandmother, Elisha Doubleday, her great-grandfather, of English descent, was married three times and had twenty-five children, sixteen of whom lived to adult age. He died at the age of ninety-three. Her grandfather, Animi Doubleday, was born in 1759 at Lebanon, Connecticut, and enlisted in the Army of the Revolution at the age of sixteen. He spent the night of March 4, 1776, on Dorchester Hill, when it was being fortified, and was also with General Washington during that dreary winter at Valley Forge and continued in service during the war, attaining to the rank of major. He had many and thrilling experiences during the war, and died full of years in Oneida County. Two of his brothers were likewise in the army, one, Captain Seth Doubleday, dying while on a prison ship in New York harbor. General Abner Doubleday, who figured among the heroes of Fort Sumter and at Gettysburg, was her mother's cousin. Mrs. Johnstone's grandfather on her father's side, Hezekiah Waters, served actively also in the Revolutionary Army. With such a line of ancestry it was eminently fitting when a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was formed in St. Paul that Mrs. Johnstone should be chosen as chaplain, which office she ably filled until compelled by failing health to resign. Those who knew her well can never forget the deep interest she always manifested in everything pertaining to the Society.

May her influence, of which her prayers were such sweet incense, be long continued and her memory ever bright.


"And now in the King's own Palace
She sings to her harp of gold,
With the seal of God on her forehead,
In her spirit His peace untold,
Where never a sorrowful step nor cry,
Shall break on the hush of Eternity."

MARY BUCKINGHAM LOVELAND MAKELY,

WIFE of the Rev. Geo. N. Makely, died at Brooklyn, New York, Sunday morning, June 16, 1895. Mrs. Makely was born in Kingston, Pennsylvania, in the historic Valley of Wyoming, and is the first member of the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to enter the heavenly rest. Her character was one of unusual purity and earnestness of purpose, never failing to impress those with whom she came in contact. She was married to Rev. Geo. N. Makely, October 4, 1891, and her devotion to the Cumberland Church of Brooklyn, of which Mr. Makely was pastor, was but the finale of the faithful life chapter of service she gave her home church, for her church was indeed her kingdom.

"Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God."

MARY LOVELL TUBBS.



ERRATA.

Owing to a mistake of the printer the permanent fund for May contains two erroneous statements. It is now reprinted correctly, viz :

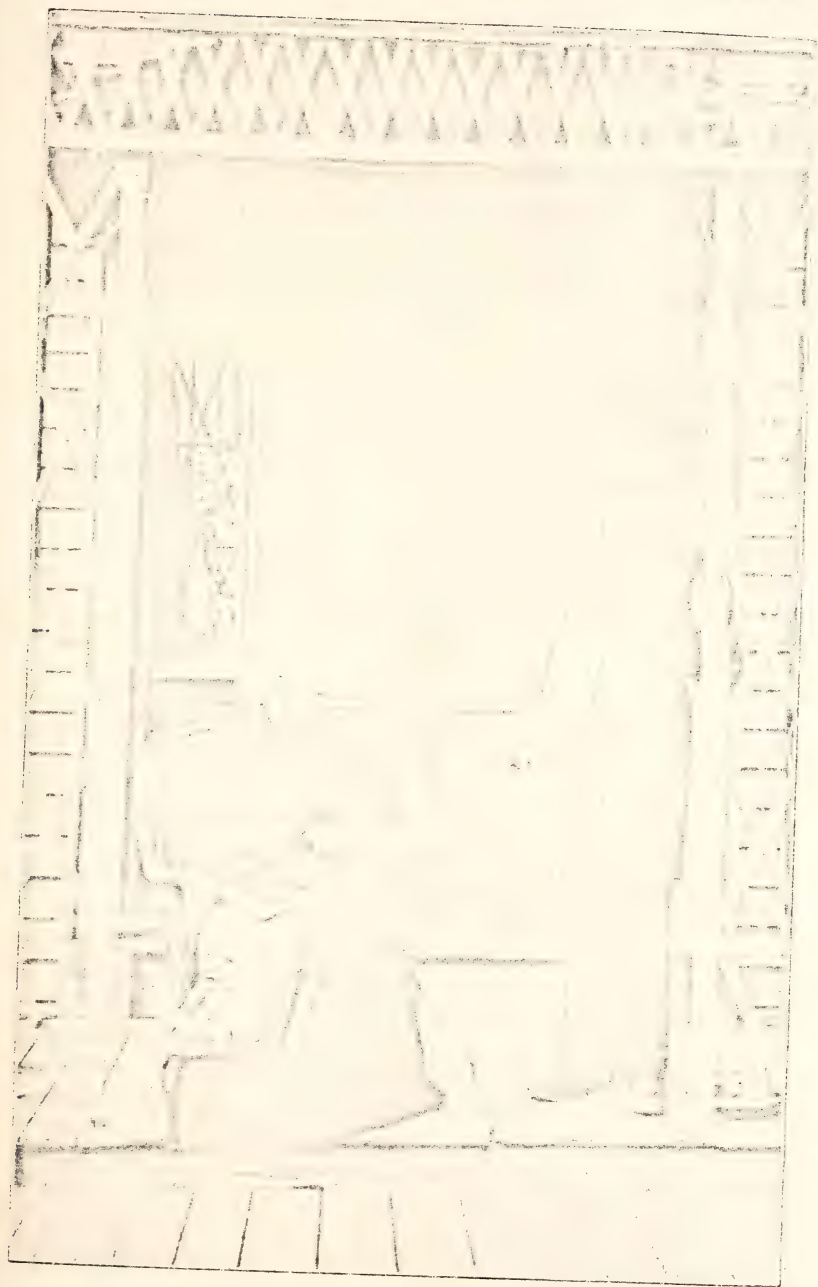
PERMANENT FUND.

May 1, 1895, cash in hand,	\$27 51
Charters,	\$25 00
Life membership fees :	
Mrs. E. D. Gillespie, through Philadelphia Chapter,	\$12 50
Mrs. Alva M. G. Carpenter, through Gaspee Chapter,	12 50
Miss Catherine Rogers, through Paul Revere Chapter,	12 50
Miss Clara Bates Rogers, through Paul Revere Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Clara R. Anthony, through Paul Revere Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. W. W. Shippen, from all the New Jersey Chapters,	12 50
	<hr/> 75 00
Commission on sale of spoons,	13 75
Net profits on rosettes since February 25, 1895,	89 60
Interest on Doherty note,	30 00
Interest on Government bond,	12 50
	<hr/> 245 85
June 1, 1895, cash in hand,	\$273 86

Respectfully submitted,

BELL M. DRAPER,
Treasurer General.

On page 96, line 3, of July Magazine read " Miss S. Alice Brown." instead of " Mrs. Alice S. Brown." And on same page, line 17, substitute " election " for " appointment."



DR. AND MRS. SAMUEL F. SMITH.
"MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."
WRITTEN FEB., 1832.

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII. WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1895. NO. 3.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD AND REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

THE levees of President Washington were select and courtly. None were admitted but those who had either a right by official station or by established merit and character. *Full dress* was required of all. To understand full dress, a description will convey the best idea :

" Plain celestial blue satin gowns with white satin petticoat. About the neck a very large gauze handkerchief with border stripes of saffron. The headdress of gauze, trimmed with a wreath of artificial flowers, hair dressed in curls, four large ones falling on each side of the neck, relieved by a chignon at the back."

London and Paris then, as now, modeled the dress worn by the ladies and gentlemen in society. Dress was discriminate and appropriate, both as regards the season and the wearer. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits. They sat at home or went out in the morning in dimité. Brocades, satins, and silks were reserved for evening and dinners. Muslins were not worn at all. When Mrs. Washington came from Mount Vernon to New York after the inauguration, we are told in journals of the day, that " like her illustrious husband she was clothed in the manufactures of our own country, in which her native goodness and patriotism appeared to the greatest advantage."

Dresses were made of gray India taffeta, and trimmed with blue silk fringe : with this was worn a bodice of yellow with blue stripes. Frills of gauze, à la Henry IV, were worn about lowcut bodices. The gowns were very long-waisted. A bridal dress of August 7, 1780, was " a fawn-colored satin damask without a train, open in front, and over a blue satin damask

petticoat. The elbow sleeves were trimmed with lace. Shoes were pointed at the toe, and the heels were two inches high.

The vest of the bridegroom was made from a piece of the same damask as the bride's petticoat.

Waists the size of an orange and a half were the perfection of figure. Ladies wore large pockets under their gowns.

In the reign of Marie Antoinette (1782) Mrs. Jay, whose husband in connection with Franklin and Adams represented America in Paris in the negotiations which resulted in American Independence, writes :

"At present, the prevailing fashions are very decent and plain. The gowns, worn à l'Anglaise, are exactly like the Italian habits which were in fashion in America when I left it. The Sultana is also à la mode, but it is not expected that it will long remain so. Every lady makes them of slight silk. There is so great a variety of hats, caps, and cuffs, that it is impossible to describe them. I forgot to say, that the robe à l'Anglaise is trimmed with the same as the dress, but, if untrimmed, must be worn with an apron, and is undress."

The domination of French ideas in America after the Revolution found one form of expression in French fashions of dress : and where New England women had formerly followed English models, and English reproductions of French models, they now copied the French fashions direct, to the improvement, I fancy, of their modes. The sudden and vast development of the Oriental trade is plainly marked by changes in the stuffs imported. Nankeens became one of the chief articles of sale. Shawls appeared in shopkeepers' lists.

Immense fans were carried for sunshades, as well as flirting. A fan used before the Revolution, and costing \$8, was of pictured paper with ivory frame. Ladies of these times were of decidedly better figures as to fullness of their chests and uprightness of their backs and shoulders. Round-shouldered women were not to be seen.

In the journal of *Mary Frampton* (1780) it is said that—

"At that time everybody wore powder and pomatum, a large triangular thing called a cushion, to which the hair was frizzed up, with three or four enormous curls on each side: the higher the pyramid of hair, gauze feathers, and other ornaments was carried, the more fashionable it was thought, and such was the labor employed to rear the fabric that night-caps were made in proportion to it, and covered over the hair, immensely long pins—powder, pomatum, and all, ready for the next day."

"At one of her ladyship's drawing-rooms, owing to the extreme lowness of the ceiling, the ostrich feathers in the headdress of a most distinguished belle in New York City (Miss Mary McEvers) took fire from the chandelier." They were extinguished by one of the gallant gentlemen clapping them between his hands.

A Revolutionary soldier writes as follows on the subject of the fashion of high headdresses :

"Ladies, you had better leave off your high rolls,
Lest by extravagance you lose your poor souls—
Then haul out the wool and likewise the tow,
'Twill clothe our whole army, we very well know."

A New England clergyman wrote thus of the headdress of Mrs. General Knox, in 1787 :

"Her hair in front is craped up at least a foot high, much in the form of a churn, bottom upward, and topped off with a wire skeleton in the same form, covered with black gauze which hangs in streamers down her back. Her hair behind is in a large braid turned up and confined with a monstrous large crooked comb. She reminded me of the monstrous cap worn by the Marquis of Lafayette's valet, and commonly called on this account, the Marquis's devil."

Shoes were of celestial blue, with rose-colored rosettes. Of shoes for a New York belle in 1783, one pair were dark maroon embroidered with gold, others were white with pink.

The muskmelon bonnet used during the Revolution had numerous whalebone stiffeners in the crown, presenting ridges to the eye between the bones. A "calash bonnet" was always made of green silk. When indoors it could fall back in folds, like the springs of a calash or gigtop. To keep it over the head it was drawn up by a cord always held in the hands of the wearer. The only straw wear in use was that called the "straw beehive bonnet," generally worn by old people. All women wore caps; bare heads were never seen. Stiff stays and hoops from six inches to two feet on each side were the rule. In June for a headdress, a hat of white muslin, turned up in front and ornamented with white ostrich feathers was the mode. Also a cap of pink *crépe* and white lace, a bunch of flowers in front, and one ostrich feather. Some ladies wore bonnets, a l'Espagnole, of white satin trimmed with a band of the same, a plume, and two cockades.

Very little jewelry was in use. Cased watches of turtle shell and "pinchbeck" were the earliest seen. Watches were so

rate that clockmakers were quite annoyed by people on the streets asking the time of day, and sun dials were accordingly put up on the walls of stores and houses. The best gentlemen of the country were content with silver watches.

Necklaces of gold beads about the size of a pea were in general use as appropriate neck ornaments for ladies.

For gentlemen were provided, according to the fashion of the times, long blue riding coats with steel buttons, scarlet vests or waistcoats, and yellow knee-breeches, and low shoes with gaiters of polished leather. For evening, gaiters were omitted and low shoes substituted—the legs (more or less genuine as to shape) were incased in silk stockings. At the end of the century hair was no longer powdered or worn long tied in a queue at the back, excepting by elderly gentlemen, and for the close fitting knee-breeches and stockings loose pantaloons reaching to the shoe were substituted.

It is said that "by 1770 the corps stood arrayed in gold-laced hats, blue coats, buff underclothes, and silk stockings with white linen spatterdashes. Chapeau-bras and cockade with black plume took the place of the old cocked hat in 1810, with red facings of the coat instead of buff."

In the early part of the Revolution the very boys wore wigs, and their dress was similar to that of the men. The use of wigs was not abandoned until after the return of Braddock's army. The King of England too, about that time, cast off his wig. The hair was powdered and braided, with curls at the sides.

No kind of cotton fabrics were then in use or known. "Coats of red cloth were considerably worn, and plush vests and breeches. It was then the test of a well-formed man that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above his hips and his stockings without gartering above the calf of the leg." The aforesaid calf, according to another writer: "being of more or less genuineness." Gentlemen used to carry muffettes in winter. They were little woolen muffs of various colors, just big enough to admit both hands up to the wrists, which were more exposed than now, for they wore short sleeves to their coats purposely to display their fine linen and plaited shirt sleeves, with their gold buttons and sometimes laced ruffles.

A tailor's advertisement in the *New York Gazetteer*, May 13, 1773, says:

"A general assortment of scarlet, buff, green, crimson, white, sky-blue and other colored superfine cloths. Superfine Genoa velvets, striped velverets for breeches of all colors. A neat assortment of gold and silver lace: gold and silver spangled buttons; gold buttons with loops and bands; silver-ground gold brocade for hats."

It was considered very foppish and undignified to wear a beard.

Washington, at presidential receptions, wore his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag. His coat and breeches were of plain black velvet: with them he wore a white or pearl colored vest, and yellow gloves, cocked hat in hand, silver knee and shoe buckles, and long sword. After Braddock's defeat, he, having noticed the gay dress of the young English officer, sent to London for horse furniture with livery lace, a gold-laced hat, and two complete livery suits and two silver-laced hats for servants.

The patriot John Hancock, in 1792, wore "a red velvet cap, blue damask gown lined with velvet, a white stock, and white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin smallclothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers." A New England publisher going about his daily business is said to have worn "a pea-green coat, white vest, nankeen smallclothes, white stockings, and pumps fastened with silver buckles. His smallclothes were tied at the knees with riband of the same color, in double bows, the ends reaching down to the ankles. His hair was well loaded with pomatum, frizzled or créped, and powdered. Behind, his natural hair was augmented by the addition of a large queue, called, vulgarly, the false tail, which, enrolled in some yards of riband, hung halfway down his back."

Gentlemen promenaded the sidewalks in black velvet smallclothes and white embroidered satin vests, ruffled shirts, and velvet or cloth coats of any color in the rainbow. Shoes were fastened with glittering buckles, and heads crowned with powdered wigs and cocked hats. The men wore their hair tied up with ribbon in a large bunch in a form called queue, and the collars of their coats were sometimes of a different hue from

the coat. The Supreme Judges in winter wore robes of scarlet faced with black velvet, and in the summer black silk gowns. Gentlemen wore white wigs and walked with most majestic dignity. When a child I remember sitting primly beside my grandfather (for the grandfather of olden time did not allow himself to be ridden as a hobbyhorse), and he told me stories of his life in Virginia. When a young man he wore a ruffled shirt, knee breeches and silver buckles, hair tied with a ribbon, silk stockings, and low shoes, and "never, child, did a gentleman cross one leg over the other."

The interchange of dinners and suppers was frequent. For dinners the most fashionable hour was three o'clock. After supper the customary evening amusement was card playing.

At Mrs. Washington's levees the visitors were seated. Then tea and coffee were handed with plain plum cake. Afterwards Mrs. Washington would rise and say very smilingly, "The General retires at nine and I usually precede him."

Assemblies were held for dancing, but were conducted with such severe attention to propriety that nothing but the unanimous consent of the gentlemen subscribers would authorize admission. The only dances were the minuet and contradance.

I give a form of invitation, which at this time even, seems to be appropriate :

"DANCING ASSEMBLY.

ALBANY, 1791.

"The Honor of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's company is requested for the season.

"Stev. Van Rensselaer,	}	Managers.	{	Dudley Walsh,
"James Faville,				G. W. Mancius,
"Landers Lansing,				John V. Henry."

At a wedding in New England where there were ninety-two guests ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contradances, forty-five minuets, and seventeen hornpipes were danced. Here tripe suppers and turtle frolics were in vogue.

Visiting and invitation cards of all kinds were written or printed on ordinary playing cards, as no blank cards were imported. An example of these invitations reads as follows :

"The gentlemen of the army present their compliments to Mrs. Jeckell and beg the favor of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. "SATURDAY, September 20, 1755."

An account of a ball given by the French ambassador, Marquis de Moustien, May 14, 1789, in honor of the inauguration of Washington, is in these words :

"After the President came in a company of eight couples formed in the other room and entered, two by two, and begun a most curious dance called *En Ballet*. Four of the gentlemen were dressed in French regimentals and four in American uniforms ; four of the ladies with blue ribbons round their heads and American flowers and four with red roses and flowers of France, thus showing the happy union between the two nations. Three rooms were fitted and the fourth was most elegantly set off for refreshment. A long table crossed the room from wall to wall. The whole wall inside was covered with shelves filled with cakes, oranges, apples, wines of all sorts, ice creams, etc., and highly lighted up. A number of servants from behind the table supplied the guests with everything they wanted from time to time as they came to refresh themselves, which they did as often as a party had done dancing and made way for another."

Precisely the same style of a table and serving I saw at a court ball in Europe in 1873.

There is but little difference in the customs, habits, and manners of the people of the United States between the administrations of Washington and Madison. Everything was running in formative channels. The rigidity of fashions was but little relaxed. The grooves were becoming wider, but the ridges were not broken down. No standard had been established. The partialities resulting from sectional location and narrow experience still prevailed, although possibly in a modified degree in special cases. Tastes were growing with wider associations, and becoming harmonized as well, but it required more than a generation to produce homogeneity.

James Madison, a graduate of Princeton and one of the best scholars of his day, lived in the aristocratic baronial style of his time. Chancing to meet the beautiful, young, and bewitching widow, Mrs. Dorothy Todd, afterwards familiarly known as "Dolly," the sedate and dignified man lost his heart and wooed the lovely Quakeress most successfully, and they were married in 1794. It is said that Dolly Madison was not an educated woman, but a good talker, possessed of a wonderful memory, and never forgot a face or name. She was severely criticised, even in that day, for her inaccurate use of

the English language, but made up for that by her vivacity and affability. The first time James Madison ever saw her "she was dressed in a mulberry colored satin with a silk tulle kerchief over her neck, and on her head an exquisite dainty little cap, from which an occasional uncropped curl escaped." When she became mistress of the White House she abandoned the simple Quaker cap for a most becoming turban, which she always wore during the rest of her life. Mrs. Madison, at the Inaugural Ball, wore buff-colored velvet with pearl ornaments and a Paris turban with a bird of paradise plume. She took snuff from a snuffbox of lava and platina, and usually wore a large, brilliant green shawl about the house. A saying of Mrs. Dolly Madison's was, "I would never forgive a woman who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress." To a young relative she wrote, "Our sex are ever losers when they stem the torrent of public opinion." Dolly Madison is to-day but a memory to us; but this advice to her relative is as appropriate now as then.

This paper is, perhaps, already too long, and may have exhausted your patience. The elements of it lie in the history of living in the years to which it relates. The subject would justify a history of the period almost as extended as the novels of Sir Walter Scott. A few items only have been brought together for present purposes. Whether it were better to have lived and died in that period of womanly subordination, or to have lived and died in this age of feminine aggressiveness, is a question which must be left for each woman to answer for herself. In no case can the boundaries which Providence has fixed be safely disregarded. I have not attempted to execute the task assigned me as novelist or historian. The gleanings have been from many sources of information, from a time and a people so unlike those which surround me, that like the dame of ancient lore I have felt inclined to exclaim, Is it I? Is it I?

In conclusion, I venture to quote Macaulay, who says:

"To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man, or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an

allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belongs to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist."

ELLEN R. JEWETT.

[CONCLUDED.]

"THAT SCRAP OF RIBBON."

LITTLE did I dream that the national colors of the United States of America, "the red, white, and blue," would so soon be taken on my voyage eastward for the colors of three other nations! On Monday morning, June 17, the steamer, in N. Lat. $41^{\circ} 36'$, W. Long. $46^{\circ} 34'$, was tossing on high seas, for during the previous night we had crossed the "Labrador current," leaving the warmer current of the Gulf Stream, in whose balmy waters we had sailed for five days amid such radiant sunshine and clear skies that the following lines had become a happy reality, viz:

"Oh! happy ship, to sail and dip, with the blue crystal at your lip!

Oh! happy crew, my heart anew sails and sails, and sings with you."

Before I left my stateroom on the morning of the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, where at last the Americans reserved fire, according to General Putnam's order, "until they could see the whites of the eyes of the enemy," I pinned a scrap of the official ribbon of the Daughters of the American Revolution just below the informal badge of our Society, and with patriotic zeal all aglow I appeared on deck, proud of my American birthright. The ship was tossing like a cork, the air keen as if it were indeed the very breath of the icebergs, but being among the happy few who had escaped "Mal de mer," I promenaded the deck, on patriotic memories intent, as I watched the waves dash high and inhaled the tonic of the sea.

Meeting the genial captain I proudly presented him a duplicate piece of the ribbon, which I had, "with malice aforethought," brought on deck for him, saying it represented the fair Republic from whose shores we had just sailed. Alas! the wildest imagination fails to portray the change that came

over the spirit of my dream! for the captain's countenance instantly became as dark and as icy as the Labrador current itself, for he, with emotion, almost akin to resentment, replied, "Mrs. Foot, you presenting the *French* flag to a German." So intense were his feelings that my heart almost ceased to beat, as he held high (with the stripes perpendicular) in his trembling fingers this innocent and tiny scrap of ribbon. I assured him again that these tiny colors, so combined, represented our Republic; that I intended no affront, having paid him the highest possible compliment. I continued, this ribbon represents—not our flag—but our national *colors*, the flag embracing these colors and the stars besides. The captain saw my earnestness and the sincerity of my motive, as he courteously thanked me for the compliment, but he *returned* the luckless "scrap of ribbon," saying, "Madam, you are wearing the flags of *three* nations—the French, the Dutch (or Holland), and the Russian flag. So all foreigners will interpret that ribbon," he added, and bowed himself from my presence.

The French flag has the same colors arranged vertically: the Dutch flag in *red*, white, and blue stripes, horizontally arranged, the counterpart of the ribbon: and the Russian flag, also of horizontal stripes, *white*, blue, and red, all confuse each other. Even the *German* flag, black, white, and red, in horizontal stripes, at a distance might confuse also.

As I thus mused, continuing my promenade, I found I had learned to-night a lesson upon "protection," and it came to me like an inspiration that the silvery stars of our national emblem should twinkle at near intervals along the blue field of the official ribbon of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to distinguish our own colors forevermore, and despite the swaying of the ship and the confusion incident to a sea voyage, I hasten to write this episode to bring the subject before the Society through the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Moreover, I beg to suggest to the National Board of Management that it secure the copyright (so to speak) of the official ribbon by ordering that "the stars shall appear along the clear field at near intervals." I am impressed that this is of importance.

I need not add that I have buried deep in my telescope bag that identical scrap of ribbon, already labeled, "Bunker Hill—Atlantic Ocean. Captain Strenken, steamer Weimar. N. Lat. $41^{\circ} 36'$, W. Long $46^{\circ} 34'$." Upon my return I shall present it to the "Revolutionary Relics Committee," for it is dated *June 17, 1775*.

The duplicate scrap, intended for the chief engineer, reposes by its side, and not until I step on "terra firma" will I dare reveal to Mr. Bischoff his narrow escape from being presented "the flag of three nations" also. So much for my celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill in foreign waters!

MARY SAWYER FOOT.

Distance—2,624 miles.

N. Lat. $48^{\circ} 56'$, W. Long. $19^{\circ} 22'$.

Atlantic Ocean, *June 20, 1895*.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

ON the 14th of June, 1777, a new constellation appeared in the political firmament of the world's nations. It was composed of thirteen stars of the first magnitude. The sun could not rival their brilliancy, nor could the moon pale their light. They shone above the cradle of liberty, and wise men from afar hailed them as the hope of humanity. Grouped upon the blue field of a virgin banner, in a circle representing eternity, they said to men, "Let our union be perpetual." Joined with thirteen stripes, alternate white and red, the white signifying purity, the red resistance to injustice and oppression, they formed the national flag of the United States of America, adopted by their Congress June 14, 1777: the visible expression of the spiritual grace of patriotism, for man loves to give a tangible form to sentiment. He personifies virtue, and embodies in symbol and emblem the deeper emotions of his nature. He portrays human love as a baby god with bow and quiver, and love divine as a heart consumed by flame. Justice must have her scales and sword, peace her olive branch, and patriotism her banner, at once her emblem, her inspiration, and her evidence. At the beginning of the struggle for American freedom there was no distinctive national flag. The

patriots still claimed to be British subjects and fought under the British flag, not for independence, but for the rights and immunities granted them by charter. Several other standards appeared in the American ranks at Bunker Hill. One bore the legend, "Come, if you dare!" One a rattlesnake with the warning, "Don't tread on me!" General Putnam's showed the arms of the State of Connecticut, and the words "An appeal to Heaven." The news of the battle of Bunker Hill was received in Philadelphia on the 22d of June, the day before General Washington left that city to place himself at the head of the American Army in Massachusetts: he was escorted thither by the first troop of Philadelphia Cavalry, whose flag, presented them by Captain Markoe, bore thirteen stripes, the earliest instance upon record of their use upon an American ensign. It was many years later placed in the armory in Philadelphia, where it is still preserved. When at Cambridge Washington used a flag, perhaps suggested by this one, having the thirteen stripes, and bearing the cross from the banner of England. The American Army carried this flag when they retreated through New Jersey before a victorious enemy, and in their midnight passage through the floating ice of the Delaware River on the night before Christmas, and it graced their triumph the next day at Princeton.

Our flag, adopted officially one hundred and eighteen years ago, first waved above the colors of Great Britain after the battle of Oriskany, when Fort Stanwix was under siege by a combined force of British and Indians. The garrison made a sudden sally, drove their assailants before them in hurried flight, and captured five British flags. An American flag had been hastily improvised, the officers giving up their white shirts to furnish the white stripes, and enough remnants of red flannel having been found to piece out the red ones. A blue military cloak was sacrificed to form the blue field, and the remaining bits of white cotton were cut into stars. Thus complete in detail, though crudely constructed, the American flag was displayed, with the captured banners beneath the Stripes and Stars! Our flag gained its first battle on the glorious field of Saratoga. It cheered the saddened spirits of the patriots through the gloomy winter of Valley Forge. It hailed

the announcement of the alliance with France, which revived the hope of ultimate success. It saw the evacuation of New York by the British, and took the place of their ensign upon the flagstaff which they had used. It was the recognized standard in the glorious southern campaign, and after the victory of Yorktown, Virginia, was for the first time saluted by a British man of war as the fleet of our conquered enemy sailed out of Yorktown harbor! Paul Jones first displayed it upon an American warship, and later conquered the *Serapis*, a British vessel, and placed the United States flag above that of Great Britain, no longer the supreme ruler of the ocean. This flag is in the possession of Mrs. Stafford, a lady of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, having descended to her from Lieutenant Stafford, of the American Navy, to whom it was presented by Congress in recognition of his having rescued it during the naval battle. The fortress of Derne, in Tripoli, was the first one in Europe to be reduced by American valor, and the first to bear upon its walls the American flag, placed there by Commodore Decatur. "We cannot claim great antiquity for our flag, and yet it is older than the present flag of Spain, or Germany, or China, or Japan, or the tricolor of France, and twenty years older than the one now used by Great Britain." During the century that has elapsed since "victory," in the words of Holmes, "twined double wreaths around the banners of France and America" at Yorktown, our flag has had its vicissitudes! It has known defeat and victory. It has been regarded with enthusiasm and with indifference. It has been immortalized in glowing words by Francis Scott Key, and sung by Rodman Drake in his glorious *Ode to Liberty*, and it has been degraded into a trademark, and trodden under foot as a carpet in the obtuseness of ignorance, and the decadence of patriotism. But that this grace has been at length revived in the American heart, and that reverence and love for our flag and all that it represents has been reawakened, is strikingly shown by the present attitude of the Nation toward it. A decade of years ago, what did we, as a people, know of the origin of our flag—of the circumstances of its birth and adoption? To-day, as we celebrate this anniversary, we are familiar with its history, and love to tell how it was made under

the personal direction of General Washington by Mrs. Betsey Ross, of Philadelphia, and how, immortalized by this work for her country, the heroine lives in the hearts of her countrymen. Her home, at 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, has become a shrine, her former seat in old Christ Church in that city is permanently marked by an American flag, and annually, upon Decoration Day, loving hearts and hands place the national banner, massed in fragrant flowers, upon her grave in Christ Church burying ground. Only a short time since Americans read upon their country's flag floating freely to the winds of heaven the sensational advertisement of the latest novelty in trade or the advent of the traveling circus, and felt no shame. Now public sentiment revolts at the desecration and presents to Congress a bill forbidding the use of the national flag as an advertising medium.

Until very recently there were few of our schoolhouses that had a flagstaff, now nearly every school has one, and a flag upon it, and the youth of the district as they go back and forth beneath it are taught to salute it with uncovered head and reverent affection. They are told the story of the flag as you have heard it to-day; they hear how Sergeant Jasper died to save the flag from the desecrating hands of the enemy at the defense of Savannah: and how Lieutenant Stafford sprang from his ship into the sea, when a ball had severed the flagstaff, and amid shot and shell bore the rescued banner up the vessel's side and defiantly nailed it to the masthead. Under the influence of the graphic recital the boy feels that he would do the same had he the opportunity! The impression is not allowed to fade; he is taught the words of our national anthem, and, familiar to his love in childhood, they impress his manhood with fidelity to "the Star Spangled Banner." He is shown it at every turn in places of honor and prominence, and the effect is for all time, for youth is "wax to receive, and marble to retain" the impressions made upon it! At the recent dedication of the Washington Arch an American flag of large dimensions had been attached to balloons, and sent floating heavenward. Midway in its course it paused, caught by some unforeseen air current, and remained fixed above the heads of the spectators. The incident might have seemed a

trivial one had it not been for its effect upon those who beheld it: for as the setting sun outlined in brilliant colors the familiar Stripes and Stars deep emotion stirred the hearts of the crowd beneath it: heads were bared, and cheer upon cheer rang out. It seemed the apotheosis of the Nation's banner: as if like the heroes of the older world it had been translated to the heavens to be worshipped forever as divine! The press throughout the land recorded the occurrence. The style of the graver depicted the eager upturned faces, and the glorified banner: the subject was treated as a matter of national interest and national import.

Our flag represents our country—and we should love it. Our hearts should thrill with earnest affection as we look upon it. Praise of it from poet's pen or patriot's tongue should be garnered in our memories to come again and again from our lips, as would the praises of our best and dearest! It should be in every home, a sacred possession among our household treasures, and precious in our eyes! The flag represents our Government, and we should honor it. In every secret thought, in every spoken word, by every outward act, we should do it reverence. It should be put to no base uses for personal profit. It should take no second place when displayed together with the former flags of our adopted citizens. At home and abroad, on every sea and shore, it should be maintained as the palladium of American freedom! I have seen in royal galleries the marbles and the canvases on which art has immortalized the apostles of liberty! I have stood in the chapel devoted to the memory of William Tell, upon the shore of beautiful Lake Lucerne, where every wandering wave and every glorious mountain peak has its legend of the Swiss patriot! I have lingered in the dungeon of the castle of Chillon, where the heroic Bonnivard, chained to his prison pillar, spent years of anguished activity! I have gazed upon the statues of political martyrs in the market place of Brussels! But more beautiful to me than the triumphs of the sculptor or the painter, more soul-inspiring than the memories of Tell, and Egmont, and Bonnivard, the fairest promise granted by heaven to the hopes and aspirations of man is the flag of my country, as it "proclaims liberty to all the earth!"

ANNIE W. L. KERFOOT.

THE STORY OF PETER FRANCISCO.

GEORGIA STOCKTON HATCHER, of Lafayette, Indiana, asked a question in the February Magazine concerning an old picture of Peter Francisco's gallant action with nine of Tarleton's cavalry in sight of four hundred British. The circumstances are as follows :

Peter Francisco was a soldier of the Revolution and celebrated for his personal strength. He was a Portuguese by birth. He was kidnaped when an infant and carried to Ireland. He had no recollection of his parents. Hearing much of America and being of an adventurous turn he indentured himself to a sea captain for seven years to pay for his passage. On his arrival he was sold to Anthony Winston, of Buckingham County, Virginia, and he labored faithfully until the breaking out of the Revolution. He was then at the age of sixteen. Being of a patriotic and enthusiastic nature he begged and obtained permission of his owner to enlist in the Continental Army. At the storming of Stony Point he was the second man who entered the fortress, and received a bayonet wound in his thigh. He was at Brandywine, Monmouth, and other battles of the north. He was sent south under General Greene and was very active at the battles of Cowpens, Camden, and Guilford Court House. He was very brave and possessed such confidence in his prowess as to be almost fearless. The blade of his sword was five feet in length and he wielded it like a feather, and every swordsman who came in contact with his paid the forfeit of his life. His stature was six feet and an inch and his weight was two hundred and sixty pounds; his complexion was dark and swarthy; features bold and manly; hands and feet very large. He was so strong that he could easily shoulder a cannon weighing eleven hundred pounds. One gentlemen in the same county declared that he weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds and that Francisco could take him in his right hand and pass him over and around the room and bump his head against the ceiling as though he had been a doll-baby.

While the British were spreading havoc and desolation all

around them by their plunderings and burnings in Virginia in 1781; Francisco had been reconnoitering, and while stopping at Mr. V———'s house, in Amelia County, nine of Tarleton's cavalry came up with three negroes and told him he was their prisoner. Seeing that he was overpowered he made no resistance. Believing him to be very peaceful, they went into the house and left him outside with the paymaster. The paymaster said to Francisco, "Give up instantly all that you possess of value, or prepare to die." "I have nothing to give up," said Francisco; "so use your pleasure." "Deliver instantly," said the soldier, "those massive silver buckles you wear on your shoes." "They were a present from a valued friend," replied Francisco, "and it would grieve me to part with them. Give them into your hands I never will; you have the power to take them if you see fit." The soldier put his saber under his arm and bent down to take them. Francisco finding so favorable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew his sword with force from under his arm, and instantly gave him a blow across his skull. "My enemy," said Francisco, "was brave, though severely wounded, drew his pistol and in the same moment that he drew the trigger I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Mr. Ben. V———, the man of the house, brought out a musket and gave it to one of the British soldiers and told him to make use of it. The British soldier mounted the only horse they could get and presented it at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun, a short struggle ensued, I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troops of four hundred were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which was increased by my halloing, 'Come on, my brave boys, now's your time; we will dispatch these few and then attack the main body.' The wounded man flew to the troops, the others were panic struck and fled. I seized V——— and would have dispatched him but the poor wretch begged for his life. He was not only an object of my contempt but pity. The eight horses that were left behind I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten men in pursuit of me, I made off. I evaded their vigilance. They

stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled and fell on their rear. I went next day to V——— for my horses; he demanded two for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous and surrounded by enemies where I ought to have found friends, I went off with six horses. I intended to have avenged myself of V——— at some future day but Providence ordered that I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses." Many other interesting incidents are told of his strength and bravery. He died in 1836, in Richmond, and was buried with military honors in the public burying ground. Dust from his grave has been sent to San Francisco to the "Liberty Tree Planting."

MILDRED S. MATHES.

REMINISCENCES OF CAPTAIN JONATHAN CAULKINS.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN CAULKINS was born in East Lyme, Connecticut, 1736, and died in Waterford, Connecticut, September 21, 1787. He was the son of Thomas Caulkins, and the grandson of David Caulkins, and the great-grandson of Hugh Caulkins, who came to this country from Monmouthshire on the borders of Wales, and settled in New London in the year 1650. Hugh Caulkins appears to have been a man of strong personality, for soon after he came to New London he was appointed to offices of trust, filling them with honor to himself and satisfaction to his neighbors.

Three places in the town of New London were fortified, the mill, the meetinghouse, and the house of Hugh Caulkins. He was given a grant of land by the town, which has always remained in a direct line to the sixth generation, the father of the writer. He did not die till he reached ninety, in 1690. He is believed to be progenitor of all in the land bearing the name. Lieutenant Jonathan Caulkins, son of David Caulkins and grandson of Hugh Caulkins, served in the frontier war against the French. Captain Jonathan Caulkins, son of Thomas Caulkins and great-grandson of Hugh Caulkins, served in the War of the Revolution under Colonel Ely, of Rhode Island, and General Benedict Arnold.

He was resolute, brave, and independent in thought and action. He was captain in Colonel Ely's regiment of State troops raised in 1776. With these voluntarily enlisted patriots he was stationed at Providence in the winter of 1776-77, and returned in May to New London, where he disbanded his company on the parade, but the following July took service with the army, participating in the struggles and conflicts so gloriously terminated by the capture of Burgoyne. His company consisted, at the time of Burgoyne's surrender, of one hundred sturdy men, the flower of New London's yeomanry. While engaged in the northern army under General Arnold, he was ordered to intercept a party of British stragglers reported to be at a certain place. After starting, he was informed by a scout that the party of which he was in pursuit was at another spot, to reach which he must take another than the route planned by the general. Aware that disobedience was court-martial and perhaps death, he, nevertheless, altered his course, pursued the band, captured them and brought all into camp. When he made his report to Arnold, the latter was so exasperated with him for his disobedience of orders that he struck him with his sword. Captain Caulkins restrained his anger and retired, expecting to be under arrest the next morning. Instead, General Arnold came to his tent and made him an apology.

Captain Caulkins was wounded in the knee at the battle of Ticonderoga. Subsequently his leg was amputated and he died from the effects thereof. The writer remembers when a child hearing her grandfather, who was the eldest son of Captain Caulkins, relate this instance and add that it was not from any disrespect to his general, for whom he had a great love and reverence, that he disobeyed orders, but for love of his country. When Benedict Arnold became a traitor, it almost broke his heart. In after years when she read to her father an account of a grandson or son of Benedict Arnold having won distinction in the British Army, he exclaimed: "How my father would have liked to hear this," for he knew that the son of the Revolutionary hero, as well as the hero himself, loved the the American general, but abhorred the traitor.

Captain Caulkins believed some of his prominent neighbors favored the British, furnishing them with meat and grain. One night, while walking alone by the river, he heard muffled oars. He laid himself flat and looked over the promontory he was on, and saw a barge coming down the river. He followed it quite a distance till, coming to the "flats," he hailed them: they made no reply, and he fired, wounding one man in the knee, and then shouted orders to his imaginary men: "Come on, boys!"

The British, supposing he had a company in ambush, ran their barge into a sandbar, took their wounded comrade, and made for the shore. He then boarded the barge and all alone took it to Fort Trumbull. It was loaded with grain, and the bags were all marked with the initials of his Tory neighbors.

At another time, the wife of one of these same neighbors knew that her husband and his friends had planned to load a barge that night with meat that had been killed and dressed very quietly that day. She being a loyal woman had a few words privately with her slave, "Nigger Joe," and when her husband was present gave him orders to go down into "wigwams" and get her some bark to make a dye, knowing that he would be obliged to pass Captain Caulkins if he went the nearest way, and threatening the poor fellow almost with decapitation "if he let the grass grow under his feet." Her husband could ill spare Joe that afternoon, and there was much grumbling, but, womanlike, she carried her point, and the result was that while the British were going back from the barge where they had carried the carcasses, Captain Caulkins took possession of the barge and beef and took it to Fort Trumbull, where the Federal officers were in great want of meat, and as soon as they had left the barn the first time, the good woman, with the aid of Joe, took all that was left and carried it to families where the husbands and fathers were in the Federal Army, and when her husband came home near midnight he found his wife and Joe innocently engaged in boiling bark for a dye!

The writer of this has in her possession the remains of the coat and twenty-two buttons worn by Captain Caulkins when he was struck by General Arnold. The buttons are the size

of a five-cent piece, with a spread eagle standing on one foot with a shield clutched in the other, and seven stars above and six below him.

One of the descendants of Jonathan Caulkins was the historian Frances Manwaring Caulkins, who was his granddaughter.

HARRIET CAULKINS HILLS.

CELEBRATION OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE AT PLUCKEMIN, NEW JERSEY, FEBRUARY 18, 1778.

THE encampment at Pluckemin, New Jersey, was in gala array February 18, 1778, in order to celebrate the anniversary of the alliance with France of the United States, it having been postponed to that date owing to the absence of the commander-in-chief.

The huts were situated on a slight elevation at a short distance from the wood and looked quite picturesque. A range of field pieces, mortars, howitzers, and heavy cannon formed the front line of the parallelogram, and on the other side were the quarters of officers and privates.

They had an academy where lectures on tactics and gunnery were held. No aid from the countrymen was required in the construction of this village, so the farmers were left undisturbed.

Pluckemin was in gala array, and for a while the commander-in-chief and his officers relaxed from their usual gravity, setting aside the cares of war to indulge in some recreation by giving an entertainment which was graced by the presence of Lady Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and several other ladies. Mr. Laurens, the late President of Congress, was also there.

After a display of fireworks by General Knox and the officers of artillery the guests repaired to the academy to dinner. The hall was decorated with bunting and "the Stars and Stripes," and appeared gay and festive, while a military band enlivened the scene with patriotic airs. Although the banquet could not compete with any of the present date, as it lacked all the little accessories such as grace a table nowadays, yet the dishes were well seasoned and the homely repast was enlivened by a flow

of wit. The toasts were fitted to the occasion and our brave allies, the French, were the most frequently toasted.

It may interest our readers to learn a few details of this entertainment, which we have taken from Frank Moore's "Diary of the Revolution."

An exhibition of fireworks during the evening consisted of a frontispiece of a temple, one foot in length, divided in thirteen arches, each arch adorned with an illuminated picture, allegoric of the progress of the Republic and the policy of the French alliance: the center arch was ornamented with a pediment and was proportionally larger than the others; the whole was sustained by a colonnade of the Corinthian order.

After the pyrotechnic display the company returned to the academy, and meanwhile the room had been cleared for a dance, while there was sufficient space for thirty couples.

The lights were of native manufacture, as well as the benches and seats. But the rusticity of their surroundings did not affect their gayety.

The ball was opened by the commander-in-chief with a stately minuet, so fitted to bring out the grace and dignity of colonial dames. We read a quaint account of this festivity, written by a contemporary, which is a fair sample of the usual high flown style of speech in vogue in those days. Among the American beauties who graced the occasion was a sprightly girl, whose remarks caused great merriment among her admirers, and being asked whether the roaring of the British lion did not interrupt the spirit of the dance, she retorted: "Not at all, for I have heard that such beasts always roar the louder when most frightened. And do you not think," she added, "you, who know more than young girls about such matters, that the British lion has real cause of apprehension from the large armaments of the Spaniards."

"No," replied one of her admirers, "you evidently think that the King of Spain acts in politics as the ladies do in love affairs—smile in a man's face, while they spread the net with which to entangle them for life."

"At what season do men lose the power of paying such compliments?" she retorted.

The above affords an insight into the current style of repartee

in those days, and the contemporary closes as follows, saying to the fair American, " If I have looked on the whole sex with an equal eye of observance, I here confess the atrocious philosophy, and were it not so late, I should wish to lead down the remainder of the dance with so sweetly vivacious a partner. But, alas, my dear friend, you will soon find that sixty is better security against the hot spur of passions of man than those beautiful ice circles that Shakespeare tells us are curled of purest snow and hung up on Diana's temple for the benefit, we may suppose, of her chaste attendants."



WHAT WE ARE DOING.

FLAG DAY.

[Read before the John Marshall Chapter.]

TO-DAY is Flag Day, and all over this broad land from Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico people will find time to pause in the busy struggle of life and notice the national emblem. Ours is the largest country on the surface of the globe over which a common flag floats. Let us thank God to-day that no sectional strife has been able to blot out a single star, and let us pray to Him that so long as time shall last no other flag than the one we to-day hail shall float over this great nation. The word flag is of Teutonic origin and signifies to fly—so that a flag is a flying signal or a standard. The use of such a signal with symbolic emblems upon it dates from remotest antiquity, and the slabs of Ninevah as well as the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian and Assyrian nations are filled with flags bearing strange emblems and figures of birds and animals held sacred by those people. Throughout all time the eagle seems to have been the favorite emblem. The Persians affixed it to their lances and the North American Indians fledged their banner poles with its wings. They seemed to have been actuated by the same spirit which inspired the poet Drake to write:

“Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.”

The Psalmist gives to it the idea of power and strength when he says, “Terrible as an army with banners.”

In the mediæval ages and during feudal reigns of lords and barons the flag was hung upon the outer walls of the castle while the chosen pennants floated from the turrets. There is

not a square rod of ground in merry old England which has not been drenched with the blood of men who have fought and died for their flag.

The children of America should be taught the history of their country's emblem. The following was clipped from one of our city papers:

"Young America ought to know the history of the Star Spangled Banner. It seems to us to-day, of course, as if the Stars and Stripes had always been in existence. But the fact of the matter is that the Mayflower came sailing over here under a flag borrowed from King James of England, and it was a hundred and fifty years after that before America had a flag of its very own."

Even that borrowed from King James was not the Union Jack of England to-day. That royal gentleman had just succeeded in getting a new flag for his country, one that united the upright red cross on a white ground of England with the **X** cross of white on a blue ground of Scotland. These were the banners respectively dedicated to St. George and St. Andrew, and we here were crowing over our independence before the Union Jack was finally made by adding on the red cross of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, at the time it became part of Great Britain.

After the plucky Colonists, who settled this country, began to feel at home here, they set up a number of different banners to distinguish local divisions of territory, companies of troops, and so on, but first and foremost above them all floated the flag of Great Britain.

At the battle of Lexington the American soldiers did not have even colors of their own to fight under, and at the battle of Bunker Hill, while there were several streamers of varied colors apportioned among the Colonists, they had no distinctive flag of their own. But the time for a national flag came at length.

In June of 1776 the father of his country and a few other gentlemen to whom the duty had been officially delegated drew up a plan for a flag and carried it off to be made. The first American flag was manufactured in the very city where independence was declared, and by a woman. The maker was Mrs.

Ross, who carried on an upholstery business, and of whom the committee probably heard through General Ross, who was a member of the committee and uncle of Mrs. Ross's husband.

The first flag was similar to the flag of to-day, so far as the red and white stripes are concerned, but instead of our forty-four stars placed in rows on the blue field in the corner, there were in those days but thirteen stars, and they were arranged in a circle. General Washington had drawn six-pointed stars in his design for the flag, and Mrs. Ross said that instead of that kind of a star, which was England's way of making it, she thought the French five-pointed star preferable, and the first President-to-be agreed, sat down in the back parlor behind the shop, and drew the design over again in five-pointed stars. Mrs. Ross was not around evidently when our coins were designed, for they have the six-pointed stars.

There are several opinions as to where the design of the American flag originated. Some people think it was modeled after the stripe of the Dutch flag, which was well known to the Colonists, and held by them in kindly repute.

Some think the stripes on the coats of the Continental soldiers suggested the stripes for the flag. Curiously enough the coat-of-arms of the family of the father of his country was made up of stars and stripes, and other people have thought this device was selected for the flag as a compliment to Washington. Red, to tell of the blood shed for freedom; White, for the purity of the principles fought for; Blue, for the protection of heaven, and Stars in a circle to tell of the unity of the States. This was the way still others translated the origin of the idea of the Star Spangled Banner. It seems probable that a great many people made different suggestions for a national flag, and the one we know and revere is the outcome, not of any one, but the multitude of models.

It was in June, 1777, a year from the time that Washington and the others on the committee called upon Mrs. Ross with the design, before Congress formally declared the flag adopted officially as the flag of the United States, showing that it took time even in those days to unwind the red tape with which official deeds are tied up.

Mrs. Ross made the sample flag so well she was made flag-

maker to the Nation, and for many years thereafter manufactured the flags of the country. On Arch street, below Third, No. 239, in Philadelphia, stands the little old building, two stories and a half high, bearing a sign which informs the passerby that it was within this house that the first American flag was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross. The building has changed but little since then. A large tree which stood in front of it during the Revolution survived until 1876, when it became dangerous and was cut down. But the house stands as it did then. Even Mrs. Ross's show window is preserved, and the wooden shutters on the second story windows and the dormer window in the sharply-sloping roof are the same that looked down on Arch street a hundred and eighteen years ago.

The love of country and devotion to its emblem is inborn, and Sir Walter Scott has best expressed the feelings of the human heart when he wrote :

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land !"

Our good old Quaker poet Whittier has immortalized the name of Barbara Fritchie for all coming time, no less than the inborn patriotism of an American citizen. Although in open rebellion against his Government, the noble soul of the great Stonewall Jackson leaped into his mouth when he said :

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on !" he said.

"All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

"All day long that free flag tossed,
Over the heads of the rebel host.

"Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On loyal winds that loved it well.

"And through the hill gaps sunset light,
Shone over it with a warm good night."

But to feel the thrill of true patriotism one must be in a foreign land. How the heart leaps with joy when amid the flags of foreign nations we behold from some window's height displayed the Stars and Stripes ; what pride fills the bosom when

sailing into port on the other side of the Atlantic the eye catches a glimpse of the dear old flag flying at the topmast of a liner or merchantman. It is only a piece of bunting, and yet one feels like kissing its soft folds and uncovering the head to its emblazoned stars.

“ Though many and bright are the stars that appear,
In that flag by our country unfurled
And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
Like a rainbow adorning the world.
Their lights are unsullied, as those in the sky,
By a deed that our fathers have done;
And they're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
In their motto of 'Many in One.' ”

We are here to-day to celebrate the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the adoption of our national emblem by the Continental Congress, June 14, 1777, and as it is the main object of our beloved Society to keep fresh in the minds and hearts of posterity the heroic deeds of our forefathers, so also should we never let them forget the origin of our beautiful flag, nor the names and memories of those patriots who by their songs have so stirred within us a love for our beautiful country, this “sweet laud of liberty, nor the Star Spangled Banner which floats over this land of the free, the home of the brave.”

Cicero was right when he said, that “no man was ever great without divine inspiration.” The makers of our Government were mostly God-fearing men, so were also the writers of our national songs.

The confidence and trust of Francis Scott Key in a divine power stands out in bold relief in the last verse of his famous song, and as each one sings those soul-inspiring words, “In God is our trust,” their heart throbs in unison, and beats time to the music. No one who does not trust in an Almighty power can be a true patriot.

There is a thrill of pleasure and thanksgiving in the hearts of every true patriot as he sings the soul-stirring words of our much-loved America. Was it inspired? Read what the author says in the following, which I have copied from a pamphlet, “A Series of Evenings with Hymn Writers:” “This hymn has been translated into many languages, and he himself has heard

it sung in several tongues and under many different circumstances. In the excavated streets of Pompeii by an enthusiastic party of Americans, and in a cave near Pike's Peak, where the accompaniment was played on a natural organ, as the guide, by striking the stalactites hanging from the roof of the cavern, ran the whole gamut of music constituting the tune America. The English "God Save the King" and the American "My Country, 'tis of thee," are pitched to the same melody, and are destined to carry the Christian civilization, that is best exemplified in the Anglo-Saxon race, around the globe. As the hour proceeds, there will be seen to be reason for indorsing what Fletcher, of Scotland, more than two centuries ago said, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Truly, indeed, have the mountains reëchoed the sound from side to side of this glorious hymn, and the silence of the great rocks has been broken: not only above but beneath this broad land of the free.

The following is a biographical sketch of Doctor Smith copied from the "Series of Evenings with Hymn Writers." The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., whose hymns we are to sing and who has given us our national hymn, was born October 21, 1808. Very significantly the American poet, who more than any other was to stir patriotic sentiment, first saw the light close by the old North Church in Boston, from whose steeple the lantern was hung to shape the course of Paul Revere in his historic night ride to wake the patriots all along the road to Lexington and Concord. Playing also as a boy within sight of Bunker Hill he must have breathed the very air of patriotism. The famous Latin school of his native city and fair Harvard, in Cambridge, and the Andover Theological Seminary gave him his education. He became a fine linguist, and after he had mastered fifteen languages he began the acquirement of another, the Russian, in his eighty-sixth year, thus resembling the old Roman Cato, who took up the study of Greek at eighty. For eight years he was pastor of the Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine, and also professor of languages in the college there. Twelve years and a half he served the Baptist Church at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, and for seven of those years he was also editor of a quarterly, *The Christian Review*, and for the

next fifteen years, without change of residence, he was editorial secretary of the *Missionary Union*. His literary gifts have found expression in numerous articles and several volumes. His hymns reach a total of about one hundred and fifty. The wide sweep of his poetic genius appears in his volume of almost three hundred and fifty poems (1895), representing, says his editor, General Henry B. Carrington, "nearly every possible phase of domestic, social, religious, and civic life." At the time of the Boston testimonial to him, April 3, 1895, Governor Morton, of New York, telegraphed his congratulations, the Columbian Liberty Bell, at Chicago, rang its felicitations, and thirty-seven school children in the distant State of Washington contributed a penny each to buy for him a bunch of violets, which he graciously and gratefully wore in Music Hall when Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts, and other celebrities were speaking in his praise. The lines of his college classmate, Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial autocrat, are familiar:

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'My country, of thee!'"

That he himself from the beginning appreciated his name is evident from the fact that he married Mary White Smith, with whom he was to spend a happy life and to celebrate a golden wedding anniversary.

Dr. Smith said on this occasion: "Although I have told the story over and over again, until it seems threadbare to me, possibly there may be in this audience some who have not heard how I came to write the hymn 'America,' and to them the tale may be welcome. One dismal day in the month of February, 1832, while I was a student of theology at the theological seminary in Andover, I stood in front of one of the windows in the room in which I resided. I was turning over the leaves of one of several German music books which had been handed to me by an intimate friend of mine, Lowell Mason, to whom the German was all Greek. I at length came upon a tune which instantly impressed me as being one of great simplicity, and I thought that with a great choir, either of children or older persons, such a tune would be very valu-

able, and that something good might come out of it. I just glanced at the German words at the foot of the page, and saw, without actually reading them, that they were patriotic. It occurred to me to write a patriotic hymn in English adapted to this tune. I reached out my left hand to a table that stood near me and picked up a scrap of waste paper—for I have a passion for writing on scraps of waste paper, there seems to be a kind of inspiration in them—and immediately began to write. In half an hour, as I think, certainly before I took my seat, the words stood upon the paper substantially as you have them to-day. I did not think very much of the words. I did not think I had written a national hymn. I had no intention of doing such a thing, but there it stood. I dropped it into my portfolio, and it passed out of my memory. Some time afterwards, while visiting Boston, I took with me a collection of hymns and songs which I had written for my friend Mason—'Murmur, Gentle Lyre,' was one of them—and placed them in his hands. I think this little waif must have found its way into that collection, but I was none the wiser for it, and never asked what he had done or was going to do with it. On the following fourth of July, however, while passing Park Street Church, where a celebration by children was going on, I discovered that Mr. Mason had put my hymn on the programme, and at the close of the ceremony the piece was sung. Mr. Mason was very anxious to introduce singing into the schools of Boston. He had interview after interview with the Boston School Committee, and although he met with much opposition in his efforts he at last succeeded in overcoming the objections, and singing was introduced into the Boston schools. Good things are very liable to be copied, and accordingly from Boston went out the influence to all of the schools and the little red schoolhouses throughout the country. In this manner 'America' became known, and this it is which has contributed, no doubt, to its popularity.

"If I have done anything that has helped the cause of patriotism in this country, that has promoted the spirit of freedom, and love of country; if I have done anything that has given pleasure to old men and maidens, and young men and children, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the

Atlantic to the Pacific, not to me, but to God be all the glory."

It is with great pride and satisfaction that I have received a letter enclosing the first verse of our national hymn in the author's own handwriting, and when our Daughters are so fortunate as to possess a hall its walls shall be adorned with this frame, which contains the same. Now as a token of our love and respect, and as a vote of thanks to the patriot, poet, and preacher, Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., let us all rise and sing that beautiful hymn :

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE.

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.

THE morning of July 4, a fitting day in which to inculcate lessons in patriotism and perpetuate memories of a glorious past, was chosen by the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, located at Plattsburg, New York, to unveil a tablet marking the former home of General Benjamin Mooers, a distinguished officer and patriot of the Revolutionary Army. The tablet of white marble, appropriately inscribed, had been previously placed in the wall of the historic house at the corner of Bridge and Peru streets, now owned by Mrs. E. C. Dickinson. The tablet faces Peru street, near Bridge, and bears the following inscription :

In this house lived Benjamin Mooers, a lieutenant in the War of the American Revolution, 1812-14.

Erected by the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, July 4th, 1895.

The historic building itself was erected some years previous to Macdonough's victory on Lake Champlain, and bears the marks of the iron hail rained upon it by the British in the memorable siege of Plattsburg. Bullets were imbedded in it and a cannon ball may still be seen in the inner wall of the hallway, speaking silently of the stirring events of the past.

The house was at one time occupied by General Macomb, commander of the American land forces engaged in the action.

It was a happy and patriotic thought of Saranac Chapter to thus do honor to the memory of one who was so prominently

linked with important events in our history. Though the hour for the ceremonies was early, 9.30 a. m., a large attendance of citizens was present to enjoy them, among them numerous descendants and relatives of General Mooers.

The interesting programme arranged for the occasion was well carried out.

Exercises commenced with prayer by Rev. F. B. Hall.

Dr. D. S. Kellogg introduced Mr. Hiram Walworth, a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, who then read our immortal document, the Declaration of Independence.

Dr. Kellogg in introducing Mr. Walworth, said :

"We feel proud of the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who have erected, and this day unveil, a suitable tablet marking the home of our early and distinguished citizens. On this interesting occasion, I take pleasure in announcing that Plattsburg Institute has ordered a monument, which will soon be placed at Halsey's Corners, to mark that historic place. Also, there is good prospect that Pike's Cantonment will be suitably marked in the near future."

In a few neat words the Regent of the Saranac Chapter, Mrs. C. Stoddard, then introduced the principal speaker. She said :

"To perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence is one of the chief objects of the Society of the American Revolution. The members of Saranac Chapter have erected a tablet to mark the house of General Benjamin Mooers, one of Plattsburg's heroes, who served with distinction in the War of the Revolution and later in the War of 1812. It seems most fitting that the tablet be unveiled by the great-great-great-granddaughter and the great-great-great-grandnephew, who bears his name."

At this point, the children, Elizabeth Johnson Ullery and Benjamin Mooers, uncovered the memory stone, and the Regent added, "I now have the honor of introducing the great-grandson of General Mooers, Mr. George Henry Beckwith, who will address us."

We publish extracts from Mr. Beckwith's speech, as follows :

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION: -I greet you joyfully on this glad anniversary. I congratulate you that love of liberty and country, inspired by the memories of the 4th of July, gives peculiar interest and force to your patriotic act in making the home of a Revolutionary soldier, whose valor helped write the name of Plattsburg high on America's roll of honor, and I felicitate all interested in the local history of Lake Champlain, that other places of equal interest are to be marked with enduring monuments by the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

* * * * *

Over one hundred years have passed away since the noble heroes of '76 fought and won on freedom's grandest battlefields; ended more than a century ago were all the privations, the hardships, the sufferings, and barbarities of that protracted struggle. But never, never so long as liberty is enjoyed by man, can perish the thrilling memories of that struggle: never can men or nations forget the self-denial, the devotion to liberty and country, the courage and patriotism of those who dropped the ax in the forest and the hoe in the field, who left horse and plow in the furrow to join their fellows in battle; never can posterity let die the names or deeds of patriots whom neither British valor nor British gold could conquer, and who have made our history glorious. These are all treasured up beyond the reach of moth and rust.

How fit, then, on this anniversary, and in this place which witnessed his military and civil achievements in the maturity of his powers, we should honor one of our Revolutionary ancestors.

On the 1st of April, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, was born the American soldier, patriot, hero, and model citizen, Benjamin Mooers.

Not alone for him who saw the Saranac and Champlain stained with the best blood of England and America; not alone for him whose name and valorous deeds form part of the history of our country's greatest war and grandest victory; it is rather for ourselves and future generations that you have to-day placed this memorial tablet in the walls of the house where he lived and died. His military tendency was early exhibited. When only sixteen years old he was a member of a volunteer company, which was drilled by a British sergeant. When the War of the Revolution opened in April, 1775, he had just passed his seventeenth birthday. He visited our army at Cambridge, and in June, 1776, he enlisted as a private and joined General Gates at Ticonderoga. The voice of this young patriot rang out as loud and fearless as any in the shouts of joy which greeted the reading of the Declaration of Independence to the army. His heart was saddened, but not dismayed, when it was learned that our small fleet, under General Arnold, had been defeated on Lake Champlain. He felt a patriot's thrill of triumph and hope as he personally witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and proudly he marched with the guard which took the British prisoners to our barracks near Boston. Becoming ensign in Colonel Hazen's regiment in March, 1778, he took the

oath of office before Colonel James Clinton. In the summer of 1779 he conducted an important and hazardous expedition to Fort Chambley, in Canada, and brought back information of great value to our army. In the following winter he accompanied Lord Sterling in his expedition on the ice to Staten Island, and helped in the gallant repulse of the enemy from New York. In 1780 he received his appointment as lieutenant and was at once made adjutant of his regiment. In the winter following he acted as one of the life guard of General Washington. With his regiment at King's Ferry he heard read General Gaines's order announcing the treason of General Arnold, and the capture of Major Andre, and was one of the guard who witnessed the latter's execution. In January, 1781, he was one of that brave detachment sent to Morrisania, which, in the face of a galling fire from the enemy's redoubt, destroyed the British barracks, large quantities of their storage, and a bridge across the Harlem, and brought back fifty-two prisoners, with many horses and cattle. The movements of his regiment were rapid for the time. In July he was at West Point and Dobbs Ferry; then off to Philadelphia and southward; then up the James River, and then taking part in the siege of Yorktown, until the surrender of Cornwallis, in October. Here he fought in the trenches, and helped to storm and take a redoubt of the enemy. Many of his regiment were killed and wounded. On coming out of the trenches his clothing was found bespattered with the blood and brains of his comrades. After the surrender of Cornwallis his regiment went up the Chesapeake, and in September to Pumpkin Plains, New Jersey, where they remained during the winter and spring. In June, 1783, they joined the main army under General Washington, and were furloughed and disbanded.

At this time the shores of our lake were fringed with primeval forest, everywhere unbroken, except small places at Fort Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Chimney Point. Nothing but trees covered the hillsides now adorned by the beautiful residences of Burlington. The Saranac and Ausable, full of salmon, ran unchecked, save by the overhanging boughs of trees along their banks. In the summer of 1783, under orders of General Hazen, he went with ten others in a batteau up the Hudson to Fort Edward; thence fourteen miles on land to Lake George and through the lake; thence a mile and a half on land to Lake Champlain; and thence to Point Au Roche, which they reached on the 10th of August. British war vessels were then often seen on the lake, for the enemy continued to hold Point Au-Fer for years after, probably until Jay's treaty in 1794.

From the time he left the army he spent each spring and summer on Lake Champlain until 1786, when he came here and remained through life. In 1788 Clinton County, then comprising all of Essex, Clinton, and Franklin counties, was formed from Washington County. He was appointed the first sheriff of the new county and held the office for four years.

In 1791 he married Hannah, daughter of Captain Nathaniel Platt,

another hero of the Revolution. The settlement at Plattsburg of such a military character seems providential, as do also his frequent promotions and great interest in the State militia. In 1793 he was made major; in 1798 lieutenant colonel; in 1803 brigadier general; in 1810 quartermaster general, and in 1811 major general, with six brigades in his division. He served in the militia for over thirty consecutive years. He was member of Assembly in 1804-5 and a presidential elector in 1808. The prominent and gallant part which he bore in the War of 1812-14 is too familiar to justify any detailed statement before this audience.

He lived in the house which you have this day consecrated to his memory. In it, when an old man, his arm was amputated. But the nerve and courage of the soldier who had fought Great Britain through two wars had not forsaken him. When the surgeons had arranged everything for the operation, and were about to hold his arm, he asked what they were doing, and on being informed the commanding spirit of the soldier awoke within him. With dignified authority, as if commanding on some battlefield, he directed them to give him his cane, saying, "I am an American soldier and will hold my own arm," and he heroically stretched it out for the surgeon's knife and saw. This incident, more potently and elegantly than any language, proclaims what manner of men founded and maintained our free institutions.

Daughters of the American Revolution, descendants of the heroes of Colonial and Revolutionary times: Men did not excel women in patience or patriotism or heroism in those days which tried all souls. The men were victorious largely because the women sustained them. And such has ever since been the character of their descendants. Through woman's influence the monument on Bunker Hill rose to "meet the sun in his coming." Through woman's efforts the home of the father of our country was rescued from decay and beautified as the Mecca of American liberty.

You have to-day set us, your brothers, a worthy example in patriotism. Lead on as you have commenced. We, sons of a common Revolutionary ancestry, will follow where wave your white plumes. Lead on, and God bless your efforts long generations after all places associated with the patriotic deeds of our ancestors shall be marked with enduring monuments.

At the conclusion of Mr. Beckwith's eloquent remarks the Vice Regent of Saranac Chapter, Mrs. J. H. Myers, pleasantly presented the second speaker, Miss Helen Palmer, who said:

"In the presence of the Regent and Vice Regent and so many other officers and members of the Society I may be pardoned, I think, for feeling that the duty and honor of representing the Daughters of the American Revolution to-day should not have fallen to my lot. But the first virtue of a soldier is obedience, and we, as descendants of loyal soldiers, must obey when the Regent commands. Mr. Beckwith has paid a glow-

ing tribute to the memory of the man whom we have met to-day to honor, and has expressed far better than I could what we all feel. I should like to say a few words specially to the women I see before me. If I seem to preach, forgive me; it is a rare occasion when no one is likely to answer back. I want to point out the public duty which is laid upon every member of a Society like this, whose object is to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, and not only upon every member of this Society but upon all good citizens who mean to keep step with the times in these latter days of the century. It is only five years or so since the spirit underlying such societies as the one we represent took visible form, it is only one gift of a wave that has brought and is bringing us many things; higher education, university degrees, big sleeves, legal honors, the bicycle, monster W. C. T. U. conventions, and perhaps some day will bring the suffrage. On the glorious Fourth, of all days in the year, it is not fitting to speak a disrespectful word of the great American people, but it is said sometimes that we are a Nation given to "fads," prone to run a thing into the ground and then leave it. We must see to it that no blight of this kind falls upon an enterprise so serious and so important as that we have undertaken. It is not sufficient to "hunt up an ancestor," pardon the expression, I seem to have heard it and to join a Chapter; in fact, it is not necessary to possess an ancestor or to have even heard of a Society, admirable as these things are, provided one has the spirit.

"It is the spirit of our brave and loyal ancestors that we want; the spirit that led men like General Mooers to do their duty in the hour of danger and the hour of need; that led women like Molly Franklin Lynde to keep the wild beast and the red men at bay, guarding their children with musket and ax, while the husband and father fought his share of the battle for country and freedom in the ranks of the army far away.

"These were stirring times. It seems to us perhaps that we might have been heroes and heroines, too, if we had had the same forlorn and desperate opportunity; but the student of history who follows our story from Revolutionary times, and notes all the great questions that have been settled, all the great tasks that have been achieved, must remember that we live not for the past, but for the present and future; that every period has its problems to be solved, its dangers to be met, and its opportunities. What seem to us the commonplaces of the day will influence the well-being of those who shall come after us. Anarchy, socialism, the silver question, and the relations of labor and capital are problems as difficult as any which have agitated the Nation since the formation of the Government.

"It is not for any of us—I speak for the Daughters—to be legislators, or governors, or presidents, but it is for all of us, whatever we may be, or wherever we may be live, to take that interest in public affairs which forms the opinion that guides legislatures, congresses, and presidents. Public service is not alone in the holding of office; it is a public service to perpetuate the memory of the men and women who achieved American

independence, and one for which women are particularly fitted. In the first place, it is generally believed that women have more leisure time than men; this, to be sure, is a popular fallacy—all the women present who keep house will understand me, but we will let that pass. It is an undoubted fact, however, that woman is the conservative element in the human race, that she possesses the patience and perseverance necessary for the public service in question. Let us hope that she will not fail to bring also to the task the enthusiasm, the touch of poetry without which this would be a weary world. Let her not forget that as long ago as in the days of glorious Queen Bess, the great poet wrote:

“From woman’s eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire.”

Mrs. Palmer’s compact little speech was attentively received by her interested audience. The singing of America concluded the exercises, with which all were pleased.

PRIZE FOR BEST ESSAY IN WOMEN’S COLLEGE.

GASPEE CHAPTER, Daughters of the American Revolution, made an excursion Monday, June 10, to Scituate in tally-ho coaches, to visit an historic house built by Deputy Governor William West, and now occupied by Richard Atwood. The party arrived at Scituate about 1 o’clock, and after luncheon the business meeting was held, Mrs. Albert G. Durfee acting as Chairman.

The roll was called by Miss Mary A. Greene, State Regent, who afterwards brought forward the subject of a Gaspee Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, prize for the Woman’s College connected with Brown University, and upon a motion introduced by Miss Greene, it was voted that it was the sense of the meeting that the Chapter offer the prize of \$40, to be known as the Gaspee Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, prize, to be paid annually to that student in the graduating class of the Woman’s College connected with Brown University who shall present the best essay upon some topic in American history, and as the requisite number of members signified their approval, it was decided that this action should be announced to the President of Brown University, but that action upon the recommendation of the executive committee be deferred as to the raising of the fund and the appointment of a committee of arrangements until the October meeting.

Mrs. Durfee then called upon Mrs. Richard J. Barker, the historian of the Chapter, for an original paper prepared for this occasion. As an opening Mrs. Barker said: "Now and then we find a century dominated by patriotic fervor. Stephen Hopkins and William West lived in such a century." The historian drew conclusions between the past and the present, showing that love of patriotism had drawn Gaspee Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to Scituate to pay homage to the memories and services of Stephen Hopkins and William West. A few statistics were given, set forth as follows: "The exact number of acres included in the Hopkins estate at Scituate at the time when it passed from the hands of the Hopkins family in 1742, when it was sold by Stephen Hopkins, is uncertain. Up to about 1738 we may trace Stephen Hopkins's estate as follows: Seventy acres received from his father by deed at his marriage in 1726; ninety acres received from his grandfather about 1726; the entire Scituate farm of his father by deed before 1728. The land remained in Stephen Hopkins's possession until 1742. Between 1742 and 1844, it was gradually disposed of, John Hulet becoming the purchaser in 1744 of the portion near the eastern border of the estate known as the 'Oyster Shell Plain,' now known as the West farm. This land passed into the hands of William West, and in 1775 he erected the present West house."

The services of William West were then outlined. With other facts were noted the following: "In 1775 he was in the service of the State against the British at Newport. He was made colonel some time before December 19, 1775, and general before February 23, 1776. He was deputy from Scituate in the General Assembly in 1776 and in December of the same year he was in command of a Rhode Island regiment near Newport and at Bristol. He was a member of a committee of the town of Scituate in 1777 who drafted instructions to the deputies of that town, and in 1780 he was chosen deputy governor, serving one year. William Green being the governor." In the course of the paper Ezekiel Cornell, of Scituate, was mentioned as lieutenant colonel, colonel, general, and member of Congress.

After the historical address the ladies were shown all over

the West house, and after passing a delightful afternoon returned home, reaching Providence in the evening. The arrangements for the day were under the supervision of Mrs. Albert C. Durfee, the first Regent of Gaspee Chapter, who was succeeded two years ago by Mrs. Robert H. I. Goddard, the present Regent.

MRS. WILBOUR'S WORK IN THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

MRS. JOSHUA WILBOUR was the first State Regent of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Rhode Island. She was one of the early charter members, being No. 152, and was appointed State Regent by the National Board of Management at Washington, October 11, 1890. Under the authority thus conferred upon her, she formed at Bristol the *first Chapter in New England*, on December 14, 1891. She formed, with marked assistance from Mrs. William R. Talbot, of Providence, the second Chapter, in Providence, January 11, 1892, the third Chapter she formed at Pawtucket, May 12, 1892, and the fourth at Woonsocket, February 8, 1892. Mrs. Wilbour was invited by the National Board, under the presidency of Mrs. Harrison, to read a paper at the First Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in February, 1892, and in response to the invitation selected for a theme, and read before the Congress, "The Destruction of the Gaspee." She was elected State Regent at this time by the delegates from Rhode Island. Invited by the National Board to respond to the address of welcome at the Second Congress, in February, 1893, she complied with the request. At this Congress Mrs. Cabel, "Vice President Presiding," presided. At this Congress also, she made the gratifying announcement that four Chapters had been organized in Rhode Island, and that that little State had more members than any other State, save one. She also reported that she had resigned her office of State Regent, but was immediately elected Vice President General by acclamation. In the following year, 1894, she was again chosen Vice President. In 1895 she was designated as one to nominate a candidate for the position of President General.

and presented the name of Mrs. John W. Foster. The nomination was acceptable to the assembly, and Mrs. Foster was chosen. During this Congress Mrs. Wilbour received the flattering compliment of being elected an Honorary Vice President General for life. On committees requiring ability, judgment, and tact, Mrs. Wilbour has been often chosen; and she was selected to read a paper at Chicago, May 18, 1893, on the proposed Continental Hall. In her own State she has been untiring in efforts to further the interests of the Society. She greatly aided the Gaspee Chapter, in Providence, in their Loan Exhibition. Mrs. Wilbour was State Regent at the time, and had a room set apart for her use in the Historical Rooms, which she furnished and filled with some of the most interesting and valuable relics at the exhibit; most of these she caused to be brought from Bristol. She has presented to three of the Chapters sets of books to be kept by the different officers. To make these more serviceable she prepared them in advance for use. The Chapters thus benefited were the Bristol, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket Chapters, and the Woonsocket Chapter was further favored by the gift of a frame for the charter. Mrs. Wilbour also took pleasure in giving to three of these Chapters a gavel trimmed with silver, from the works of Gorham & Co. The three Chapters thus remembered were the Gaspee, Pawtucket, and Woonsocket. At the second Congress, 1893, she signified her interest in the National Board by a like gift. To show how much the four Chapters of the State are in her thoughts she sent to every one of them a copy of the paper, in book form, that she read in the Congress while she was State Regent. She suggested, indeed, that the essay might be read on February 22, as a contribution to the exercises of the day. She also sent another paper to each of the four Chapters on "The Battle of Rhode Island." This was sent as a contribution to the exercises of the day, in the year 1893. As a tribute of respect Mrs. Wilbour prizes one act of courtesy which the Sons of the American Revolution performed. When they had a banquet at Bristol, a few months ago, they invited her to respond to a toast: "The Daughters of the American Revolution." The limitations of time forbade other ladies to be called on and she enjoyed the distinction of being the sole lady

whose voice was heard in formal address. Mrs. Wilbour's heart has ever been alive to the vital interests of the Society, and her hand open to its needs. She cherishes the conviction that she has been allowed to contribute in no small degree to the success of the organization in Rhode Island, and she has been pleased to give helpful counsel to the National Board.

PRESENTATION OF A SOUVENIR SPOON.

THE last meeting of the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the current year, held Monday, May 6, 1895, was made deeply interesting by the presentation on that occasion to one of our members of the beautiful souvenir spoon (specially designed for the purpose) voted by the Continental Congress to each member of the National Society whose father fought in the War of the Revolution. At that time we had the honor to have enrolled among our members Mrs. Sarah Anderson Kendrick (since deceased). The Regent, Mrs. Moorehead, presented the spoon to Mrs. Kendrick and read the following address:

On the 22d of February the Fourth Continental Congress, Daughters of the American Revolution, which convened in the city of Washington on the 19th of the same month, adopted a resolution providing for the presentation of a souvenir spoon to each member of the National Society whose father fought in the War of the Revolution. I immediately announced to the Congress that the Cincinnati Chapter had the honor to have one such Daughter enrolled on its membership.

This is an honor that has come to but few Chapters, and it seems fitting that we should show our appreciation by formally presenting this gift to Mrs. Kendrick to-day. Thus through her we offer a tribute of respect to her illustrious ancestor, General Richard Clough Anderson. Of the value of his service, his successive promotions from the rank of captain up to that of brigadier general, and his appointment as aid-de camp to General Lafayette speaks with no certain sound. A man of ability and high in social position, the memory of his devotion to the struggling cause of liberty comes to us through the years. As the gentle dews fall from heaven and the glowing sun shines on the buds to refresh and make them burst forth into full blossom, so his patriotic spirit has entered the hearts of his descendants, one and all, and made them to grow and expand with true love and devotion to the land he fought to make free.

To you, Mrs. Kendrick, his daughter, it is my privilege to convey from

the National Society this gift, emblematic of the service of those who, although not adapted by nature for the field, yet failed not to do always what they could. That you will value this souvenir and reverently lay it away with your most sacred treasures we need not doubt.

For the Chapter permit me to extend cordial congratulations and to express the hope that you may have yet years of health and happiness.

And may we meet together many times in pleasant and profitable fellowship before any of us shall be called to lie down to the peaceful quiet of the "sweet sleep that knows no waking."

On May 10, through the courtesy of Madam Fredin, a gifted French woman, living in our city, the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, met at her school hall to commemorate the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, and to hear Madam tell of the noble life and services of the general, Marquis de Lafayette. With a fervor of expression, and a splendor of diction, not possessed by many, Madam Fredin brought before us the incidents of his long and varied career. Every heart was stirred by her eloquence, and she concluded by reciting the French national anthem. After that we all rose and joined with her in singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The afternoon was exceedingly hot and oppressive, but there was a good attendance. An ice was served which proved most refreshing, and a fair sum of money realized which the Daughters intend to devote to a most worthy cause.

HARRIET FISHER GREVE.

Historian, Cincinnati Chapter.

ANNUAL REPORT OF MOHEGAN CHAPTER.

On the 27th of May, the first anniversary day of the Mohegan Chapter, Sing Sing, New York, they were welcomed to "Glyndon," the beautiful home of the recording secretary, Mrs. Ralph Brandreth. Although there had been a steady downpour of rain since early morning, the patriotism and perseverance of the Daughters was shown by the large number present. It takes more than an ordinary thunderstorm to dampen the ardor of the spirit of '76 which we claim to have inherited. The large delegations from New York City, from Poughkeepsie, from Kingston, and from Connecticut, as well as the home friends, proved this, and the rain was forgotten amid the flowers, beauty, and good cheer.

Mrs. Annie Van Rensselaer Wells, Regent of the Mohegan Chapter, presided, and the ceremonies were opened by the Rev. G. W. Ferguson, chaplain of the Chapter. This was followed by singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" led by Colonel Francis Larkin, Jr.

In her happiest manner, Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of New York City Chapter, replied to the address of welcome given by the historian.

Mrs. Nettie Lounsbury Miller read a paper on "Washington in Westchester County." After a humorous allusion to the mythical history connecting the visit of Washington to Westchester in 1756 with a visit to the famous Philipse Manor House, in Yonkers, which our natural feminine instincts would fain make us believe, but cannot, Mrs. Miller gave an authentic account of Washington's campaign in that part of the State. The first time that Washington visited Westchester was in 1776, when he gave General Howe's army attention, and tried to keep them from invading the country. "Two years later, in August, 1778, Washington followed the British and took up his position near the old camp grounds at White Plains, and in the year following went up in the fastness of the Hudson." Later came the brilliant movements in the lower part of the county. Many historic spots have here preserved their interest because Washington visited them. After a medley of patriotic airs, Mrs. Janvier Le Duc, of New York City Chapter, read a most interesting paper on "Manor House in Westchester." We regret that we have not the paper by us from which we can make quotations. It is a paper of such wide and intense interest that we hope the AMERICAN MONTHLY can secure it for publication.

The chaplain then presented to Mrs. Wells a life membership certificate to the Mary Washington Society. The remembrance being the gift of the members of the Mohegan Chapter to their honored Regent.

With the singing of America and the pronouncing of the benediction the exercises were closed.

Then followed refreshments and a delightful social intercourse until the friends from abroad were obliged to take the trains, bearing with them Mohegan's good wishes and gratitude.

The Mohegan Chapter numbers at present thirty-eight accepted members. Monthly meetings have been held during the year at which ancestral papers have been read by the members. Several delightful visits have been made to sister Chapters, and the spirit of patriotism is steadily growing in our midst.

CLARA C. FULLER,

Historian.

FLAG DAY AT HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

"THE best laid plans o' mice an' men gang aft a-gley," but not the plans of a loyal Daughter of the American Revolution who enters into a conspiracy with nature to perfect arrangements for successfully celebrating "Flag Day." In this conspiracy both parties did themselves credit. Nature gave the North Shore Chapter one of the most perfect days vouchsafed to mortals, and Mrs. Francis Thorn, as hostess, won laurels for herself. The beautiful home and grounds of Mrs. Thorn were decorated in a manner both pleasing and appropriate. The broad veranda and columns were draped with the triumphant colors, and flags hung from trees. The interior decorations were equally handsome. In the library was a large and interesting display of colonial relics loaned for the occasion by members of the Chapter. These reminded many of other ancestral keepsakes which the great Chicago fire swept out of existence. There was a canteen and knapsack which had done duty at Valley Forge; a powder horn which had served its purpose at Bunker Hill; a cane carried by Lieutenant Fife in 1776; a sword used by Colonel Breyman, of the Hessians, and surrendered to John Gillette at the battle of Bennington; dueling and fencing swords brought from France by Lafayette's soldiers; water color painted about 1700 by Anne Edwards, sister of Rev. Jonathan Edwards; bed quilt embroidered by a member of the Cotton Mather family in 1785; samplers which had been intended as a means of grace for the youthful makers; ruffles of regency lace; a chair from the old Adams house in which Washington and other famous patriots have reclined; a beautifully-preserved, home-spun short gown and petticoat, black satin bonnet, long, rich veil of Flanders net, heavy silver

chatelain, all of which were worn in 1776 by the wife of Colonel Jacob Stroud; infant's robe made by Fannie Aymar; the first India shawl brought to the United States, and many more articles just as priceless as those mentioned.

Our Regent, Mrs. W. C. Egan, was unavoidably absent, but sent a telegram of greeting: "My heart is with my Chapter and our flag to-day. Long life to both." The Vice Regent, Mrs. Boynton, called the meeting to order.

The literary programme consisted of an original poem by Mrs. S. R. Bingham, read by Mrs. Francis Jones; a paper, "The Genesis of our Flag," by Mrs. G. B. Cummings; Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller's poem, "The Girls of Seventy-six," read in a spirited manner by Mrs. E. S. Boynton; "A Plea for Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, an American Woman Entitled to the Protection of our Flag," by Mrs. B. A. Fessenden. Patriotic songs and airs were interspersed. After these exercises the Daughters and guests were invited out to the east veranda, where rugs and chairs had been provided for their comfort and dainty refreshments were served by young ladies.

This was the second observance of Flag Day by this young Chapter. We have twenty-two members and several applications pending.

ADELINE E. P. CUMMINGS.

Secretary.

FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC.

THE Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution were delightfully entertained at a Fourth of July picnic supper by Colonel and Mrs. Mahin, at their beautiful suburban home, "Highland Park." The grounds were artistically and appropriately decorated with flags, and a cornet band dispensed patriotic airs. Mrs. Mahin, Regent of Clinton Chapter, read an address of welcome, and was responded to by Mr. Lauren C. Eastman, who has been a most enthusiastic worker, and has done so much to assist Mrs. Mahin in establishing the Clinton Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Declaration of Independence was then read by Mrs. Frederick E. Ware. A bountiful supper was served, after which toasts were responded to as follows, Mrs. Mahin

acting as toast-mistress : " Patriotism," Frank M. Ellis : " Our Flag," Hon. George M. Curtis : and " Our Nation," by George B. Phelps, in the following :

OUR NATION.

The subject which your committee has requested that I use as the basis of a few brief remarks, together with the character of the two organizations under whose auspices we meet to-day, has brought to my mind the old legend of " The Bell." Thus it runs : In some strange land and time, the people wished to found a bell in which all should have a common interest. It should toll for the dead monarch—" The King is dead ;" it should make glad clamor for the new prince, " Long live the King "—it should call the populace to the house of prayer, to the scene of death, and the marriage festivity. Now this bell was not to be dug out of the cold mountains ; it was to be made of something that had been warmed by human touch, and loved with human love ; and so the people came and cast their offerings in the furnace and went away. There were fetters that had been broken by slaves in their last struggle for liberty : there were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had been broken in heroes' hands ; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold, trinkets of silver, and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame : good words they had written, and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell. And thus it was formed, and all felt in it a common interest, for it really represented a part of the life of each of the populace. And when it was finished, and the people heard its tone the poet tells us they said :

" Bell never yet was hung,

Between whose lips there swung so grand a tongue."

Thus it is with us to-day. As Daughters and Sons of the Revolution, we *can* and we *do* feel that this, the grandest and greatest Nation upon which the sun shines in all its course, is in very truth " Our Nation." It represents a part of the life of each of us. A little more than a century ago our forefathers were writhing beneath oppression of the most galling form. Human liberty was crushed beneath the iron heel of despotism. One hundred and nineteen years ago to-day our forefathers proclaimed to the world the solemn declaration which we have just heard read—one of the grandest documents ever penned by mortal man. Eight long years of bloody war against tremendous odds followed. Our forefathers, men in whose veins flowed the same blood as pulsates in ours to-day, left their plows and forges, their shops and desks, their countinghouses and offices, and on a minute's notice enrolled themselves under the banner of liberty. Some were at Concord's bridge where " the embattled farmers stood ;" some fromunker's Heights waged unequal battle with the trained legions of Britain's standing armies ; some followed the lead of the im-

petuous Arnold, or the fiery Morgan, in the decisive struggle at Stillwater; some rallied with the sons of New Hampshire and Vermont at Bennington's bloody field, and drove the hireling Hessians from New England's soil; others, under the lead of the immortal Washington, suffered defeat on the sanguinary field of Long Island; and on many another field they fought as valiantly as did Leonidas and his Spartan heroes at Thermopyke; in the great cause of human freedom they struggled, fought and died. Our liberty at last was gained. Its cost, however, can only be measured as the agony of a hundred bloody fields of battle with their attendant horrors can be estimated. Our National Independence was gained, but thousands of patriot hearts lay cold in death, or moldered back to dust on battlefields from the sunny hills of Georgia to the frozen cliffs before the citadel of Quebec; and now they lie, some on southern fields, and some on northern hills, wrapped in their last long sleep; and we, the lineal descendants of these men, after the lapse of more than a century, gather here to-day to do homage to their memory, and renew our vows of fealty to the grand old Federal Union which they established. Can we not, as we are gathered here under the folds of the same old starry flag which they dyed with their patriot blood, and bore through many a tempest of battle—can we not in very truth speak of our loved country as "Our Nation?"

When we think of the great sacrifices made by our forefathers to secure for themselves, and perpetuate to their posterity, the blessings of civil and religious liberty, we are reminded of the story of Curtius, which we have all read in the study of Roman history: "In ancient days the people of the Eternal City were astonished and alarmed one morning to find in the midst of the forum, situated in the heart of the city, a wide and deep fissure or chasm in the earth. It filled the populace with consternation. What could be the import of this strange portent? The augurs were consulted and the people were informed that an awful doom hung over their beautiful city unless this fissure was in a certain period closed, and that it would be closed only by casting into its depths the most precious things in all Rome. Heralds were sent abroad to inform the whole population of these facts, and to demand their presence in the forum, commanding them to bring with them the most precious things in their possession. The populace gathered. Old men approached the gulf and cast therein the long treasured crowns of laurel won in youth by deeds of valor. Stately matrons stripped their brows and arms of richest gems and rarest jewels, but still the fissure gaped wide as before. A mother saw the depths of darkness swallow up the shield pierced by the lance that in the hour of victory had stricken down her only son. Another with agonized heart saw engulfed the golden ringlets taken from the beauteous brow of her dying babe. The maiden with deepest sorrow delivers up the parting gift of her dead lover, but still the fissure yawns for more. *Are there more precious things in Rome?* Curtius, the young and beautiful knight, declares that nothing can be more truly valuable to a state than patriotism and military virtue. Clad in his armor he mounts his steed, caparisoned

for battle ; way is made, and horse and rider leap into the depths. The rent is closed, and Rome is saved."

Such was the demand made upon our forefathers in the days of the struggle for independence ; but, bold as knightly Curtius, they came forward and offered up on the altar of liberty the most precious sacrifice a nation can give, and laid for us the foundation of this Government, which has been the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world. Time passes : the scene changes, and again in 1812, in 1846, and in 1861, is the same sacrifice demanded and as freely offered.

Standing as we do to-day, in the full enjoyment of these priceless blessings, bought for us by a sacrifice so great, let us vow to be true to the trust placed in our charge ; and in conclusion let us make the prayer of one of America's greatest poets the prayer of each of us :

"Our fathers' God ! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.
Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguard of Thy righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

At the close of Mr. Phelps's remarks Rev. Frank M. Carson responded to a unanimous call by a few bright and witty remarks on "Ancestry" of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Later in the evening there was a display of fireworks.

The weather was perfect, the surroundings were charming, everyone was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the day, and of all the hundred and twenty-five present the older members seemed the most happy, and of this number was our *real* Daughter of the American Revolution, Mrs. Jane Bevier Lamb, whose father served in the Revolution with a New York regiment.

The time for departure came too soon for all, and everyone present felt deeply indebted to our Regent, Mrs. Mahin, both for her kind hospitality and her untiring energy in the duties attending our picnic.

MARY POMEROY WARE,
Registrar.

FLAG DAY IN CHICAGO.

It is to the credit of Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Illinois Society of the Sons that "Flag Day" was observed so widely in our city. The celebration of this day has indeed grown popular in the three short years and all unite in commendation of the committee in its energetic campaign to secure an act of Congress stopping all degrading uses of our flag. In our State there are few of the historical spots which in the east and south is the object of our Society to acquire and protect (although *Kaskaskia* and Captain Clark must not be forgotten), but the spirit which brought this Society into being animates us and in whatever way it may be possible for us we strive to contribute to its advancement. The Chapter at its last meeting, feeling that no one has ever written anything that has done more to awaken love for the flag than Francis Scott Key in his national hymn, made a liberal donation toward a monument to his memory in Frederick City, Maryland. Bunker Hill Day and the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the adoption of the flag we celebrated at the same session of the Chapter, Mrs. J. N. Jewett, Regent, presiding. The room in the Columbus Memorial Building was prettily decorated with red, white, and blue flowers and artistically draped flags. A paper, entitled "The American Flag" (which appears in this number of the Magazine), was read by Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot. Mrs. J. N. Jewett, in the name of the board of the Chapter, presented a large flag to a Bohemian school. Mrs. George F. Bartlett gave an address on "Our Ancestors at Bunker Hill." The growth of our Society has been almost phenomenal, our local Chapter at present numbering three hundred members—all progressive, enthusiastic, and patriotic.

CLARA COOLEY BECKER,
Secretary.

MORE THAN SENTIMENT.

THE last lecture in the Monday afternoon course of the Historical Society of Syracuse, New York, was delivered before an audience of women recently by Mrs. Andrew J. Woodworth. The subject, which was of peculiar interest to the Society, was "The Daughters of the American Revolution: the Objects and Work of the Society." Mrs. Woodworth was one of the charter members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and also of the New York City Chapter of that organization, and knows all about the Society from the beginning."

The motto of the organization, "*Amor Patriæ*"—love of country—meant to the Daughters of the American Revolution not only the sentiment, but all it represented in the past, when their fathers struggled for independence, and all it stood for in the practical education of the youth of the country who were to uphold the dignity of the Government and shape its future. It accepted patriotism in its broadest meaning, which was quoted from Bishop Ireland as follows: "Patriotism is love of country and loyalty to its life and weal—love tender and strong; tender as the love of son for mother; strong as the pillars of death; loyalty genuine and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save the country's honor and the country's triumph."

From such thoughts originated the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was scarcely more than four years since three women determined to organize for the practical embodiment of these ideas, and since that time the organization includes eight thousand members. The Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Woodworth said, was neither original nor alone in its work, but it was the pioneer woman's organization to develop ideas of patriotism.

As early as 1783 the Society of the Cincinnati was established by the officers of the Revolutionary War with the same idea of perpetuating the spirit of the men who achieved American independence. The Society of the Sons of the American Revolution was originated in 1876. The question of admitting women to

this organization was for a long time considered, and when it was decided adversely thoughtful women believed there was a place and duty for them to commemorate the tireless efforts of the women during the momentous years of the Revolution, and this feeling resulted in the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution in October, 1890.

Mrs. Woodworth quoted from the Constitution the objects of the Society, as follows :

"The objects for which the Society was organized are to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics, and of records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries. To carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people, 'to promote as an object of primary importance institutions for the diffusion of knowledge,' thus developing an enlightened public opinion and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens. To cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to secure for all mankind the blessings of liberty."

Eligibility to membership consists of a proven lineal descent from an ancestor, who, ever loyal, rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier, sailor or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States or of united Colonies or States. The applicant must be at least eighteen years of age and acceptable to the Society. When twelve persons in one locality are elected members of the National Society they may obtain from the National Board a charter for a local Chapter, which has at its head a Regent. The Regents meet yearly in National Congress held in Washington on February 22.

Mrs. Woodworth outlined the work of the Society in promoting education in the public schools in historical subjects, the cultivation of the spirit of patriotism, and the intelligent observance of the days commemorative of events of history. The use of the flag was encouraged in various ways, which the speaker mentioned, and she gave descriptions of several occasions of national interest celebrated by several Chapters of the organization.

Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Regent of the Onondaga Chapter, was present and gave information as to the local organization. It was organized on January 28 of this year, with fourteen charter members. It has now twenty accepted members and a large number of applicants. Mrs. McCarthy showed the badge of the organization, which is a spinning-wheel and distaff design, enameled in blue and silver and attached to a ribbon of blue and white, the colors of Washington's staff.

The charter members of the local Chapter are: Mrs. Dennis McCarthy, Regent; Mrs. C. Herbert Halcomb, Secretary; Mrs. William Nottingham, Treasurer; Mrs. George N. Crouse, Registrar; Mrs. Thomas Emery, Historian; Mrs. Frederick D. Huntington, Mrs. Andrew Green, Mrs. James Monroe Ward, Mrs. Eugene McClelland, Mrs. Charles Stone, Mrs. Theodore Butterfield, Dr. Juliet Hanchett, Mrs. Cornelius Emerick, and Miss Amanda Dows.

TOASTED THE SPIRIT OF '76.

THE spirit of '76 pervaded Salt Lake City June 19. It was aroused by a reunion of the descendants of Revolutionary heroes in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill, of which June 19 was the one hundred and twentieth anniversary. This social event was under the auspices of the Utah Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The Society was organized on February 22, 1895, and June 19 gave its first banquet from 9.30 until midnight. It is officered as follows: President, General W. H. Penrose; Vice President, Judge S. A. Merritt; Secretary, Ledyard M. Bailey; Treasurer, Hoyt Sherman, Jr.; Chaplain, Rev. D. R. Lowell; Historian, Charles C. Goodwin; Board of Managers, Nat. M. Brigham, General A. J. Woodbury, Dr. William W. Betts, Dr. George H. Penrose, Lieutenant W. K. Wright. The other members of the Society are Dr. S. Ewing, W. S. Ferris, Dr. J. C. Elliott King, M. L. Ritchie, Dr. E. S. Wright, George R. Mathews, E. D. Lewis, Lieutenant J. F. Preston, J. P. Bache, E. H. Scott, F. A. Meacham, and Dan N. Swan.

Those eligible to membership in the Society are the descendants of those who rendered service in the Revolutionary War,

and of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress or of a Colonial Legislature, and civil officers of the Colonies or of the National Government.

The Sixteenth Infantry band rendered sweet music in the rotunda of the hotel while the guests were assembling. When the feast was ready the band was stationed in the ladies' ordinary, where it played Sousa's "Washington March" while the members of the Society and their invited friends entered the dining-room, which was tastefully draped with the Stars and Stripes. The guests remained standing while the band rendered the "Star Spangled Banner." Then grace was offered by Chaplain Lowell and the banqueters proceeded to discuss the menu.

Those in attendance were General and Mrs. W. H. Penrose, Governor West, George M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, Judge and Mrs. C. C. Goodwin, Chaplain and Mrs. D. R. Lowell, Dr. David Utter, Dr. and Mrs. S. Ewing, Mrs. Andrews, Dr. and Mrs. Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, Mr. Eugene Lewis, Mr. William D. Neal, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bailey, Lieutenant and Mrs. W. K. Wright, Dr. George H. Penrose, and Dr. William Winthrop Betts.

When the menu had been served, General Penrose rose to speak of "The Utah Society." He opened with words of welcome, and then spoke of the origin of the Society in California on February 22, 1875, and of its accessions since, until it now had a membership of five thousand. He dwelt upon the need of promoting patriotism throughout the Nation by such an agency as the Society. The Constitution of the United States should be taught, said the general, in all the schools. And none but native-born Americans should be permitted to teach American children Americanism. [Applause.] The great depression throughout the country was due, said General Penrose, to the fact that the people had given themselves over to the money power of a nation that tried, first on sea and then on land, to conquer them, and now was assailing them through their finances. "Shall we stand idly by and let our heritage be snatched from us?" asked General Penrose. "I say no—a thousand times no," he answered, amid applause.

He urged that true patriotism be inculcated, and that every effort be put forth to make those foreigners who come among us good and true Americans. Let true Americanism, said he, bear to the false the ratio of sixteen to one. [Applause.]

General Penrose then introduced Judge Goodwin as the toast-master of the evening. After happy preliminary remarks, the judge called on Rev. David Utter to respond to the toast "Massachusetts and the Day." He reviewed the part taken by Massachusetts in the Revolution and glorified its patriots, and described the battle of Bunker Hill, which he declared to be the event that made it necessary to fight the contest to the bitter end. After that battle, compromise was impossible. He contended that the people of to-day suffered greatly by comparison with the men of the Revolutionary period.

Dr. Ewing read a response to the toast, "Our Patriotic Ancestors," prepared by General A. J. Woodbury, who was unable to be present. It was a fervent and loving tribute to the patriots of Revolutionary days.

Governor West spoke of Utah as one of the fruits of the efforts of those whose patriotism was being commemorated—a new State, he said, was about to enter the Union. He was glad that before its admission a Society of the Sons of the American Revolution had been established here to inculcate lessons of patriotism. Of all the thirty-one stars that have been added to the original thirteen on the flag created by the forefathers, not one had given greater glory to the Union than would be given by the forty-fifth, which was to be added before the close of the year. [Applause.] He said this with a full appreciation of his native State, Kentucky, which was the first to be admitted to the Union. Utah would be great, because of the work of its liberty-loving pioneers, who had laid so well the foundations of a commonwealth.

Chaplain Lowell responded both wittily and seriously to the toast, "The Ladies," provoking laughter and applause. When he closed, Dr Penrose proposed a toast to Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, the first member of the Utah Chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution, which is being organized. This toast was drank by the company standing, and then, while the band rendered "Hail Columbia," the banqueters departed.



LIEUTENANT OBADIAH PERKINS, GROTON, CONNEC-
TICUT.

My ancestor's services in enlisting in the establishment of American Independence during the War of the Revolution were as follows :

First enlistment, September, 1776; was wounded in the breast at the battle of Fort Griswold, September 6, 1781; received invalid pension at close of the war.

The account of the terrible massacre of brave men at Fort Griswold is a story indelibly printed on the pages of my memory and will remain clear, while reason lasts.

My grandparents lived about one and a half miles from the fort. Colonel Ledyard commanded the fort; my grandfather was his second in command. Colonel Ledyard was the military commander of New London District, which included the two forts, Trumbull and Griswold.

The first days of September, 1781, were days of anxiety and alarm to the forts and inhabitants, generally. Rumors were afloat that traitor Arnold had threatened to march to New London and burn the house he was born in. A suspicious British fleet was lurking near the harbor of New London.

The night of September 5, Colonel Ledyard and his officers were in consultation at Fort Griswold, and couriers were dispatched through the farming regions and small towns, calling for recruits and warning the people.

At the first dawn, Colonel Ledyard went to see the condition of Fort Trumbull, leaving my grandfather in command. No indications, as to point of attack, had been made, and hastily giving to the sentinels the signal of alarm, in case of the landing of the enemy, he rode to his home for his breakfast. His house was hidden from sight of the fort and highway by a dense grove, and many women and children, living in more exposed homes, had sought refuge there. His breakfast was ready and without removing hat or gloves he hastily swallowed a cup of coffee and the hot biscuit prepared for him, when three guns were fired and his waiter, who was on the lookout, galloped to the door, calling out, "the British are landing." Grandfather instantly sprang to the saddle of his horse, standing at the door, and striking the spurs into his sides, bounded away out of sight. Arriving at the fort he summoned his brother officers for consultation; they had not long to wait, Colonel Ledyard was soon on the ground: he had ordered the small force under Captain Shapely to spike the guns and vacate his post, and join the force at Griswold.

A number of farmers had already arrived as volunteers (and they trusted the militia would arrive soon); all told they had one hundred and thirty men—a small number to stand against the invading force of two regiments of regular troops and a corps of loyalists (they did not, however, come up in time for service).

On landing, the regulars lost no time in moving on toward Fort Griswold, and Colonel Eyre, the commander, sent his aid with a flag to demand a surrender. This was refused. "The fort will be defended to the last extremity," was the answer to the demand.

The attack was hastily made. When they came within range, they were met with a well aimed discharge of the cannon and a steady discharge of guns; never was a braver defense made, and it told with fatal results upon the enemy. Three of their highest officers fell, and the dead and wounded of the attacking force far outnumbered the brave little band inside the fort. Their loss enraged the enemy, and vengeance was the war cry. Over the dead bodies of their own soldiers (a large portion were Hessians hired for the bloody work), they

cut down the guards and entered the arena. My pen can give no adequate idea of the butchery which followed. His superior officers having fallen, the command had devolved upon the inhuman and ignoble Major Bromfield. To him Colonel Ledyard resigned his sword, in token of submission, saying, "I was the commander of this fort; you are now." The brutal officer grasped it and plunged it into the brave, noble, and generous heart. My grandfather, with other friends who stood near him, leaped forward to avenge his colonel's death, but fell wounded and bleeding; already his own father was slain and his three brothers lay weltering in their gore. Their names, Luke Perkins, Luke Perkins, Jr., Elnathan Perkins, and Elisha Perkins, are graven upon the monument erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, in memory of the patriots who fell at Fort Griswold.

The example of the bloodthirsty Bromfield was a license to the butchery that followed.

Meantime my noble and patriotic grandmother, sheltering in her home the terror-stricken wives and children of neighbors, who had seen the smoke of their burning homes, and with all the agony of suspense had been active in the work of relief for the wounded suffering soldiers, and had brought out from her linen closet her store of sheets, towels, pillow cases, and table cloths; willing hands had assisted her and a large sack was filled with lint, bandages, and other necessities.

These were dispatched by a messenger and received by my grandfather as he was placing the dead body of his father on a platform (for its protection from mutilation), not five minutes before the gates fell.

Of course the supply was seized and used by the British for their own wounded. After the slaughter had been bidden to cease by a higher officer who appeared upon the scene, the robbing of the dead and wounded followed: the dead were stripped naked and heaped in a pile; our wounded left with wounds undressed.

Grandfather did not return, and all night long his faithful wife, with a lighted torch, searched among the dead for his corpse, but in vain. In the morning he was found alive; had been inhumanly piled with all the helpless into an ammunition

wagon and started down the slope and left to perish, but was providentially rescued, but never fully recovered from the wound received.

My authority for this record is my own mother, Emblem Perkins Blair, of Becket, Massachusetts, and my grandmother, Emblem Perkins, of Groton, Connecticut, also the record of service of Connecticut men in the Revolution, compiled by authority of the General Assembly, under the direction of Adjutant General, 1885-86, Hartford, 1887.

MARY P. B. SMITH.

EVAN SHELBY.

BUT this man of iron had a softer side to his nature, he had a sweetheart—and while he was off fighting his country's battles, she had with her brother gone to Kentucky to join her father, Nathaniel Hart, who with his brothers formed a large part of the company known as "the Colony of Transylvania in America," their claims covering almost the whole of Kentucky. It was during explorations for this company that Daniel Boone gained his great reputation as a pioneer. When Isaac Shelby found his bird had flown, he solaced himself with a little flirtation with pretty Miss Bledsoe, who afterwards married his old friend, Colonel Sevier. But when the war was finally over he returned to look after his large landed possessions in Kentucky. He found Susanna in the old fort at Boonsborough, where a little while before her father had been killed by the Indians, his body thrown over the stockade, and she had with her own hands prepared it for burial. But here the vows were renewed and Susanna stayed in the fort while the colonel returned to his estate in Lincoln County: for this estate, the records say, "was the first certificate of settlement and preëmption granted by the governor of Virginia to Isaac Shelby for raising a crop of corn in the County of Kentucky in the year 1776." Here he built a home, the first stone house in Kentucky, built by a future governor, and which now, in 1895, is the home of his descendants. The name, "Traveler's Rest," is the index of the hospitality dispensed there; no weary traveler passed without a welcome, even the friendly Indians

camped on its broad acres, and were supplied with corn, and "otherwise treated so well" that they called him "Old King Shelby." Meanwhile, while the home was being prepared, Susanna was doing her share for the coming nuptials—spinning with deft fingers a wedding gown, woven from flax raised within the stockade, so soft and fine that tradition says it could be drawn through the wedding ring. In April, 1784, the wedding took place within the stockade, and the wedding journey was begun, the bride and groom, from necessity, on horseback, with a strong escort of soldiers mounted, for their wedding journey was through the "dark and bloody ground." Part of the bride's dower was the horse, with saddle and bridle, on which she made her wedding journey. Susanna Hart Shelby was always a helpmeet for her husband. When he sat with his rifle guarding his men while at work from an always possible attack from the Indians, she was often by his side with the inevitable knitting; the art with which she wove her wedding gown was taught to her slaves, and a weaving-room was one of the necessities of Traveler's Rest. When Henry Clay, in a speech in the United States Senate, mentioned the wife of Isaac Shelby as a model housekeeper for the young women of the country to emulate, it meant a great deal; a woman's household was her kingdom a hundred years ago; nor were the creature comforts all that Susan Hart Shelby had a talent for. She is described as a woman of ready wit, holding her own with the statesmen of the day, many of whom were frequent guests at her house. This pioneer couple had ten children, all of whom reached maturity, were married, and had families of their own. The oldest son, James, married Mary Prindell, a daughter of Dr. Richard Prindell, who during the Revolution was a surgeon in the army: he was at the battle of Brandywine Creek, and when Lafayette was wounded was appointed by General Washington to dress his wounds—you will pardon a digression, I know, and let me quote from a recent letter received from a daughter of James and Mary Shelby, who, although now in her eighty-third year, has still the stately grace of the olden time; she was attending the "female seminary" in Lexington, Kentucky, which was chosen as the place for the celebration given to Lafayette during his



last visit to the United States. The young ladies were dressed in white, with garlands of roses. She says, "I witnessed a meeting in after years between the old surgeon and the never-to-be-forgotten Lafayette in his visit to our country." "I was called out by the principal of the school when he met the citizens of Lexington, and presented to the general as the granddaughter of two of his army companions, I made my courtesy to the old gentleman and repeated Pope's universal prayer—from that day the school was known as the Lafayette Female Academy." Mary Prindell Shelby's maternal grandfather was Thomas Hart, the great-uncle of Thomas Hart Benton, for whom he was named; he was the father of Mrs. Henry Clay, of Mrs. James Brown, whose husband was minister to France, and of Mrs. Prindell. Sallie Shelby, another daughter of Isaac Shelby, married Dr. Ephraim McDowell, the father of ovariectomy, with a world-wide reputation. Letitia married Charles Todd, who was once minister to Russia. One of the four husbands of his daughter Susan. Mr. Shannan, was minister to Central America; he died during his mission and the Government sent a vessel to convey the widow to the United States.

In 1792 Isaac Shelby was chosen first Governor of Kentucky. Shaler says: "Shelby was as brave in action as he was wise in council, his choice as the first Governor was an honor and a blessing to the young Commonwealth;" all the time of his administration was a very critical period for the young Commonwealth. To quote another source: "It was largely due to his unflinching patriotism and courage that the State was safely piloted through the troublous times of adjusting early complications, especially those caused by the conflicts with the Spaniards on the navigation of the Mississippi River, and the treasonable efforts to abandon the United States and coalesce with Spain." The crisis being past Isaac Shelby returned to his farm, and refused another term, but when the war clouds lowered again and the War of 1812 was a certainty, his State demanded his services and he was again made Governor, and although an old man he was, as always, ready to do his country's service. At the age of sixty-three years he raised four thousand troops, mounted them on his own responsibility, and joined General Wm. Henry Harrison, and the battle of the

Thames was fought, and a victory won. I quote from one account of this battle, "without meaning to detract from the just fame of Wm. Henry Harrison, it cannot be denied that this battle won for him by Shelby made him President of the United States, had the people recognized the true facts in the case Isaac Shelby would have been made President instead of Harrison." In Harrison's report to the Secretary of War, he says: "I am at a loss how to mention the merits of Governor Shelby, being convinced that no eulogium of mine can do him justice: the Governor of an independent State, and greatly my superior in years, in experience, and in military fame, he placed himself under my command, and was not more remarkable for his zeal and activity than for the promptitude with which he obeyed my orders." For their services both he and Harrison received a medal from Congress. In this war Isaac Shelby's son, James, was a captain in his father's company. He was taken prisoner by the British at the battle of the River Raisin, and was finally exchanged and returned home, after being considered among the slain.

Isaac Shelby's long career of bravery and usefulness was drawing to a close. President Monroe tendered him the post of Secretary of War, which he declined, his only other public service being in adjusting the Indian claims in Kentucky and Tennessee. In 1826, sitting in his chair, with only his faithful wife by his side, he died. For many years they have lain side by side under the shade of the trees, where the joys and sorrows of their eventful lives were passed. And now, in conclusion—

If our Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution means anything, it is that from such lives as these we learn our lessons of patriotism. The foundation stones of our Republic were laid in unflinching courage and incorruptible integrity; let us hold fast to these, as we value the life of our beloved country, and thank God for the possibilities of American manhood—of American womanhood.

MARY SHELBY STALLCUP.

[CONCLUDED.]

SKETCH OF GENERAL JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL was born June 1, 1731, in Providence Township, Philadelphia County (now Montgomery County), Pennsylvania. The names of his parents are not certainly known, though it has been learned that his father died before 1752 and that his mother lived to the age of ninety-six. He had two brothers, William and Thomas, both of whom have descendants now living; also sisters, one of them named Elizabeth Betson. John Bull married Mary Phillips, who was of Welsh parentage, August 13, 1752. May 12, 1758, he was appointed captain on the Provincial service and was at the taking of Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburg), with the Pennsylvania and other troops (including George Washington), under General Forbes. Bull gives a graphic account of his duty at this time in a letter he wrote to the Council July 9, 1779. In it he says: "During the Campaign in the Last French War to the Ohio in the year 1758, while the french were in Possession of Fort Duquesne, now fort Pitt, I with five Indians went Into their Country on the other side the Ohio and the fort with Dispatches from the government and general there held a Conference with them Drew them off entirely from the french Interest, they left the fort and we Possesd it without fighting."

The following year, 1759, Bull was reappointed captain and served again. After 1761 he was a justice of the peace and after 1768 a justice of the court of quarter service of the county. In 1771 he bought five hundred and forty-three acres on the site where Norristown now stands, and removed there from Limerick Township.

During the Revolution General Bull's services, military and civil, were various and active. In 1774 he was one of the Committee of Inspection of his county and in 1775 a member of the second Provincial Convention which determined on open rebellion. From November 25, 1775, until his resignation, January 20, 1776, he was colonel of the First Pennsylvania Battalion of the Continental troops. In February he carried public money to Cambridge, Massachusetts. In June he was a member of the third Provincial Convention which framed

the Pennsylvania Constitution. In July he was made colonel of the Sixth Associators Battalion of the State; was elected member of the fourth convention; was made chairman of the Committee of Inspection of Philadelphia County; became a member of the Council of Safety of the State, and was a justice of the peace. In September he was appointed general superintendent of the construction of defenses at Billingsport, which work he conducted at intervals until 1779, being appointed "colonel commandant" there in February, 1777. In January, 1777, he was a commissioner to treat with the Indians at Easton, Pennsylvania. In February he was elected member of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and although in March, when the Council of Safety gave place to the Executive Council as the real governing body, he was not a member of the latter body, he served a month on the Board of War. May 2 he was appointed colonel of the Pennsylvania State Regiment of Foot and on June 17 was transferred to the position of adjutant general of Pennsylvania.

Meantime his wife had charge of the estate, all but fifty-five acres of which was sold to the University of Pennsylvania November 2, 1776. On September 23, 1777, the British Army, under Howe, burned several buildings and confiscated servants and property on its way to Philadelphia (Bull was afterwards reimbursed £2080 for the damage). Tradition is rife with Mrs. Bull's bravery on this occasion; how she was interviewed by Howe and scorned his offer of rewards if her husband would desert the American cause; how she put out the fire that was started in the house; how she saved some things by hiding them, and how a daughter escaped on horseback with their title deeds. The following winter was spent by the family at Hummelstown, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, whither the State Gunlock Factory, of which Bull's son-in-law, Benjamin Rittenhouse, was superintendent, had been moved.

In December, 1777, Bull was temporarily in command of the Second Brigade of Pennsylvania militia. January 3, 1778, the Council decided that an adjutant general was no longer necessary, and relieved General Bull with complimentary expressions of appreciation.

He, however, having become accustomed to manifold duties, failed to appreciate the benefits of inaction while anything remained to be done, and addressed the following letter to "ye Hon. George Bryan, Esq., the Vice President of the State Council." It contains various points of interest:

Dr. Sir,

I arrived at Hummelstown the night I left Lancaster, where I found my People, I yesterday waited upon Col. McCane and Intend Dining with him this day. The River is full of Ice and likely to Continue. My being inactive has Given me a Reflection upon my fate in the Last Long Campain and shall Take the Liberty of Troubling you with a Line upon some of the Circumstances, it is well known to many that about this time Twelve months the Council of Safety order'd a great quantity of Cannon Ball from Phila. to my house thinking it a place of greater security than the City, it is easy to Conceive that the sight of these and a quantity of Intrenching tools which Lay in a Small Building adjacent together with my being in the Service, were the greatest Inducements to the Enemies Reaking their Vengeance upon the Chief Part of my Property, and by Reason of my Public Engagements, it was not in my power to Pay the Necessary attention to the Small Remainder, otherways than sending Mrs. Bull and family (for the present) to a Distant Land until times will admit of their return, the whole of these my misfortunes Did not affect me so much as after my having Served this State through the Fatigues of a Tedious Campain I should be Dismis'd the Service Before I Reach half way to my Distress'd family I Say not a word for the advantages arising from ye service for every man Knows that he who is Deepest Engaged is a Loser, I can aver that all my Pay will not support my Self, exclusive my family, but that is by no mean the Cause of this line, it is my going for the Present to a Strange Neighborhood, and having been Constantly Employed in Publick service am now Dismissed. If I have Neglected it or have not faithfully Performed the several Trusts &c., then I am Justly treated, but if I have, I leave others to judge. My Consolation is that while Heaven supports my spirits no man can Deprive me of being my Countrys

friend. You will Excuse the freedom and hurry, as Mr. Dehaven has one foot in ye sterip and Col. McCane expects me.

Sir your obt

Humble servt

Jno. Bull

Jan. ye 19th, 1778, 11 o'clock A. M.

After serving again as justice, in September Bull took up anew the direction at Billingsport which had been interrupted by his service as adjutant general, and in 1780 he was commissioner of Purchases of Philadelphia County, and one of three commissioners to limit prices of merchandise.

Between 1780 and 1784 Bull removed to his estate on Opequan Creek, Berkeley County, Virginia (now West Virginia), and was still there in 1795, although his place at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, was occupied in 1785. In 1803 he was elected to the State Assembly from Northumberland, and in 1808 he was defeated as Federal candidate for Congress.

Mary Phillips Bull died at Northumberland, February 23, 1811, aged eighty years. John Bull died there August 9, 1824. They had one son, Ezekiel William, surgeon United States Army, who died unmarried in 1819 or 1820, and five daughters, viz: (1) Elizabeth, married Benjamin Rittenhouse, brother of the famous David; (2) Anna, married General John Smith, of Virginia; (3) Mary, married Joseph Nourse, first Register of the Treasury; (4) Rebecca, married Captain John Boyd; (5) Sarah Harriet, married three times but has no descendants living. A considerable number of Daughters of the American Revolution are descended from John Bull, including the Regent of Sunbury Chapter, Pennsylvania, and the present Surgeon General. Although he holds no lofty position in history, there lived surely no more ardent patriot nor one who labored more earnestly for the cause of independence.

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.



A REMINISCENCE OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE following letter of Ralph Waldo Emerson, never before published, was written to a distant kinswoman of my own. Happy the literary aspirant, half a century ago, whose rejected manuscripts even might bring such courteous recognition from one of the immortals.

The world now delights to honor the memory of that "party of friends" who were promoting the precarious existence of that "little journal." We realize, in reading these lines, how, during the past fifty years, the narrow confines of literature in our country have expanded into a wide realm, peopled by innumerable writers and readers.

CONCORD, 6 July, 1841.

Miss A. D. W.———:

I owe you an apology for neglecting to acknowledge the receipt of your note enclosing a copy of verses for the *Dial*—I will not count how many weeks ago. I am not quite so guilty as the date of your note would seem to make me, for it was addressed *Boston*, and forwarded thence to me by some friend unknown some time later. In reply to the inquiry respecting our little journal, the *Dial*, I have to say that all the contributions to that paper are gratuitous. It was set on foot by a party of friends, and is furnished with matter by them. A very few persons, on whose pen a constant dependence is placed, receive each a copy of the work and no other reward. The occasional contributors have not received even this recompense, so entirely is this journal an experiment, hitherto uncertain whether its subscription list

would pay its printing and publication. Miss Fuller, the editor, who is to have some contingent allowance from the publishers, has thus far, I believe, received none.

Will Miss W—— now allow me to show her a stroke of the petty tyranny of my office as poetic critic or Fadladeen to the *Dial*, and to tell her why I did not press my friend Miss Fuller to insert these harmonious lines you have sent me in the *Dial* for this month? I believe I am very hard to please in the matter of poetry, but my quarrel with most of the verses I read is this, namely, that it is conventional, that it is a certain manner of writing agreed on in society (in a very select society, if you will,)—and caught by the ear: but is not that new, constitutional, unimitated and inimitable voice of the individual, which poetry ought always to be. I think I ought always to be apprised by any person's poetry of that individual's private experience. The imagery ought to reveal to me where and with whom he or she has spent the hours, and ought to show me what objects (never before so distinguished) his constitution and temperament have made affecting to him. In short, all poetry should be original and necessary. The verses you sent me are uncommonly smooth and elegant, and happily express a pleasing sentiment: but I suppose I should prize more highly much ruder specimens from your portfolio, which you perhaps would as much underrate, which recorded in a way you could not repeat, some profound experience of happiness or pain.

I have written a long letter, yet have given but a hint of what I should say. You must not, however, judge me so ill as to think me quite contented with such verses as we have published in our magazine. Yet I please myself much with the marked taste for poetry which is showing itself everywhere in the country, and I congratulate you on the possession of an ear and talent which promise so much.

R. W. EMERSON.

Contributed by Mrs. John Quincy Adams.

A FURLOUGH.

“HEADQUARTERS, JAMESTOWN, *March 10, 1776.*

MR. ISAAC WHEELER is permitted to go off this Island, to return in twenty days from this date, his *son* Isaac likewise, till he is able to return into the service, on account of his health.

[Signed]

CHRISTOPHER LIPPIT.”

The above is a copy of furlough granted to the father and grandfather of Mrs. Nancy Lord Stanton, an honorary member of the Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Mystic, Connecticut. Isaac, Jun., born *June 6, 1768*, being *less than eight years old* at the time of service. The “Island,” meaning Newport, Rhode Island. Isaac, Jun., was a “musician.” Does anyone know of a younger soldier?

E. A. MINER DENISON.



CHAPTERS.

GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH CHAPTER, Middletown, Connecticut.—This Chapter bears the proud distinction of being the senior Chapter of the "Banner State." Other Chapters may outnumber it in membership but none can excel it in good feeling, lofty sentiment, and patriotic enthusiasm. The Chapter numbers among its members descendants of men who have rendered distinguished service to the cause of liberty, from Elder Brewster, of the Mayflower, and men of Thomas Hooker's company, from members of the Continental Congress and Brother Jonathan's famous Council of Safety, from the first commissary of the State, and the first admiral of the United States down to the present. The highly esteemed wife of the present popular Governor of the State, Mrs. Ellen Cre Coffin, is an active and enthusiastic member of the Chapter. In April a brilliant reception was given by the Chapter in honor of its retiring Regent and newly elected State Regent for Connecticut, Miss Susan Carrington Clarke. The beautiful Delta Kappa Epsilon Chapter house was placed at the disposal of the Daughters for the occasion. The house was gay with flags, palms, and floral decorations, while arms which had borne a part in the Revolutionary struggle and other relics were displayed. The resident Sons of the American Revolution with their wives, and Daughters with their husbands were present in full numbers. After the reception a short business meeting was held with Mrs. Dr. B. P. Raymond acting Regent in the chair. In a few graceful words Mrs. Raymond presented from the Chapter an exquisite bouquet of roses to the retiring Regent, Miss Clarke. Mrs. Coffin then read an interesting account of the doings of the Fourth Continental Congress in Washington, to which she was a delegate. The formal proceedings of the evening were interspersed with music of a high order. After the programme a luxurious banquet was served in the spacious dining-room. This was the first of many succeeding receptions tendered the Regent

in different parts of the State. The June meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Judge Elmer. At the close of the business meeting a very interesting and carefully prepared paper was read by Mrs. E. T. Duby upon that sturdy old patriot, General Stark. Patriotic airs and other music added to the delight of the occasion, and the social hour and entertainment provided by the hostess were greatly enjoyed. The Chapter numbers about seventy; its growth has been gradual but healthy from the first. It has contributed generously to the Liberty Bell, to the Mrs. Harrison portrait fund, to the Mary Washington Monument Association, and a box of ancient and historic soil went from it to mingle about the roots of the Sequoia Liberty Tree on the Pacific coast. It has some local work on hand at present and is planning greater usefulness for the future.—MARY S. NORTHROP, *Historian*.

OTSEGO CHAPTER.—The first public function of Otsego Chapter was the celebration of "Flag Day." Invitations had been issued to the Sons of the American Revolution and their wives to meet the Daughters of the American Revolution at a reception to be held on the evening of that day at the home of the Regent, Mrs. T. C. Turner. Soon after eight o'clock the beautifully decorated rooms of this charming house, one of the oldest in the village, were filled with the Daughters and Sons of patriotic fathers. The exercises of the evening were most interesting and entertaining—the programme being as follows:—Prayer, Rev. Charles Olmsted, D. D.; Singing, Star Spangled Banner; Address, Mrs. T. C. Turner, Regent; Historian's Report, Miss Forbes; Address, "The Flag," Mr. Andrew Davidson; Song, "New Hail Columbia," Ladies Chorus; Address, Mr. G. P. Keese; Quotation, "The Flag," Miss Patterson; Quotation, "The Flag," Miss Davidson; Quotation, "The Flag," Miss Tippet; Address, Mr. T. C. Turner; Music, America; after which refreshments were served. The evening was considered by all as most enjoyable, and especially was it the happy occasion when many of the nonresident members of this Chapter met with us for the first time.—JEAN FORBES.

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell us when and where the question was first authoritatively discussed proposing a Union of all the Colonies?

L. L.

A. At Albany, New York, 1754.

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland were represented.

A union of all the Colonies under one Government was proposed.

It was to be administered by one Chief Magistrate, who was to be appointed by the King and a council of forty-eight members, to be chosen by the Legislatures of the several Colonies. This convention was termed the First Colonial Congress

These terms were not ratified by the King or the Colonists.

Are there any laws governing the formation of Chapter By-Laws?

M. P. B.

A. No By-Law can be enacted by a Chapter that conflicts with the Constitution.

Local Chapters can enact By-Laws that are in harmony with the Constitution of the National Society. Constitution, Chapter Seventh, Section Third.

Can we elect a minister as chaplain for our Chapter?

S.

A. If the minister is a man we should say, no; for no amount of ancestry could make him a Daughter of the American Revolution.

The question has frequently been asked, how or when the term "Old Glory" was first given to our flag?

The following extract from Coffin's "Drumbeat of the Nation," has been sent us by Grace Potter Johnson, member Lucretia Shaw Chapter:

"There was one Union man in Nashville who had stood resolutely for the old flag, Stephen Driver, who before the war was a sea captain, sailing from Salem, Massachusetts, to foreign lands. Once, when in a foreign port, he rendered important service to the place, and the people presented him with a beautiful flag. A priest pronounced a blessing upon it as it rose to the masthead of his ship, and he made a solemn promise to ever defend it, with his life if need be. He had made Nashville his home. He opposed secession. When the war began he was obliged to secrete the flag. He sewed it in a quilt, and every night slept beneath it. He named it "Old Glory." Many times the Confederate soldiers searched his house

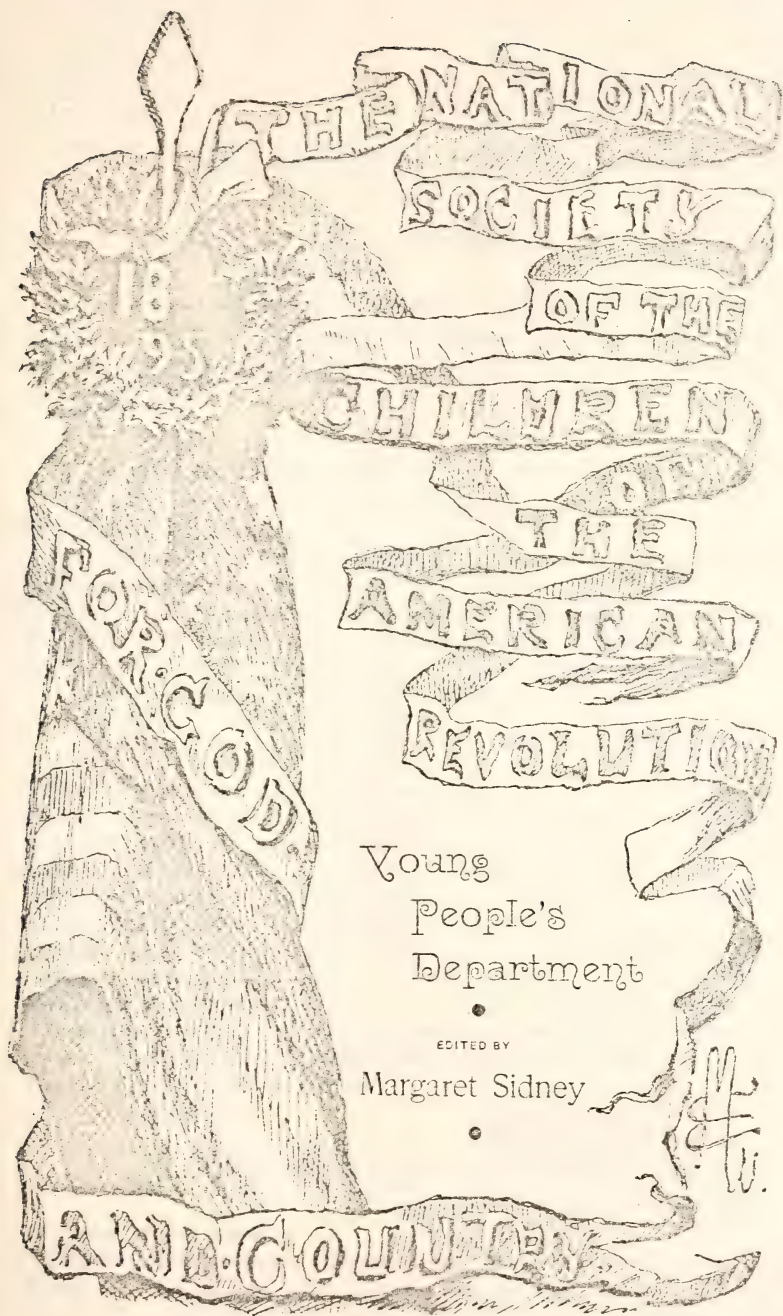
to find it. "I shall yet raise it above the State house," he said to them. They threatened him with death, and he bade them do their worst. His hour of triumph came when the troops under Buell entered Nashville. He told soldiers the story of "Old Glory," brought it out, went with them to the roof of the State house and flung it to the breeze with the men in blue swinging their caps and shouting their hurrahs! "*Drumbeat of the Nation*.—CHARLES C. COFFIN.

Attention is called to the "Letter to Chapters," in the May Magazine. Up to this date very few replies have been received.

Correct records cannot be kept at headquarters without the coöperation of every Chapter.

Very few Directories are left unsold. Chapters not yet supplied should send at once.





THE NATIONAL
SOCIETY
OF THE
CHILDREN
OF THE
AMERICAN
REVOLUTION

FOR GOD
AND COUNTRY

Young
People's
Department

EDITED BY

Margaret Sidney

J.W.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT contains only what was necessarily left over last month.

The MAGAZINE, being issued at an earlier date this month, which is expected hereafter to be the date of issue, must necessarily go to press without the Young People's Department being full.—ED.

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS OF THE SOCIETY.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, *July 1, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

The lessons of patriotism and lofty citizenship cannot be inculcated too early into the minds of the youth of America—devotion to country—its institutions and its purposes—must mean good will to all men and inure to the benefit of the whole world. An organization calculated to promote noble ideals of patriotic duty deserves to be fostered and encouraged.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK T. GREENHALGE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1405 I ST., *June 29, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

Your very kind and cordial letter reached me this morning and I wish I might tell you in reply that I could be with you on the Fourth of July in the Old South Meetinghouse, Boston, but it really is impossible—my husband will then, I trust, be on his way home; he expects to land on next Monday and will come to me as soon as the trains can bear him—so I must not leave home for either duty or pleasure.

Please convey my greetings to the dear children whom we all love so much, and on whom our future depends, and give my regrets at not being able to see them in person.

Accept my thanks, my dear Mrs. Lothrop, for your kind invitation to rest at "The Wayside." I know it would be most charming and I trust sometime I may have that pleasure.

Very sincerely,

MARY PARKE FOSTER.

MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER.

President General, Daughters of the American Revolution.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *June 29, 1895*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP :

I am very sorry to find it will be entirely impossible for me to be in Boston on the Fourth of July. Let me tell you now, therefore, what I

should take pleasure in saying if I were able to be present, that I believe great good will come from the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Its foundation is a gratifying illustration of the growing interest in the history of our country, and I have no doubt that its worth will be of great help in extending and strengthening the influence of the courses of historical study already begun at the Old South Meetinghouse. As I was myself the one to begin this work in 1879, I am naturally interested in whatever is likely to advance and extend it.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN FISKE.

THE GOOD WORK GOES ON.

MRS. CUTHBERT H. SLOCOMB, the chairman of the Children of the American Revolution committee of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, called a meeting at the Monument House on Tuesday, July 9, and formed the fourth Society in New London County, under Miss Mary Jane Avery and Miss Bouse as president and assistant. This Society is named "Colonel Ledyard," after our fort's brave martyr.

Yesterday, July 18, Mrs. Slocomb met a lovely group of children in Stonington Borough, at Mrs. Franklin B. Noyes's home, when the fifth Society was immediately organized with Mrs. Noyes as president, and Miss Emily Wheeler, assistant. The children unanimously decided for the name "William Latham, Jr.," known in history as the "Powder Monkey," and will doubtless become known most creditably as the Powder Monkey Lathams ere long. The youngest soldier in Fort Griswold, we are told, was twelve or fourteen years of age, and carried himself throughout the fight as a working hero.

From the "Weekly Review," Groton, Connecticut, July 19, 1895.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. SARAH ANDERSON KENDRICK.

"DEATH loves a shining mark," and on July 5, 1895, Sarah Anderson Kendrick was called to her eternal rest.

Hers was indeed an interesting figure among us ; of great historical interest, because she was a living link between that great struggle for independence begun in 1776, and our organization, national in its character, which is to perpetuate and keep alive the memory of those days.

She was a real Daughter of the Revolution, her father being Richard Clough Anderson, who was born at Goldmine, Hanover County, Virginia, January 12, 1750. He entered the Revolutionary Army as a captain in the Fifth Virginia, Continental Line ; was promoted major First Regiment, Continental Line ; major Third Regiment, Continental Line ; lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Regiment, Continental Line, of Virginia. He served as aid-de-camp to General the Marquis de Lafayette, between whom and himself a warm personal friendship existed. During the war he performed some very difficult services, and was a prisoner of war in the Charleston prison for nine months. He was one of the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati, and after the war was appointed surveyor general and brigadier general of militia. He was married first to Miss Clark, of Virginia, and his second wife was Miss Sarah Marshall, of the old Marshall family of Caroline (originally Westmoreland) County, the same State. His second wife was a cousin of his first, and also a direct descendant of the Clarks. On receiving his appointment he settled in Jefferson County, Kentucky, and built the first stone residence known to have been built in the State. He called his home "Soldier's Retreat," because, with true Virginia hospitality, he made of it a veritable retreat for his old comrades in arms.

It was here, at "Soldier's Retreat," on June 9, 1822, that the subject of our sketch, Sarah Anderson Kendrick, the youngest of seventeen children, was born. General Anderson died on October 16, 1826. After his death his widow removed with her younger children to Chillicothe, the older children having preceded her to Ohio. Mrs. Kendrick attended the school of John Locke, in Cincinnati, and in this school she acquired most of her education. At Chillicothe she met and married Andrew D. Kendrick, a young attorney at law: the marriage was solemnized on July 4, 1848. After a few years they removed to Muscatine, Iowa, and here Mr. Kendrick died in 1858.

A year later Mrs. Kendrick came to Cincinnati and took up her residence with her sister, Mrs. Latham, on Broadway. Mrs. Latham, who was another genuine Daughter of the American Revolution, died about eight years ago, and was buried on Washington's birthday. Mrs. Kendrick continued to reside in the old home for the next three years, from that time until her death she made her home with Dr. and Mrs. Kemfer. During the late war, Mrs. Kendrick was zealously devoted to the cause of the Union, and worked enthusiastically and incessantly in the interest of the soldiers, giving special attention to the care of the sick and wounded. She took charge of the hospital in Cincinnati for eighteen months, and was highly complimented for her work by General Burnside. She was a prominent worker in many of the charitable societies of the city, for she was by nature charitable, and a devout churchwoman. She died possessed of a fair estate, which she divided, by will, among six of her nieces. Among the relics willed to her descendants, was a bust of Washington, a bust of her brother, Major Robert Anderson, "the hero of Fort Sumter," and a photograph of a certificate of the Society of the Cincinnati.

She was a woman of fine mind, strong convictions, and courteous in her manner, and was very fond of preserving family letters and traditions and all historical documents that came in her way. The family have among their possessions valuable relics of Lafayette.

She was admitted to the Cincinnati Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1894, and the Chapter appreciated the honor of having one of the few "Daughters of the American Revolution" still living in the United States among their number. At the entertainment given at the St. Nicholas by the Daughters to the Sons, on the first of January, 1895, to commemorate the unfurling of the flag, Mrs. Kendrick was able to be present and stood in the receiving line for a few moments. She appeared deeply moved, but very much interested. The last occasion of her coming amongst us was at the last meeting of the Chapter for the current year, held on Monday, May 6th. On that day the Regent of the Chapter read a touching address and presented her with a beautiful souvenir spoon in the name of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. With her eyes swimming in tears, too weak to stand, she murmured her thanks, saying, it was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Many of us remarked at that time how frail she was, and expressed our fears that we would not long have our "Daughter" among us. Exactly four weeks from that day our worst fears were realized. Although afflicted with an incurable disease, death came to her suddenly and painlessly at the last. Her funeral took place at the residence of Dr. Kemper, on Broadway, and called forth a great gathering of the Andersons from all parts of the country. Representatives from all the oldest families of Cincinnati were present, and the Daughters of the American Revolution were represented by the Regent and the Historian. The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful. The Daughters of the American Revolution presented a beautiful easel made of ferns, and on it rested the insignia of the Society, wrought in blue immortelles and rosebuds, below the wheel in white flowers on a bed of fern leaves were the three letters D. A. R. The services were simple, being conducted by the Rev. Mr. Boke, assistant rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of which Mrs. Kendrick was a devout member. As the family wished the burial to be private, only the relatives, with a few friends and the Regent and the Historian followed her to her grave in beautiful Spring Grove. When the flowers were placed upon the mound, the family put the

emblem of the Daughters at the head of the grave. Mrs. Kendrick was buried with the button of the order upon her breast, which was a beautiful idea, full of sentiment.

The daughter of a distinguished Revolutionary officer, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families in the country, Mrs. Kendrick was indeed a unique figure among us, and her loss to the Society in a historical sense is irreparable; no one can arise and take her place. Of the older generation of Andersons only one survives, Governor Charles Anderson, of Kuttawa, Lyon County, Kentucky. Of this family it may be said that they were, and are, among the people who make history. And we know and feel that among their descendants there are those who are worthy to perpetuate the glory and honor of the name.

HARRIET FISHER GREVE,
Historian, Cincinnati Chapter.

MRS. EVA HART GOFF.

IN the death of Mrs. Eva Hart Goff, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution loses one of its most ardent and enthusiastic members. She belonged to a long line of patriots. She was a lineal descendant of Edward Hart, of New Jersey, who organized the first company, known as the "Jersey Blues," and commanded them at the battle of Quebec, and of his son, John Hart, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, whose history is interwoven closely with the early annals of New Jersey, and whose life was so upright that it earned for him the soubriquet of "Honest John Hart." In 1893 she was appointed the first State Regent of West Virginia, and while ardently alive to the needs of a young State Society, ill health compelled her resignation in the early part of the present year.

The flag of her country was a most sacred emblem to her and one of her last acts was to make by hand a large ensign to leave as a memorial to her family. It was her ardent desire to see the youth of this country taught to respect the Stars and Stripes as a symbol of loyalty, patriotism, and love of liberty.

She possessed a truly noble character, and the charity she had for all made her the center of a large circle of devoted friends.

She died in Brooklyn July 2, 1895, and by a touching coincidence her burial took place on the Fourth of July, while drums and banners were commemorating the birthday of the country she loved so well.

L. H.





LAFAYETTE.

(FROM A VERY RARE PRINT OF A PICTURE TAKEN WHEN ON HIS LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.)

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII. WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1895. NO. 4.

PEN PICTURES OF HISTORY.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S LAST VISIT TO AMERICA.—WASHINGTON IN 1825.

THE winter of 1824-25 outrivaled any other in Washington in point of brilliancy.

It was the winter when the House of Representatives had to elect the President out from the three candidates, John Quincy Adams, Crawford, and Jackson, who had failed of an election by the people. When the electoral packets were opened neither of the candidates had received a majority of electoral votes.

It was during these days that Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, presented a foreign gentleman to ex-President Adams. Politics was a tabooed subject, but just as they were to take their leave Mr. Adams asked Mr. Ticknor how the election was proceeding in the House. Mr. Ticknor replied that he understood it depended upon the vote of New York. Mr. Adams arose and exclaimed: "Then God help us! As boy and man I have known New York politics for seventy years, and her politics have always been among the devil's incomprehensibilities."

Daniel Webster and John Randolph were the tellers who opened the boxes and counted the ballots. Mr. Webster announced the election of John Quincy Adams. Mr. Adams, the 4th of March, 1825, took the place his father had filled twenty-eight years before and which Mr. Monroe had filled for the eight years previous.

Mr. Monroe was surrounded by men who De Tocqueville said "would have been intellectual giants in any period of the world."

John Marshall was Chief Justice. Henry Clay Speaker of the House; John C. Calhoun at one time his Secretary of War; Thomas H. Benton was Missouri's first Senator; John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; William Wirt, Attorney-General; and General Marquis de Lafayette was the Nation's guest.

It is perhaps the era in which men and women live that often gives them the time and opportunity of stamping their influence upon the public. Nothing could have been more fitting than for General Lafayette to have been the guest of this people at the time when President and Mrs. Monroe occupied the White House. It was during the time Mr. Monroe was Minister to France that Mrs. Monroe made her visit to Madame Lafayette in prison.

The lives of many women whose patience, patriotism, and courage should have made them renowned, passed out of memory and history with the century that witnessed their heroism. But the women of the nineteenth century can not afford to lose one jot or tittle more of the history of the brave, heroic, silent women of the past, whose privations, experiences, and noble deeds helped to stamp this country a free Republic.

Here is one: The Marquis de Lafayette was adored by the Americans. General Lafayette, in the overthrow of nations, was a prisoner in Austria; his wife a prisoner in Paris.

The indignities heaped upon her were resented by the American people. Mr. Monroe, weighing the matter on all sides, decided to risk international complexities and send his wife to see Madame Lafayette.

It can well be understood what the surprise must have been to the French officers to see the carriage of the American Minister stop before the prison, and the American Minister's wife alight and demand an interview with Madame Lafayette, with all the dignity with which she was so well equipped.

Her request was granted. But a few moments elapsed before the jailer returned bringing Madame Lafayette, attended by an officer.

That afternoon had been set for the high executioner to behead her. All day she had been listening for the dreaded

summons, and when she heard the footsteps of the jailer she supposed it was to summon her to execution.

We can only partly surmise what her surprise and joy must have been when it was announced to her that a friend, the wife of the American Ambassador, had called to see her. No wonder that when she came into the presence of this angel of light she sank at her feet exhausted.

When the call was over, Mrs. Monroe cheerfully said, "Keep up your courage, I shall be here to-morrow to see you."

She did not have to call again. This visit changed the plans of the officials, and Madame Lafayette was released from prison the next morning.

It is well known that she sent her son, George Washington, to America to the care of General George Washington, while she procured American passports, went to Vienna, had an interview with the empress and got consent to share her husband's imprisonment in all its details.

She entered his dungeon where they remained until the two most influential men of the world at that time, George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, interested themselves and had them released after an imprisonment of five years for him and twenty-two months for Madame Lafayette.

When Mr. Monroe was Minister to France we were but a child among nations, and it required a man of marked genius to sustain America in her rights during the French Revolution, and yet for risking the chance of displeasing the government by sending his wife to visit Madame Lafayette, Mr. Monroe was recalled, while it took thirty years for the people to adjust this wrong, they did it by asking him to "go up higher." And when General Lafayette, an old man, stepped his foot again upon the land where he had won youthful glory, he found his friend occupying the highest place in the gift of his countrymen.

Republics are not ungrateful, except for a time—there always comes an aftertime when the gratitude of a free people will assert itself. So it was with Monroe and Lafayette when the news gradually and slowly spread itself over the land, as it necessarily had to in those days, that Lafayette had set sail for this country; one great wave of enthusiasm spread over

the land, and every man, woman, and child prepared to give him welcome.

Annie Royal, in her sketches, says that long before his arrival we had Lafayette ribbons, Lafayette waistcoats, Lafayette feathers, hats, caps, gloves, etc. Everything was honored by his image and superscription: even the ginger cakes bore the impress of his name. Nothing was heard in the streets but "Lafayette, Lafayette."

He landed in New York August 16, 1824.

He left Baltimore October 11, accompanied by the Mayor, the committee of arrangements, the Governor's aids and an escort of cavalry to Rosbury, where they stayed all night.

He was accompanied the next day by the same escort to the District of Columbia line, which was near the spot where General Ross ten years before had brought up his troops and made the attack on the American forces before he entered and burned Washington.

From manuscript letters of William Lee (written to his sisters then residing in Paris, which came into my hand through the courtesy of the late Doctor Lee, his nephew) I came upon some curious and interesting jottings read in the long afterglow of such events. Mr. William Lee became a warm friend of Lafayette during the years he lived in France as secretary to Joel Barlow, and later as consul to Bordeaux. Joel Barlow, be it remembered, was the author of the "Columbiad," but especially of that poem, "Hasty Pudding," which placed him at once among the writers of the world. This poem was written in an inn in Savoy, from the surprise of hasty pudding being placed before a party of Americans at supper.

Mr. Lee writes:

I was at the President's all day yesterday. He sent for me to consult about the reception of General Lafayette, as he did not like the arrangements of the corporation who proposed that the President and all the members of the court should join in the procession. This is what we concluded on: The corporation will meet the General at the city boundaries [it must be remembered that all travel by land in those days was by private conveyance], conduct him to the Capitol, address him there, and then proceed with him to the President's gates. Here he only, with his suite of a few Revolutionary officers, is to enter. The President will be surrounded by the heads of departments, officers of the court, and navy commissioners. General Brown will receive him in the saloon; none of

the city authorities or populace will be admitted. After this ceremony is ended, we shall deliver him to the corporation at the gates, and they will conduct him to Gadsby's, where eighty people are to dine with him.

Among other incidents of the occasion noted was one showing the human side of the social scale, as the balance tipped the point even in those days. Mr. Lee had sent notes of invitation to Mrs. Calhoun, Mrs. Clay, and others to occupy the windows in his room at the Treasury, while the procession was passing, thereby shutting out Mrs. Blank and Mrs. Blank. "old hens he did not care to hear cackling in his room."

When Lafayette reached the District line he was met by a brilliant procession, headed by a corps of cavalry supported by a calvacade of citizens, the whole over two miles in length.

The highway was lined with citizens, who made the air resound with shouts of welcome.

Among the pleasant incidents of the occasion was one described by Mrs. Seaton, wife of the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, in a letter to her mother in Richmond.

Oct ber, 1824.

DEAR MOTHER: I don't know how it was, but I certainly figured more than I had any wish or expectation of doing on the day of Lafayette's arrival.

In the first place, I was selected by the committee of arrangements to superintend the dress and decorations of twenty-five young ladies representing the States and District of Columbia, and to procure appropriate wreaths, scarfs, and Lafayette gloves and flags for the occasion: to assemble them at my house and attend them under my protection to the Capitol.

The General was conducted to Capitol square, the east of the Capitol, where a civic arch, elegantly decorated and enlivened with appropriate inscriptions had been erected. Under this arch were the twenty-five young ladies, each bearing a banner designating the State and District she represented. As soon as the General arrived Miss S. M. Watterson, representing the District, and only eleven years old, advanced and made a very appropriate address. (This was the daughter of George Watterson, Librarian of Congress.) It would be hard to describe the feeling which Lafayette manifested at this scene.

He shook hands with each of the group and passed on to the rotunda and entered the "tent of Washington."

In Baltimore, when the General entered into the grounds of Fort McHenry, the troops of the garrison were drawn up in line. As he advanced they parted to the right and left and before him was this "tent of Washington"—the same tent under whose shade he had so often taken by the hand his friend and loved commander, where they had so often exchanged views and received timely suggestions, and where they had so many times, in brotherly love, partaken of the scanty meal.

To-day, in the National Museum, this same tent is carefully watched over and tenderly cared for by the children of this Republic. When the Mayor had concluded his address of welcome, Lafayette thus responded :

The kind and flattering reception with which I am honored by the citizens of Washington exacts the most lively feelings of gratitude. Those grateful feelings, sir, at every step of my happy visit to the United States, could not but enhance the inexpressible delight I have enjoyed at the sight of the immense and wonderful improvements, so far beyond even the fondest anticipation of a warm American heart, and which, in the space of forty years, have so gloriously evinced the superiority of popular institutions and self-government over the too imperfect state of political civilization found in every country of the other hemisphere.

In this august place, which bears the most venerable of all ancient and modern names, I have, sir, the pleasure to contemplate, not only a center of that constitutional union so necessary to these States, so important to the interests of mankind, but also a great political school where attentive observers from other parts of the world may be taught the practical science of true social order. Among the circumstances of my life, to which you have been pleased to allude, none can afford me such dear recollections as my having been early adopted as an American soldier; so there is not a circumstance of my reception in which I take so much pride as in sharing these honors with my beloved companions-in-arms.

Happy am I to feel that the marks of affection and esteem bestowed on me bear testimony to my perservance in American principles I received under "the tent of Washington," and of which I shall, to my last breath, prove myself a devoted disciple.

I beg you, Mr. Mayor, and the gentlemen of the corporation, to accept my respectful acknowledgements to you and to the citizens of Washington.

En route from the Capitol to the White House Lafayette found Pennsylvania avenue, on either side, literally filled with

people. Every niche, portico, and window was occupied. He was greeted with waving handkerchiefs and wild buzzahs.

The advancing column was gay with flags and bright uniforms. There was the glitter of helmets, flash of bayonets, waving plumes, gaudy firemen, burnished engines: sailors, soldiers—everybody wild with enthusiasm to do honor to the man who had so signally helped us in our dire necessity to become a free people.

On arriving at the White House he was conducted into the drawing-room, when President Monroe advanced, took him by the hand and welcomed him to the land of his adoption.

Lafayette found three of his old associates, ex-Presidents Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, and his bosom friend, Monroe, President.

After the ceremonies of the White House were ended he was conducted to the gate and received again by his escort. The troops passed in review, after which a banquet was given at Gadsby's Hotel, known as "The Franklin," which stood on the corner of Nineteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Following is a copy of the historic invitation:

The committee of arrangements respectfully request the Secretary of War to dine with General Lafayette this day at the Franklin House at 5 o'clock.

W. W. SEATON, *Secretary*.

One of the toasts on this occasion was "The United States and France. Their early friendship. May it ever be maintained by mutual acts of kindness and justice."

The next day Lafayette called on the President and on the morning following he breakfasted with the President's family.

We would not draw the curtain to throw the light upon this hallowed time; but it is fair to suppose that the memories of thirty years before found here open expression.

Monroe was no longer Minister to France. Madame Lafayette required no friendly ministrations of Mrs. Monroe, and the prisoner of Olmutz was bound by no clanking chains.

The first week was filled with kindly demonstrations. It was when visiting William Parke Custis at Arlington, and in conversation with Mrs. Custis, regarding the improvements, that he said, "recollect, my dear, how much easier it is to cut a tree down than it is to make it grow."

How little he thought that that timely proverb would save that beautiful forest which shades the graves of noble heroes who were again, in our history as a country, called upon to lay down their lives that this country might live and hold her place among the nations of the earth.

He entered the grand old Commonwealth of Virginia at Alexandria, October 16, with a large military escort. In the procession was a car bearing the "tent of Washington." On an apex of a magnificent arch was perched a large mountain eagle, and as the General passed under the arch it spread its wings and flapped its welcome.



STATUE OF LAFAYETTE IN JACKSON PARK, WASHINGTON.
THE GIFT OF FRANCE.

On the following Sunday he visited Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington, his honored and most beloved friend.

While there Mr. Custis presented him with a ring containing a lock of hair of Washington, with the Masonic sash and jewel that belonged to the great Mason.

In a part of his address he said: * * * "The ring has ever been an emblem of the union of hearts from the earliest stages of the world, and this will unite the affections of the American people to the person and posterity of Lafayette

now and hereafter, and when your descendants of a later day shall behold this valued relic it will remind them of the heroic virtues of their illustrious sire who received it, not in the palace of princes, nor amid the pomp and vanities of life, but at the laureled grave of Washington."

* * * * *

Venerable man! Will you never tire in the cause of freedom and human happiness? Is it not time that you should rest from your labors and repose on the bosom of a country which delights to love and honor you, and will teach her children's children to bless your name and memory? Surely where liberty dwells there must be the country of Lafayette.

* * * * *

General Lafayette took the ring, pressed it to his bosom, and answered: "The feelings which at this awful moment oppress my heart do not leave me the power of utterance. I can only thank you, my dear Custis, for your precious gift. I pay a silent homage to the tomb of the greatest and the best of men, my paternal friend."

The following Monday the General sailed down the Potomac, visiting Yorktown, Richmond, and Monticello, the home of Jefferson. When these two veterans of this Union met, they fell upon each others neck, and for several minutes were locked in silent embrace before their feelings found utterance.

From Monticello he went to Montpelier, the home of Madison.

Upon his return to Washington both houses of Congress passed this resolution :

Resolved, That the President of the United States invite General de Lafayette to take a seat in the Senate Chamber agreeable to his wishes; that the committee deliver the invitation to the General and introduce him into the Senate Chamber, and that the members receive him standing.

General Lafayette was the first public man ever received by the Senate of the United States : and no doubt this was to him the supreme moment of his life.

A bill was reported to the Senate and passed, giving to General Lafayette \$200,000 and an entire township of land, to be located upon any public lands that remained unsold.

The bill passed both houses. And yet they tell us republicans are ungrateful. Lafayette's reply was: "The gift is so magnificent, so far exceeding the services of the individual, that had I been a member of Congress I must have voted it down."

The following spring President Monroe laid down the reins of government and President Adams took them up.

Lafayette was ready to say farewell to his friends at the capital ere he began the tour of the States.

A military escort was drawn up in brilliant array before the White House, waiting for the last good-bys to be spoken. The Cabinet, Senators, Members, and high officials surrounded Lafayette on the portico, when President Adams stepped forward to give the parting salutation. These two grand men, grown old in their country's service, stood there before the multitude and wept like schoolboys; no farewell could be spoken. Amid the firing of cannon, the stirring strains of martial music, Lafayette left the home of the President, the capital of the Nation, for the last time, into whose history his name was impenetrably woven.

No name is dearer to the people of America than that of General de Lafayette.

MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

A TALK ON REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE.

[Read before Nova Ciesarea Chapter, by Mrs. Wm. L. Hazen.]

THAT there was a distinctive American literature of the Revolution is perhaps generally unappreciated by the everyday reader. We of this latter day of the nineteenth century are so busy with our present day literature, which crowds upon us from every direction, that we have little leisure or inclination to go back one hundred years and learn what was interesting our ancestors at that time. Then the means of travel and communication were so limited, the press so primitive, the reading portion of the community so small, that at first glance one might expect to find the literature necessarily meager and uninteresting.

But, on the contrary, one finds it quite refreshing to flee from the pages of the modern book, where every emotion of



the heart, every passion of good or evil, every phase of existence has been portrayed, and to go back to the times when but two great questions were in the hearts of the American people; to leave behind us "Darkest Africa," the Creoles of Louisiana, the Tennessee mountaineer, the miners of the Rockies, and the gilded youth of fashionable life, and to seek instruction as well as entertainment in the lives and interests of such men as George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Alexander Hamilton.

As has been said, during that period known as the Revolutionary period but two great questions were agitating the minds of the American people; until the close of the Revolution, it was the separation from England; and, after the Revolution, it was the formation of a government for the separated country. Hence, great speeches and political papers came from the brains and pens of those capable of making a literature. Such men cared not for fame as writers—they wrote for the particular crisis through which they were passing. The times called for great men, and great men arose to meet the call.

As the colonial period boasted only a theological literature, the Revolutionary period was eminently one of oratory. Indeed, the questions which agitated the country naturally induced popular discussion, and, as a sense of wrong and a resolve to maintain the rights of free men took the place of remonstrance, a race of orators seems to have sprung up. The text books which our grandfathers used as school readers were almost entirely composed of these speeches, and even to this day schoolboys go to them for declamations, and political writers draw upon them for editorials and discussion.

Warren, Adams, and Otis, of Boston; Patrick Henry, of Virginia, aroused the land to a defense of its rights; while Alexander Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, John Jay, and other gifted men gave wise direction to the power thus evoked. Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty, or give me death," has been recited in every schoolhouse, and one sentence from Josiah Quincy describes the feeling of that day: "To hope for the protection of heaven without doing our duty is to mock the Deity." Another sentence, "These are the times that try men's souls," describes those fiery days, and were the first words of a periodical issued by Thomas Paine, called, "The

Crisis." The first number of this periodical came out in 1776, and was, by the order of General Washington, read to all the American troops. Although an Englishman, Thomas Paine was very earnest on the side of the Colonists, and his pamphlet, entitled "Common Sense," helped the cause greatly. It was at the instigation of Benjamin Franklin that he came to this country, and, although he gave freely of his substance and his counsel to aid in establishing freedom, he unfortunately cast an indelible shadow over his name by his attack upon the Bible, called "The Age of Reason." In fact, this work is more often associated with his name than the eminent service which he rendered his foster-country in its hour of need.

Although living and writing during the colonial period, the service done by Benjamin Franklin to the mind of the American people in the Revolutionary period was great and high. He wrote as a journalist, a social moralist, and as a politician. His longest writing was his autobiography, but his almanac, known as "Poor Richard's Almanac," had a reputation both national and lasting. In those days almanacs were very important publications, inasmuch as in many households there were but two books, the Bible and the almanac. After publishing this almanac for twenty-five years, Franklin collected the maxims and wise-sayings into a connected discourse. Probably we can all of us easily recognize as familiar friends such sayings as: "Never leave till to-morrow that which you can do to-day," "Three removes are as bad as a fire," "Little boats should keep near the shore," and "God helps them that help themselves." But with all his practicality he was a philosopher, and, if his philosophy was not very ambitious, it was serviceable in its time.

The most potent voice in Massachusetts was that of Samuel Adams, to whom fell a work in the North like that done by Thomas Jefferson in the South. His pen was almost constantly in use, for he wrote stirring articles for the newspapers in Boston; and, although now few read his works, his intensity of thought and vigor of utterance entitle him to mention in a literary history.

From the South came the burning speeches of one of the first orators of the eighteenth century, Patrick Henry, who,

although lacking in collegiate education, had developed from his up-country training that self-reliance and ability which made him a leader. His famous speech before the Virginia convention of 1775, of which the most famous words have already been quoted, would alone maintain his fame.

To all of these forceful men, Adams, Otis, Warren, Henry, and Hamilton, a prominent share in the work of starting and strengthening the new Republic was given, but to Thomas Jefferson's lot fell the task of drawing up that most famous document of modern history, the Declaration of Independence, a paper which became the charter of freedom to a whole continent, and is to this day read by millions of people with gratitude and admiration.

After the American people were free from England, it devolved upon them to draw up a constitution. After it was drawn up, some approved of it and others did not; for some wished the government to have centralized power, while others wished the States to retain much freedom. Hence, two parties, the Federalists and the Anti-Federalists, arose; and there was, in consequence, much writing on both sides. The greatest writings connected with the adoption of this constitution were the series of papers known as the *Federalist*, most of the articles being written by Alexander Hamilton, a Federalist leader, James Madison, and Chief Justice Jay.

But, with all its dry and serious literature, the Revolutionary period was not without its humorists and poets. The most successful of the humorists was John Trumbull, whose poem, "*McFingal*," was a witty satire upon the Tories. He also contributed to the literature of the period an "*Elegy on the Times*," relating to the Boston Port Bill. Another Revolutionary wit was Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, whose "*Battle of the Kegs*" was the most popular Whig ballad written during the war.

An effort was evidently made to establish a national literature as big as American nature itself, and the destinies of the new Republic. A band of young poets graduated from Yale, just as the struggle began, and, glowing with patriotic ardor, dedicated their muses to the service of Independence. The oldest of these was Timothy Dwight, who afterwards became

president of Yale College, and his poems form a very interesting book.

Literature of all times has its effect upon the people in moulding character. Perhaps the American literature of no time since the birth of our country has had such a beneficial effect as that of the Revolutionary period. It prompted our forefathers to achieve great deeds. It aroused all their latent energies; it stirred their minds; it fired their souls. To the writers of those early times we owe a great debt. It is truly thrilling when we picture to ourselves a young but sturdy nation, aroused by the writers of that day, marching to battle, seeking to obtain that greatest of all blessings—Liberty—singing as they marched the popular war song, written by Timothy Dwight, who was then an army chaplain under Washington:

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee: with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

HISTORY OF FOUR ANTIQUE ENGRAVINGS.

THE battle of Lexington was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. At noon of the next day, April 20, the tidings reached New Haven. Benedict Arnold was then captain of the Governor's Guard. He marshalled his one hundred men on the historic "Green," and called for volunteers to go to Lexington. Forty men stepped forward. The selectmen refused to furnish them with ammunition; but when Arnold threatened to break open the powder house and help himself, they gave him the keys. Before sunset Arnold and his men were well on their way to Lexington.

In this small company of New Haven volunteers marched Earl, a portrait painter, and Doolittle, a wood-engraver. Arrived upon the scene of action, Earl made four drawings of different portions of the battlefield; and these were engraved by Doolittle with such despatch that in the *Connecticut Journal* of December 13, 1775, the following advertisement appeared:

"This day published and to be sold at the store of Mr. James Lockwood, near the college in New Haven, four different views of the battles of Lexington, Concord, etc., on the 19th of April, 1775.

"Plate I.—The battle of Lexington.

"Plate II. A view of the town of Concord, with the ministerial troops destroying the stores.

"Plate III.—The battle of the North Bridge in Concord.

"Plate IV.—The south part of Lexington, when the first detachment was joined by Lord Percy.

"The above four plates are neatly engraved on copper, from original paintings taken on the spot.

"Price six shillings per set for plain ones, or eight shillings, colored."

I understand that few of these ancient engravings still exist. These, which are before you, are the eight-shilling pictures. I mention it because after one hundred and twenty years it requires keen-eyesight to discern any traces of color. They were the property of my great-grandfather, Solomon Plant; my mother remembers them as hanging on his parlor walls when she was a child of six years or less. They must have lost their youthful beauty even then; for immediately after his death, in 1821, they were relegated to the garret of my grandfather's house and did duty for the ten succeeding years as walls and partitions in his children's playhouse and store. Still, they were not forgotten, nor without historic value; for my grandfather, Lieutenant Governor David Plant, shortly before his death in 1851, declined an offer of \$100 for them, made by the Connecticut Historical Society. In those days, money was worth more, and antiques less than at present.

The engravings were originally framed without glass, as the numberless fly-specks attest; when in 1851 they came into my father's possession, he had them cleaned and covered with glass and the frames restored as far as possible.

Plate I.—The story of Lexington and Concord needs rehearsal. On Tuesday night, April 18, General Gage sent eight hundred British troops from Boston under Lieutenant Colonel Smith, to destroy the stores of arms and ammunition gathered by the committee of public safety at Concord. Their move-

ments were watched : two lanterns flashed out "from the belfrytower of the old North church," and Paul Revere rode into the darkness

"To spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

* * * * *

"It was one by the village clock
When we galloped into Lexington ;
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meetinghouse windows bleak and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral stare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon."

At two o'clock one hundred and thirty men had collected on the Meetinghouse green : the roll was called, and they were ordered to get what sleep they could, remaining within drum-beat. It was a short rest. Colonel Smith had detached Major Pitcairn to hurry ahead and seize the two bridges. Bells, guns, and drums sounded the alarm, and soon after four a. m. the Lexington minute men were again on the green, confronting the red coats. Pitcairn called out, "Disperse, you rebels ! throw down your arms and disperse !" There were a few random shots, without effect ; then Pitcairn gave the order, "Fire !" and in the discharge of musketry which followed, the first blood of the Revolution was shed.

Plate II follows the regulars to Concord. Long before daylight all Concord was astir. Guards had been placed at the North and South bridges, but when the British troops were seen marching down the Lexington road, the militia discreetly retired behind hedges and stone walls, waiting to see what would turn up—or for reënforcements. The redcoats seized and held the North bridge, destroyed whatever stores they could find, cut down the liberty pole, and set the townhouse on fire. Meanwhile minute men were hurrying in from all the neighboring towns ; and here are "Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials marching over East Hill into Concord."

Plate III shows the North bridge at Concord. Here three hundred effective men had gathered and boldly proposed to dis-

lodge the enemy. "I haven't a man that's afraid to go," said Captain Davis. Here is "The Detachment of the Regulars who fired first on the Provincials at the bridge," and here are "The Provincials headed by Colonel Robinson and Major Buttrick."

"By this rude bridge which spans the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shots heard round the world."

Plate IV shows the end of the battle. Colonel Smith, finding the minute men pouring in from all quarters, ordered a retreat over the Lexington road to Boston. Early in the day he had sent for reinforcements and three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines under Earl Percy had been despatched from Boston to his relief. At 2.30 p. m. Colonel Smith and Earl Percy formed his command into a hollow square, received within it Colonel Smith's weary and disordered companies, and while thus giving them a little rest gratified their wounded feelings by firing some of the houses of Lexington.

"You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load."

These engravings have no artistic merit. New England, at that day, developed not art, but character. But, uncouth in design and rude in execution, they reproduced to the eyes of the Connecticut country folk the appeal which had sounded in the ears of their Massachusetts brethren on the eve of Lexington.

"A cry of defiance and not of fear;
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word which shall echo forevermore.
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people shall waken, and listen to hear
The hurrying footsteps of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

THE HOLDING OF PEPPERELL BRIDGE.

[A true incident of the Revolutionary War. Pepperell Bridge stretches over the Nashua River, between the towns of Hollis, New Hampshire, and Pepperell, Massachusetts. On the bridge is a monument commemorative of Prudence Cummings Wright.]

GALLANT deeds of gallant men,
Merit praise from tongue and pen.
But, when woman ventures forth
From the quiet of the hearth ;
And achieve some daring deed,
Should she not have double meed ?
Listen then to what befel
On the bridge of Pepperell.

Once, Horatius, we know,
Held a bridge against the foe ;
And the gallant deed was sung
By a bard of silver tongue.
In the lays of ancient Rome,
Sing I something nearer home,
Of a woman's deed I tell ;
On the bridge of Pepperell.

This is how the story goes ;
When the British were our foes,
Word to Hollis town was brought,
That one, Captain Whiting, sought
Secret messages to bring
To the army of the King :
He must pass, 'twas known full well,
O'er the bridge of Pepperell.

Consternation followed, for
All the men had gone to war,
And the Hollis women knew
It would never, never do,
That such messages should go
Through their village to the foe.
These, they swore, what e'er befel,
Should not pass o'er Pepperell.

So they rose up in their might,
Chose as captain Prudence Wright,
Donned the garb of absent men,
Armed as best they could, and then

Sallied forth to do or die ;
 When the tory should pass by.
 Halting where they knew right well
 He must pass o'er Pepperell.

Then said pretty Captain Prue,
 "Lasses, I depend on you !
 Since ye now as men are drest,
 Act the part and do your best !
 Out on any pulling maid
 Dares betray she is afraid !
 Death alone shall stay or quell !
 Lasses, on to Pepperell !"

Mistress Prudence Cummings Wright,
 All equipped and armed for fight,
 Would I could have gazed on you,
 Pretty Amazonian Prue !
 I can fancy how you shook
 As the old flint-lock you took.
 Yet your voice nor shook nor fell
 As it rang o'er Pepperell.

"Halt !" it cried, and, "Who goes there ?
 Come no nearer or I fire !"
 "Not one further step I ride !"
 One who rode with Whiting cried,
 "'Tis my sister Prue ! alas,
 She would never let us pass
 Save when her dead body fell !
 I turn back from Pepperell !"

'Twas her tory brother who
 Turned his back on Mistress Prue,
 Riding fast and far away,
 And the feeling from that day
 Ran so high his traitor face
 Looked no more upon the place,
 Richard Cummings, so they tell,
 Never more crossed Pepperell.

Then the pretty warrior crew,
 Headed by fair Mistress Prue,
 Seized on Captain Whiting fast,
 Searched him well and found at last
 What they sought for in his boots,—
 Pretty well for raw recruits.
 Then said Prue, "Now go and tell
Women guarded Pepperell !"

Though they barely held the bridge,
'Tis the poet's privilege
To be certain at the last.
When all cause for fear was past
Some sat down and wept, and some
Shook so they could scarce gain home,
Nor could their motions quell
After guarding Pepperell.

That is lovely woman's way
Even in our later day ;
Ready she to do or die—
If she can but have a cry
When the thing is past and done
And the battle fairly won.
So I'm certain some tears fell.

Gallant deeds of gallant men
Merit praise from tongue and pen,
But when women venture forth
From the quiet of the hearth,
And achieve some daring deed,
Should they not have double meed ?
Then let bravos rise and swell
For the guards of Pepperell.

ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.

"WASHINGTON CLOSE TO."

[The following paper was read by Rev. A. N. Lewis before Marquis de Lafayette Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Montpelier, Vermont, and is published by request.]

WE all know Washington as a general and a statesman, but how many of us know the *man*? In fact, is it not true that most people never think of him as a *man* at all?

In the month of May, 1890, I stood with the General Society of the Cincinnati at the tomb of Washington. All instinctively bared their heads, and one of the chaplains of the Society, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Perry, of Iowa, said appropriate prayers. As I looked through the grated door upon the marble sarcophagus which holds his remains, I could hardly realize that Washington was a mortal, and that his body had returned to dust!

Just before the Civil War I was standing in the rotunda of the

capitol at Richmond, Virginia, before Houdin's celebrated marble statue of Washington. As I stood gazing, with uncovered head, what a tide of emotions swelled through my heart! The boy who scorned to tell a lie—the stripling surveyor—the subaltern at Braddock's defeat—the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of America—the Liberator of his country—the Statesman—the Patriot—and the Sage—all stood before me in the dumb yet speaking marble!

Near by stood two Virginians. Said one to the other, "Do you know that when I look upon that statue I cannot feel that I am looking upon a *man*!"

I shall endeavor in this article to present the *man* George Washington as he appeared to those who knew him intimately and familiarly.

Imprimis: I must be permitted to say that I take no stock whatever in most of the stories of old Parson Weems, the (*soi disant*) "Rector of Mount Vernon." I have not the slightest idea that Washington was the prig and milksop that Weems represents him. I believe that "George was always a good boy"—(better, perhaps, than the average)—for his mother said so. But he had a temper—he was always falling in love with a pretty face—and once or twice, he was weak enough to write poetry; and *love poetry* at that! Here it is: And I hope you will not despise the author when you have read it. The style reminds one of Browning!

The young lady who inspired it was a Miss Cary. The original manuscript, it is said, now reposes in the archives of the State Department at Washington.

"Oh ye Gods! why should my Poor Resistless Heart
Stand to approve thy Might and Power?"
At last surrender to Cupid's feathered dart,
And now lays Bleeding every Hour—
For her that Pityless of my grief and Woes
And will not on me Pity take:
I'll sleep among my most inveterate foes,
And with gladness never wish to wake—
In deluded sleep let my Eyelids close
That in enraptured Dreams I may
In a soft lulling sleep and gentle repose
Possess those joys denied by Day."

What a mercy that the youth did not become possessed with the idea that he was a poet! With such a style he might have eclipsed Browning, and thus a general and statesman would have been lost to the world!

The following list of Washington's sweethearts has been preserved: Miss Frances Alexander,* daughter of Captain Philip Alexander, from whom the city of Alexandria was named. She was two years older than Washington, and was probably his first love. Miss Mary Cary, daughter of Colonel Wilson Cary, Collector of Customs at Hampton, Virginia. Bishop Meade says that Washington asked Colonel Cary's permission to pay his addresses to Miss Cary, but was refused. She afterwards married Mr. Edward Ambler, who was a great swell among the colonial aristocracy, a graduate of Harvard, and owner of a large estate near Jamestown. He died at thirty-five, and his widow was a frequent guest at Mount Vernon after Washington's marriage, as his diary shows.

In a letter to "My Dear Robin," Washington tenderly refers to the "Lowland Beauty," who is supposed to have been Miss Lucy Grymes, who, in 1753, married Henry Lee, Esq., and became the mother of the famous "Light Horse Harry"—the Custer of the Revolution. Other writers say that the Lowland Beauty was Miss Betsy, daughter of William Fauntleroy, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, who also declined Washington's addresses.

In 1752, when he was about twenty years old, Washington

* He also wrote the following acrostic to Miss Frances Alexander, a descendant of the Earl of Stirling:

"From your bright sparkling eyes I was undone;
 Rays you have more transparent than the sun;
 Amid'st its glory in the rising day,
 None can equal you in your bright array;
 Constant in your calm, unspotted mind;
 Equal to all, but to none prove kind,
 So knowing, seldom one so young you'll find.
 Ah! woe's me, that I should love and conceal,
 Long have I wished, but never dare reveal,
 Even though severely Love's pains I feel;
 Xerxes, that great, was't† free from cupid's dart,
 And all the greatest heroes felt the smart."

† Contraction for *was not*.

addressed a letter to Mr. Fauntleroy, which has been preserved, asking permission to make a proposal of marriage to his daughter. "in the hope of a revocation of a former cruel sentence, and see if I cannot find an alteration in my favor."

This was the most serious love affair Washington ever had, except that with the Widow Custis, which resulted in his marriage.

Miss Fauntleroy became the wife of Thomas Adams, of Williamsburg. It is a tradition of the town that she married for money, and refused Washington because he had less wealth than her other lover. It is said, too, that after he became famous and was invited to the town of Williamsburg as the guest of the people, she watched from a window the triumphal pageant as he passed on horseback through the streets and fainted.

It was to Betsy Fauntleroy that the first "poem" given above was addressed.

Four years after his affair with Betsy Fauntleroy, Washington became enamored of Miss Mary Phillipse, daughter of a wealthy Englishman, who lived in a superb mansion on the Hudson, near West Point. After a few weeks' acquaintance he proposed to her, and learned that she was engaged to another. The successful suitor was Captain Roger Morris, who, with Washington, was an aid to General Braddock in the fatal Indian campaign.

Miss Phillipse was two years older than Washington. Her husband fought on the British side during the Revolution, and she and her family were all Royalists. In 1778 she and her sister were arrested as spies, imprisoned, and their property confiscated. It was in the Phillipse house that Arnold was residing when he betrayed his country, and from their grounds he took the boat which took him into the British lines when his treason was discovered.

Two years after he was jilted by Miss Phillipse, he met the Widow Custis, fell in love again, and was married to her on the 17th of January, 1759, about six months after their first meeting. In the following September he writes to his cousin Richard, declining an invitation to visit England:

"I am now, I believe, fixed at this seat, with an agreeable consort for life. And hope to find more happiness in retire-

ment than I ever experienced amidst a wild, battling world."

The important question, "Was Washington a smoker?" has been often asked, but never answered until now.

It is in evidence that he smoked, or at least attempted to smoke on a certain occasion. I had this incident from Mr. John Schuyler, a great-grandson of General Phillip Schuyler of the Revolution. Being at General Schuyler's house, Washington was offered a cigar, which he lighted. Tradition says the effect was so unpleasant that he never tried another.

At the triennial meeting of the General Society of the Cincinnati at Mount Vernon in 1890, one of the sessions was held in the banquet hall of that historic mansion. It was proposed to allow no smoking; but Mr. John Schuyler claimed the right to smoke there because Washington smoked in the parlor of his ancestor, and the claim was allowed.

Was Washington a humorist? On one occasion he was visiting Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut, and during his stay he went to the nursery where he took his host's twin boys in his lap and sang the following song for their amusement. It is entitled

THE DERBY* RAM.

As I was going to Derby
Upon a market day,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

CHORUS:

That ever was fed on hay, sir,
That ever was fed on hay,
I saw the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.
Tow de row de dow, dow,
Tow de row de da,
Tow de row de dow, dow,
Tow de row de da.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.

CHORUS:

Covered an acre of land, sir, etc.

* Washington pronounced it "Darby."

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached up to the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry.

CHORUS :

For I heard their young ones cry, sir, etc.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three hundred yards of cloth,
For he wove it in a day.

CHORUS :

For he wove it in a day, sir, etc.

The horns upon this ram, sir,
They reached up to the moon ;
A nigger climbed up in January,
And never came down till June.

CHORUS :

And never came down till June, sir, etc.

The butcher that cut his throat, sir,
Was drown-ed in the blood,
And the little boy that held the bowl,
Was carried away in the flood.

CHORUS :

Was carried away in the flood, sir, etc.

Imagine Washington roaring this classic stave to please a couple of youngsters !

It was said by his officers that no one ever heard Washington laugh aloud. A noted wag among them laid a wager that he would make the General laugh aloud at a dinner that was about to be given by his Staff. Accordingly, after the cloth had been removed and the wine had begun to circulate, the wag began to tell his story. The officers were convulsed with merriment ; but the General only smiled or laughed silently. At night one of the officers slept in the next room to his chief with only a slight partition between them. After the General had retired, the officer heard the bed shake as the great man laughed all alone to himself at the recollection of the stories he had heard at the table. (Or was it because he had "caught on" to the wager and was laughing because he had outwitted the conspirators?)

Though a temperate man Washington did as everybody else did at that time—he drank wine and liquors, and always furnished them to his guests. On one occasion, a soldier was doing some carpenter-work at the General's headquarters. When he had finished Washington treated him to a glass of grog.

After some victory he issued an order that each soldier should have "an extra allowance of spirits" to drink to the continued success of the American arms.

It was his custom every morning on arising to drink a glass of "bitters," or (more commonly) rum. This habit, however, he gave up at sixty.

At dinner, *en famille*, he drank one or two glasses (sometimes more) of Madeira wine and some small beer. It is said that he would sit over his wine and walnuts one and sometimes two hours after the family had retired.

In a history of the United States in sixteen volumes, the author (whose name I have forgotten) referring to this after-dinner habit of Washington, says: "This habit must have kept him in a state of semi-intoxication most of the time, and was doubtless one cause of those sudden attacks of illness to which he was frequently subject."

It goes without saying that he was a religious man. He was a devout member of the Episcopal Church, and had he lived in these days, would have been called a "Low Churchman." He was a vestryman in two parishes. During the war he refrained from going forward to the Holy Communion because he felt that as a military man he had to do many things which were not consistent with a religious profession, and because he feared that his motives might be misunderstood.

Mrs. Washington always remained for the communion, but the General would retire at the close of the sermon. The clergyman took occasion one Sunday to say that it was "not edifying to see communicants turn their backs on the Lord's table when it was spread." After this Washington used to remain at home in the morning on Communion Sundays.

It is known, however, that on one occasion during the war he asked and received permission to receive the communion at the hands of a Presbyterian clergyman.

He was a man of prayer. More than once during the Revolution he was seen reading his Bible or his Prayer-book on his knees. He also wrote or compiled a book of Family Prayers.

One historian declares that at the battle of Monmouth, when a portion of the army was thrown into retreat through the incompetence or treachery of General Lee, Washington met him as he was retreating and, rising in his stirrups, *blankety-blanked* him coarsely and profanely. I very much doubt that he swore at all on this or any other occasion: though if swearing was ever justifiable it would have been then. The fact that he issued an order to his army warning both officers and men against this "detestable practice," and commanding that all who transgressed should be severely punished makes it very improbable, to say the least, that he swore at Monmouth or anywhere else; but swearing under great provocation and strong excitement is no evidence that a man is profane.

In one of his orders warning the officers and men against this pernicious practice, Washington used the following language:

"Many and pointed orders have been issued against the unmeaning and abominable custom of swearing, notwithstanding which, with much regret, the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever. His feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers whenever he is in hearing of them. The name of that Being, from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to exist and enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking. For the sake, therefore, of religion, decency, and order the General hopes and trusts that the officers of every rank will use their influence and authority to check the vice, which is as unprofitable as wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an inviolable rule to reprimand, and (if that won't do) to punish soldiers for offences of this kind it would not fail of having the desired effect."

I had the following incident, showing his habitual reverence, from the son of the man who witnessed it.

The General had passed the night in Farmington, Connecticut, while on his way to or from his headquarters at Cambridge.

In the morning he was taken by his host to see the Congregational meetinghouse, which was and still is an elegant edifice. A little boy followed along "to see the General." As he entered the front door of the church Washington removed his hat, and kept it off during his stay in the sacred building. (The gentleman who accompanied him, being a Puritan, kept his hat on.) Returning home the boy asked his father, "Pa, why'd the General take off his hat in the meetin' house?" "Oh!" said the father, "because he's a 'Piscopalian.'"

He was six feet, two inches in height, with sloping shoulders, a longish neck, a long body, and a rather prominent stomach. He had great physical strength, and the largest hand of any man in America. His finger joints were like knots; and he had to have his gloves made for him. It is said that he wore number thirteen's.

"Be thou pure as snow, and chaste as ice, thou shalt not 'scape calumny." One or more stories of his gallantry are told, but I have little respect for those who believe them, and still less for those who tell them. Madam Washington was not a woman to tolerate a single lapse of that nature. Indeed, it used to be said of this worthy couple that "the grey mare was the better horse."

He was dignified, almost to formality; and as General and as President insisted in being treated with respect and deference. He would not tolerate the least approach to familiarity.

This trait of his was once under discussion among some of the officers. One of them laid a wager that he would "Hail fellow, well met," with the General at an approaching dinner. The opportunity came, and the daring officer stepped up to Washington, clapped him on the back, and said, "Hello, old fellow!" The General turned around, looked the offender through and through, and there was a silence in the assembly that could be felt.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, the British commander, having occasion to write him a letter, addressed him as "George Washington, Esq." Washington returned it unopened; after which another came, addressed "General George Washington, &c., &c.," this also was returned, and the next was properly addressed.

Apropos of swearing. On one occasion, at a dinner table, several officers swore in conversation. Washington laid down his knife and fork and said, "I thought we were all gentlemen!"

A group of officers were at headquarters engaged in rather boisterous conversation. In an adjoining room lay a sick or wounded officer. The conversation grew louder, and at last the General entered, crossed the room on tip-toe, took a book from the mantel, and without saying a word returned as noiselessly as he had entered. The hint was taken.

In the village of Southport, Connecticut, is preserved a piece of a cedar post which Washington helped to set in the ground at Farrington. He was out walking with his host, when he came to a man who was planting a hitching post in the ground by the roadside. The General stopped and said, "My friend, I can show you how to set your post so that it will never rot." Taking it in his hands (those great hands of his) he placed it upside down and held it while the man filled up the hole and "tamped" the earth around it.

(It is a well known fact that a post set bottom side up in the ground will not absorb water. The sap tubes will not "draw" when the post is reversed.)

During the war he stopped for dinner at an inn which stood on or near the present site of Trinity church, Westport.

Dinner was slow in coming on, and the hungry General went into the kitchen to hurry it up. Taking down a ham which hung upon the rafters overhead, he cut off a slice with his pocketknife and toasted it at the fire, remarking to a boy who sat by the fireplace, "my son, this is the way poor soldiers have to live."

He was not of the phlegmatic temperament many believe him to have been. A distinguished statesman, who stood near him at his first inauguration, wrote to his wife: "I wanted him to appear well—the first gentleman in the land—but was sadly disappointed. He could not see well through his glasses, took them off frequently and wiped them. His false teeth, which were ill-fitting, rattled, his voice trembled, and he seemed ill at ease and greatly embarrassed."

His first set of artificial teeth was cut out of a single piece

of ivory, one part for the upper and one for the lower jaw. The two parts were connected by a silver hinge, which rattled when he talked. They were unskillfully made, and perceptibly changed the expression of his face, not for the better. The set is said to be still preserved in a Pennsylvania Dental College.

He was a flute player and used to accompany his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis, upon the harpsicord. The two instruments, the former chained to the latter, may be seen at Mount Vernon.

"There were great men before Agamemnon:" but where, in all the annals of history, do we find an "all around" great man like Washington? Other great men had their weaknesses, the "fly in the ointment" which marred their character. Washington may have had his weakness, his infirmity, but the world has failed to discover it. As Byron sings in the additional stanzas to the ode of Napoleon Bonaparte:

"Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes, *One*—the first—the last—the best—
The CINCINNATUS of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of *Washington*,
To make man blush there was but *one*!"

A HINT TO CHINA DECORATORS.

THE present enthusiastic interest shown by the women of this country in patriotic societies affords an opportunity, it seems to me, which, if wisely developed, will result in the creation of an art industry that will be of permanent value to the Nation.

A recent search for American pottery, decorated with historic subjects, revealed the almost entire absence of such things. In Baltimore cups and saucers with views of the well-known monuments of that city were on sale, but they were of English manufacture. In Washington plates and the like decorated with the capitol and the monument are common, but they come

from Europe. Souvenirs of Niagara Falls are plentiful at that resort, but those that are of pottery invariably have the label "Made in Austria," or elsewhere, on the underside. A similar condition of affairs prevailed in Chicago during the World's Fair held there in 1893. Austria and Germany furnished the dealers with cheaply decorated patriotic pottery, but there was nothing American save one or two pieces of Trenton Belleek, showing the Columbus caravels. There were printed plates from Wedgewood with the principal buildings and very good Columbus pitchers in the well-known browns of the famous Doulton ware, but only one Washington pitcher and that not easily procurable. Even Copeland sent pitchers and jardinières with raised figures of Columbus and his band, but the American potters were for the most part quite content with exhibiting imitations of foreign designs.

Throughout New England pitchers, plates, and tiles abound with views of historic sites, but all of foreign make. Who has not seen the beautiful series of Minton tiles with views of the homes of our American poets, the old Longfellow house—once Washington's headquarters—in Cambridge; or the plain cottage of Whittier, in Amesbury? In Newport there are tiles of the old Tower, and of the church where Bishop Berkeley preached in colonial times, but all of English make.

Of course everyone knows that things made abroad have a peculiar attractiveness for the average American woman, but it is not very patriotic in them to help support foreign industries at the expense of our own. Indeed, for my own part, I have never yet been able to comprehend why alliances with imported noblemen—many of whom cost far more than the genuine American article and are not worth half as much—should be so eagerly sought for by young American women: nor do I understand why gowns built by Irish women, who take to themselves French names, and advertise "Branches in Newport and Paris," should be any better than those made by honest American women. Still let that be as it may, with pottery it is different. The splendid example of Mrs. Bellamy Storer and Miss Janie McLaughlin, in Cincinnati, and of the various pottery clubs throughout this Union, whose beautiful exhibits in the Woman's Building in Chicago are abundant

evidences of the ability of our American women to produce artistic pottery. Did not the Rockwood pottery—the distinct product of an American woman's genius—gain the prize over other exhibitors at the World's Fair, held in Paris, a few years ago?

Surely then there is no reason why the artistic women in the Daughters of the American Revolution should not combine and organize—no matter in how small a way—a coöperative pottery for the distinct purpose of making American historic pottery. Plates with views of homes would preserve to the younger generation the appearance of many of the famous colonial mansions that are so rapidly disappearing. Cups and saucers decorated with suitable designs would form attractive souvenirs for teas, and could be sold in order to raise funds for a worthy object. The little cup and saucer that was issued at the Martha Washington Tea Party in New York, on February 22, 1876, is already scarce, and is identical (except the date 1876) with the original set presented to Mrs. Washington by the French officers who served in the War of the Revolution. Pitchers and tiles as well as other articles could be easily disposed of. Then there is another feature. Just as medals are struck in limited numbers in commemoration of some important event, and given only to subscribers, so special historic dates could be commemorated by providing a limited number of decorated pieces of china that could be reserved for subscribers.

This suggestion, it seems to me, is well worth the thoughtful consideration of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and I cannot but believe that financial as well as artistic success will follow any attempt to establish a Woman's American Pottery.

MARCUS BENJAMIN.

JOHN PERRINE.

[The following veritable incident of the Revolutionary War was written out at my request by a descendant of John Perrine, and a near relative of the venerable narrator.—E. R. K.]

HENRY PERRINE, whose homestead still stands in Monmouth County, not far from the Old Tennant church, was, with his family, very patriotic in the Revolutionary times.

His two sons, John and Lewis, joined the army when very young, and were present as lieutenants at the famous leave-taking between Washington and his officers. The following anecdote of her father, John Perrine, was told the writer of this by Mrs. Frederick King, then residing in Rahway, New Jersey. The narration was made so many years ago that the writer has forgotten everything that would serve to fix the date and general circumstances of the occurrence. It is, however, a veritable incident of the war, and though trifling enough in itself gives a glimpse of the relations between the Tories and the Whigs in those days. Young John Perrine was standing in front of his father's house when a body of American troops passed by. Soon after a party of mounted Tories appeared and asked the lad which way the soldiers had gone—wishing to avoid them. He deliberately told them wrong, in order that they might fall into the hands of the Americans. "Well, my boy," they said, "We'll take you along with us, and if you have told us a lie, you shall swing on the nearest branch." So he was lifted up behind one of the party, a cord put about his neck, and they rode away. Bye-and-bye they met an old negro, and the leader asked him which way the troops had gone? "Why, massa," said he, "All you're got to do is to look at their tracks in the dust." And sure enough, the tracks plainly showed that they were running into a trap. Of course they turned back at once, declaring that they would hang the boy on the first convenient tree they came to. However, they did not go as far as that, probably intending only to frighten their prisoner well. So after a little, he was pushed suddenly off the horse, and falling into the road, was dragged a moment or two by the rope, and then left go; the Tories scampering off in

good earnest, leaving the boy lying in the dust, somewhat hurt, but not seriously. Mrs. King said that in after years of peace, when she was a little girl more than once driving with her father, a man passed them who was pointed out by her father as the man who had him on his horse, and who held the rope when he was dragged. And this was the way she came to hear the story.

ALAS, POOR HUDDY!

At a "Tea" given by the Nova Caesarea Chapter in Newark I gave an account of two Revolutionary engagements—for they could not be called battles—that took place during the month of March in New Jersey.

In preparing that paper I noticed the remarkable dearth of battles that occurred during this war-like month of March.

I *might* have spoken of a fierce little conflict which took place on March 24, 1782.

It will perhaps be as well for me to recall to your memory the salient points of the little drama to which I have referred, and which to my mind is one of the most unique of the whole war.

I refer to the fight at Block House at Toms River, its valiant defense by Captain Huddy, his capture and brutal execution by the British.

Let us look away from the quiet Quaker city where Washington was spending the winter; away from New York, where Sir Henry Clinton was awaiting the pleasure of the British Ministry, to the county of Monmouth, where at the little village of Dover, on Toms River, in command of a fort recently erected, we shall find our hero ready to "do or die."

The reason for the erection of a fort at this quiet spot will be clearer when we remember that during the Revolutionary days the article of salt was so important a commodity that to encourage its manufacture State Legislatures gave it most weighty attention.

It was at Toms River that the Pennsylvania Salt Works were located, and it was to protect this industry that the Block House was built.

To capture this fortress, primitive though it was, a large armed crew left New York on March 20, 1782.

They arrived on Sunday the 23d. at daybreak, but none too early for Captain Huddy and his brave followers.

Wonderfully did they resist a force four times greater than their own, but soon the patriot ranks began to thin out.

History says Captain Huddy did all that a man could do to defend himself against superior numbers.

He was at last obliged to surrender. He was taken to New York, no mercy was shown him, and a few days afterward, under the charge of Captain Lippincott, was taken back to Middletown and hanged, Captain Lippincott personally pulling the fatal rope, saying as he did so. "Up goes Huddy for Phil. White." Thus was a wanton, inhuman murder committed, and thus died one of the bravest and truest men who fought for the independence of America.

But the end was not yet.

General Washington was at once informed of what had taken place, and it was decided that the case demanded instant retaliation, and that Captain Lippincott, or an officer equal in rank to Captain Huddy, *must* be surrendered.

Sir Henry Clinton refused to give up Captain Lippincott, who said he had acted under orders from Governor Franklin, the last royal Governor of New Jersey.

Sir Guy Carleton having taken command of the British Army, was appealed to. He expressed regret at what had taken place, and it was finally ordered that a British captain should be selected by lot to suffer for the murder of Captain Huddy.

The lot fell upon Captain Asgill, a young Englishman, only nineteen years of age, who was then a prisoner at Lancaster.

And now began a most wonderful series of events.

A sympathy for Asgill spread like wildfire, to the Court of St. James, then to Versailles, where the Count de Vergennes, Prime Minister of Louis XVI, implored Marie Antoinette to intercede.

General Washington received a most pathetic letter from Lady Asgill, his mother, and in fact, many letters passed between England and America, Asgill remaining a prisoner.

On November 7, 1782, Congress passed this resolution.

"*Resolved*, That the Commander-in-Chief is directed to set Captain Asgill at liberty."

This was sent him at once, with a most polite letter from Washington, which certainly merited a reply, though history does not record it.

Asgill at once returned to England as the "Conquering Hero," receiving both in France and England tremendous ovations, all the details of the affair being known.

And what of poor Huddy?

Cicero says: "The perfection of glory consists in three things: First, that the people love us. Second, that they have confidence in us. Third, that they think we deserve to be honored."

If *this* be true, then to-day we can place Huddy on a pedestal, feeling that he fitly deserves a place with the martyrs of the war.

A poet of the Revolution, Philip Freneau, who lies near Captain Huddy in the old Freehold graveyard, wrote in a humorous poem:

"I'll petition the rebels (if York is forsaken),
For a place in their Zion, which ne'er shall be shaken.
I'm sure they'll be clever, it seems their whole study.
They hung not young Asgill for old Captain Huddy.
And it must be a truth that admits no denying,
If they spare us for murder, they'll spare us for lying."

MARY SHERRERD CLARK.



A COLONIAL DAME.

BY MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

“GOVERNOR THOMAS DUDLEY,
Born in Northampton, England, 1576.

Married

DOROTHY ————,
Born 1582; Died 1643.”

[“Thomas Dudley was appointed to the command of a company, marched into the field, and was at the siege of Amiens, under Henry IV. On the conclusion of a treaty of peace, Captain Dudley returned to England, and settled in the neighborhood of Northampton. Here he married ‘a gentlewoman whose extraction and estate were considerable,’ which circumstance introduced him to an acquaintance with several eminent and pious dissenting clergymen.”—*Moore's Governors of New Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay.*]

DOROTHY, maiden of myth and of mystery,
Gravely evolved as a matron of history;
Blameless we find thee in early benignity,
Born in the midlands, a spinster of dignity,
Fair in estate, and of gentle heredity.
This and this only do chronicles tell of thee.

Child of a century, strange and magnificent,
Ah! could we know all the gossip and incident,
Nearing thy cradle, and blent in thy lullabies;
Tales of thy neighbors, with shrugs and uplifted eyes,
As thy capped nurses might temper or emphasize
Castle diversions or chivalrous enterprise.
What a rare picture of figures dramatical,
Splendid in story, and shining in canticle;
Idle rehearsals of Kenilworth's festal time;
Glimpses of grandeur, and bits of a player's rhyme;
Whispered suspicions and hints of dark tragedy;
Rumors enchanting of love and conspiracy.

Dear smiling baby; predestined so dutiful,
Did'st thou not know of thy neighbor, the beautiful,
Princess of Tudor, created to complicate,
Tangling with witcheries, friendships of court and state?
Did'st thou not hear in thy soft winter slumbering,
How the bells pealed and the fires crackled, numbering

Cruel, insistent, the ten brief to-morrows,
The pitiful end of beguilements and sorrows ?
Did'st thou not know that just over the border line,
Cradled like thee, beside fair English hedge and vine,
Sweet Judith Shakspeare lay cooing her baby name,
Gaily unconscious of dramas or future fame ?

Happy thy years, beneath ash and elm avenue,
Pacid and plentiful, simple, sincere and true,
Ere thy tall lover came homeward from Picardy,
Looked in thy eyes, and confessed his regard for thee,
Told thee of emprise and valorous deeds afar,
Batling the Spaniards and Leaguers with brave Navarre.

Maid of Northampton, so faintly revealed to me,
Is there a tome in some dim hall concealed, to be
Found in time's fulness, wherein quaintly set in line
I may see clearly whence came thy life stream to mine !
Whether from springs mediæval, enriching, ran
Blood of mailed Norman or brawny-armed Aeldorman.

Dear is thy name, won through love in humility,
Borne in privations, adventure and dignity ;
Tranquilly shared in fair precincts baronial ;
Held in high state, with grave honors colonial.
Dorothy Dudley--renowned of posterity,
As the two queens of thy youth warred through life to be :
Mother of princes, whom all men may reverence,
Rulers of letters, of art and of eloquence.



WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

HISTORY OF THE ROCKFORD CHAPTER.

IN June, 1894, the State Regent of Illinois, Mrs. Alice L. R. Kerfoot, appointed Mrs. Ralph Emerson, of Rockford, Regent, with authority to organize a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution for that city.

In July invitations were issued to some four hundred ladies, whom the newly appointed Regent felt reasonably sure were eligible to the Order, to meet Mrs. Wm. Thayer Brown, of Chicago, a former resident of Rockford, and a member of the Chicago Chapter; thus combining a "society social" with an opportunity to bring the matter to the consideration of the Rockford ladies. There was a very full response to the invitation.

Mrs. Brown kindly consented to tell the ladies about the objects of the national organization, and to read a paper that she had recently written and read before the Chicago Chapter upon the adoption of the national flag.

By the first of August, the twelve ladies necessary to form a Chapter had filled out the blanks, and the applications were immediately forwarded to Washington for approval by the National Society.

The 19th of October, upon the occasion of the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Regent invited the twelve charter members to a luncheon. Mrs. Brown being again in the city, met with the Chapter. The meeting was full of enthusiasm; flags were flying from several of the homes of the charter members, and the social noon hour was filled with reminiscences of the day.

The articles of convention between Lieutenant General Burgoyne and Major General Gates (a document drawn by Colonel Giles Jackson, chief of staff under General Gates), were also

read, as a copy of the document had just come into the possession of the Regent, who is a great-great-niece of General Giles Jackson in her mother's line of ancestry.

In January, 1895, the Regent gave the ladies of Rockford an opportunity to meet the charter members of the newly formed Chapter. The response was all and more than could have been expected.

The interest increased so rapidly, that before the 22d of February there had been over sixty applicants filed with the registrar of the Rockford Chapter, Mrs. Albert D. Early, and forwarded to Washington by the recording secretary, Mrs. Carrie Spafford Brett. It was not possible to get returns from Washington immediately, especially as the Rockford Chapter had flooded the desk of the Registrar General at Washington with new applications, at the very time when she was overwhelmed with work necessary to the convening of the National Congress of the Daughters at Washington. But nothing daunted, and feeling sure that the eligibility of the sixty applicants would finally receive recognition, the Regent accepted the request of the ladies to appropriately honor Washington's birthday, February 22, entertaining the suggestion of a "Colonial Tea," to be given by the corresponding secretary, Miss Harriet Blakeman, and of extending the invitations to the husbands of the Daughters.

All of those whose applications had gone forward were included in the celebration. The occasion was one of rare significance, inasmuch as it revealed the rich inheritance Rockford possessed of Revolutionary descendants to the third and fourth generation, that dwelling in the midst of Rockford's busy manufacturing are descendants of Miles Standish, of General Warren, of General Mead, of Major Robert Wilson who saw his commander Wolf fall mortally wounded before the heights of Abraham, and others too numerous to mention.

It was also an occasion of patriotic enthusiasm, so that one coming upon the festivities unexpectedly might well have believed herself in some old ancestral hall and among the veritable Revolutionary women of that day.

The calash, the ample silk bag of our grandmothers upon the arm, carrying snuffbox, spectacles, etc., of "ye olden time,"

the veritable high-heeled slippers worn in those days, the hair dressed in colonial style, all lent enchantment to the scene.

A card in the form of the traditional hatchet bore an historical name chosen with care for each guest, corresponding to a card placed at each plate on the tastefully arranged tables. Charming young misses in white with the national colors ornamenting their heads or waists flitted in and out among the guests. After the repast a beautiful hand-painted souvenir programme (the gift of our Regent) was given the guests as they assembled in the parlor for further entertainment.

In the absence of the Regent, who was attending the Fourth Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in session at Washington, the Vice Regent, Mrs. William Lathrop, presided. A motion from Mrs. William A. Taftcott that all business matters be postponed and we enter at once upon the programme was heartily acceded to.

The Vice Regent then extended a cordial welcome to the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution, and thanked the secretary for her very generous hospitality.

The registrar then read the following telegram from the Regent: "Greetings to the Rockford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on this day we celebrate." And also a telegram to the Continental Congress: "Rockford Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, appropriately celebrating the day, send greetings on this anniversary our country honors."

The Regent's "Greetings to the Chapter" were read by the registrar. Mr. W. C. Taft responded in a very happy manner.

GREETINGS TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: Brothers and Sisters, Sons and Daughters of our Grandsires of the Revolution, I am bidden to bring you greetings, not alone by the will of those who wished my services here to-night, but by the spirits of the living past (no longer a dead past, thanks to some patriotic soul).

In all bosoms the spark of patriotism was smouldering and needed but a breath to fan it into existence. And that breath, from the shadows of the past, has come none too soon for some of us. The connecting links that bound us to some fallen hero

or active patriot of those stirring times were fast dropping away: it is well to have them forged anew, and that, while there are those living to connect them.

As one after another I have read the records of courage and bravery and wisdom of the ancestors of those now gathered in these rooms, to the second and third, and even the fourth generation, my enthusiasm has been aroused and it appears as though while we gather together, the glorious galaxy of names of the patriots, whose blood still flows in the veins of those who are sitting in this room, that we too are walking the heights of Bunker and Breed's Hill, listening to the first shots at Concord, following through the gloom of Valley Forge, and witnessing the surrender of Burgoyne, and later of Cornwallis. All of this blood witnesses to itself here to-day and in their name, and in the names of those sturdy patriots, I welcome you all.

But why pause I here? Why linger here, for more venerable voices come down to us from the ages before. I welcome you as well in the name of the heroes who fought at Marston Moor, of the nobles who gathered at Runnymede, of the Crusaders who died around the Holy Sepulchre, and of the Pilgrims and Chevaliers: yes, and of the sturdy old Dutch Pioneers, all of whom brought from many a blood-stained field of freedom in the old world, the spirit of Cromwell, of William the Silent, of Admiral Coligny, and of the martyr Cranmer; yea, in the name of all that is good and true in history, united with all that is good and true in womanhood, I welcome you, as thus we find ourselves banded together in commemorating their memory, in order that we may emulate the virtues of all, who, in any land, have given of their fortunes and of their lives in order that government for the right, and by the right, might not perish from among men.

I come also to greet you in the name of Lincoln, and Grant, and Sheridan, who so bravely fought that the principles of a nation's growth might prevail. Yea, more, future generations yet unborn bid me greet you with a pledge of loyalty that you will guard well and keep the pearl of great price, the pearl, pure patriotism untarnished, for their coming needs.

Daughters! How much that means. If daughters then

heirs; if heirs how great is our responsibility. For to us it is given to hand down to later generations inviolate those principles for which our grandparents and great-grandparents fought and died.

It is a glorious inheritance, one to be proud of, one to be conserved, one to be perpetuated. And the record of those stirring times which wrought for all nations and for all time a clearer understanding of the rights of man, are thrilling indeed, but the half has not been told. Doubly interesting it will be for us when there shall be added to these historical accounts of the past, the part which our grandparents, and great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents took in the War of the Revolution.

Fascinating as the wildest tale of fiction is that tramping through the woods of John Haskell, just liberated from the sugar house prison, whose granddaughter sits in our midst. Or the story of Israel Putnam's ride, you all remember it, before the Light Horse Tory Brigade. That ride was across the field of one Joseph Mead, brigadier general in the Revolutionary War, and his great-great-granddaughter is a sweet singer in our town of Rockford to-day. I might go on indefinitely giving you the inspiration of the past that has already come to us, but as a spark will kindle into a great flame, we need not multiply words, but let the fires kindle on the altars of your own hearts and ignite other fires on other altars, whose right to be proud of what their fathers did in establishing American Independence is as great as ours. This fire should not be left to die out from any hearthstone.

The hour was ripe for this organization. The country needed it. The future of our institutions demanded it. It behooves us then, Daughters—and Sons, too—to enthusiastically join our hands and pledge ourselves to renewed zeal for our country's good.

ADALINE E. TALCOTT EMESON,

Regent.

The toast, "George Washington," was responded to by ex-Congressman, the Hon. Wm. Lathrop. In a most impressive manner he dwelt upon the life of Washington, and its influence still permeating the Nation's existence.

Mrs. Mary Haskell Freeman read a very interesting paper on, "Our Grandfathers and How They Lived."

Two original songs, written for the Daughters of the American Revolution by the Regent, Adaline Talcott Emerson, one entitled "Patriot Daughters," and another, "Daughters of our Grandsires," the music to the former having been written by Mrs. Nettie Hood Emerson, a member of the Chapter, added greatly to the evening's entertainment.

On the 17th of June the Daughters of the American Revolution were invited to meet at the residence of Mrs. Abby Warren Spafford, also the present home of the recording secretary, her daughter, to commemorate the battle of Bunker Hill.

The entrance was simply decorated with Stars and Stripes, while the portrait of General Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill, was adorned with the same national emblem. Mrs. Spafford, the hostess, being the grandniece of General Warren, and granddaughter of his brother, Dr. John Warren, of Boston, who was surgeon general during the entire War of the Revolution.

A table was appropriated to relics which had descended to Mrs. Spafford from her Revolutionary ancestors, and consisted of a pair of decanters, a decorated china fruit dish, and a pair of silver salt cellars, which belonged to Dr. John Warren, and a pair of slippers which belonged to his wife, the daughter of Governor Collins, of Rhode Island, and Mrs. Spafford's grandmother. Also a bracket made from a piece of wood taken from one of the naval ships engaged in the War of the Revolution, and which was sunk in Lake Champlain.

After preliminary business proceedings, a very interesting description of the battle of Bunker Hill was given by Mrs. Laura Potter Gregory. With a happy facility of expression, Mrs. Gregory placed before the Chapter the situation of the two armies, the brave but undisciplined and ill-accoutred army of patriots, confronted by the experienced, well-disciplined, and brilliantly equipped troops of their British foe. The courage with which they met and twice drove them back only yielding when their ammunition failed.

Mrs. Spafford then gave a sketch of the life of General

Joseph Warren. This was followed by the reading of a poem by Mrs. Carrie Spafford Brett, "The Grandmother's Story of the battle of Bunker Hill," written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, for the Centennial celebration of that event in Boston in 1875. This closed the exercises for the afternoon.

August the second was the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence by the members of the Colonial Congress. This was fittingly observed at the home of the Regent.

Invitations were issued for a five o'clock tea. The house was appropriately draped with flags, and streamers of red, white, and blue were pending from the old oak trees.

The tables were arranged on the lawn in the form of a hollow square and plates were set for about fifty guests. In the center of the square were stately palms, and ferns, and other hot house plants. Oriental rugs completely covered the ground under the tables, giving a Persian atmosphere to the whole, only that not in Persia could such a gathering of women have been seen.

Quietly as one and another gave terse histories of some of the notable signers of that remarkable document, the spirit of our forefathers settled down upon the audience. We knew more of the reasons for the steps which they had taken, we knew more of the courage which was necessary to take those steps, we knew more of the depth of an undaunted living faith, that truth and right, not might, must prevail, which gave those ancestors power to fight to secure for generations yet unborn true freedom and the inalienable right of every man to be himself a man.

All unconsciously, the sun that had looked down upon the scene in regal glory at first had sunk behind the tall church spire opposite, and the shades of evening were upon the Daughters e'er the last member had signed her name to the by-laws of our own little Chapter, in commemoration of that other momentous day, when mighty men put their names to the document that made them immortal and our Nation victorious.

It is difficult to give in a hastily written article that may be condensed for the columns of a national magazine, any idea of the enthusiasm growing out of this movement.

It emphasizes the presence in our midst of the spirit and

staunch integrity, to say nothing of the courage of our ancestors, who lived, and fought, and died for principles, that have made for our Nation's prosperity.

It is something to recall the fact that their blood flows in our veins, and to us is committed the trust to keep inviolate our Nation's faith.

What was the key note for which our forefathers declared their independence? Let us ask ourselves the question, Are we true to those principles which they sought to incorporate into the very foundation of our national life? Are we, their descendants, seeking above all else, to make sure of a goodly edifice upon the sure foundations which were laid with a Tytanic power in the stormy days of 1776?

These and many more questions will come before each individual Chapter, as it recounts the battles, the proceedings, the formations, the debates upon the points at issue in those former days.

The hour had come, and none too soon, when loyalty in the future could only be secured by loyalty to the past.

Hence we have a reason for being, and whether we live or die depends upon the faithfulness with which we honor the past.

Long may the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution exist to perpetuate the memories of the past, give courage for present action, and arouse enthusiasm for the future.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO.

PERSONS who used to predict that the commemorative exercises at Wyoming monument would last only a few years proved themselves neither prophets nor the sons of prophets. The gatherings on the third of July have gone on waxing greater each year until the seating capacity will have to be increased and the big canvass will have to be enlarged next year. The gathering was a large and representative one. The weather was perfect. The monument was beautifully decorated with flowers sent by Benjamin Dorrance. The Daughters of the American Revolution were present in a

body, wearing the insignia of their office, as were the Colonial Dames and Sons of the Revolution.

The Ninth Regiment band was present in full force, and Professor Alexander's men delighted the assemblage with its patriotic and classic selections, interspersed throughout the programme. The opening prayer was by Rev. David Craft, of Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, who made the address a few years ago.

President Calvin Parsons, in his informal preliminary remarks, asked any present who attended the laying of the cornerstone sixty years ago to rise. Those who responded were William Dickover, Edward S. Loop, Mrs. Mary F. Pfouts, and Calvin Parsons.

A. Clark Sisson, of La Plume, gave "The Sword of Bunker Hill" so pleasingly that the assemblage insisted on his singing again. He then gave a selection by Bayard Taylor, entitled "General Scott and Corporal Johnson."

MR. BEECHER'S ADDRESS.

The speaker of the day was Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, New York. He is witty, sparkling, and a fascinating speaker. Dr. Beecher, who spoke without notes, began by alluding to the British and Indian invasion of Wyoming Valley from Elmira and Tioga Point one hundred and seventeen years ago, and facetiously referred to his own visit as an invasion from that same Elmira, by way of that same Tioga Point, an invasion which the assemblage might regret ere he had finished, and I fear me much that you will send your invitation next year reading thus: "Send us a mild massacre, but spare us the mouldy minister." But you have brought it down upon yourselves.

We celebrate to-day, or rather we commemorate, a massacre, the details of which were so familiar that he would not recount them. Massacres, he said, are no novelty in this world. If a monument were set up to commemorate every massacre of the world, the globe trotter would fancy himself in a stone-yard looking at the handiwork of the cutter. In Europe crosses are set up to mark the spot where murders are said to have taken place. The speaker alluded to the avenging of Wyoming by

the sending of General Sullivan to crush the Six Nations, the expedition taking much life and destroying many homes and vast acres of tilled fields. True, this devastation was upon Indians, but Indians are men. The infamy of the massacre of Wyoming is heaped upon the Indians. The Indians have no champions.

Mr. Beecher said he was not here to champion the Indian, but he made a plea for him on the ground of humanity. We talk of the white man's wrongs, but we overlook the red man's wrongs. On the ground that there were no good Indians but dead ones, our forefathers tried hard to turn them into good ones by killing them. Who can tell what kind of a man an Indian would be if he had never seen a white man? When the white man's weapons were added to the Indian's native cruelty he was a destructive being, and the Indian was not wholly responsible.

We celebrate massacres all the world over, for man is a fighting animal. I have stood on the field of Gettysburg and wondered what the Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray would say to each other when they meet in the heavenly place and grasp each other by the hand. The speaker thought the first question by both would be, what were we fighting about? Gettysburg is covered with so many monuments to mark the slaughter that they lose their significance by their very number.

Mr. Beecher dipped into political economy and remarked that the greed of gain had been the cause of nine-tenths of all the bloody conflicts the world has ever seen. The discovery of America and its conquest was in the pursuit of gain. Allusion was made to the practice which the European monarchs had of selling tracts of land in America, which they did not own, and to the struggles growing out of the conflicting claims.

The primitive colonization of this land was under the impulse of acquisitiveness. All the explorers were looking for gold. Senator Sprague said: In the history of this cruel world, I have found nothing so cruel as a million dollars, except two million. The desire for gain has caused all the troubles of this world. When we rise above the brute beast the lust of life becomes the love of property. The Declaration of Independence says all men are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but

the modern demand seems to be for life, liberty, and property. The perils which overlie our land is the question of property. Ask yourself what constitutes a just title in the sight of God? How much property may each man own? How can he dispose of this property? The Apostle Paul says, I am a debtor to all men; but the natural man says, All men are debtors to me.

The Indians were often cheated out of their title. Into the injustice of the white man's title the Indian infused his cruelty. Let me remind you that the monument which is to draw all people toward it is the cross. The battle of industry is harder to fight than the battles of war. Peace hath her victories no less than war. Fight the good fight of faith in this fair valley and you will gain your reward.

A WYOMING HEROINE OF THE REVOLUTION.

A paper by Mrs. Miles L. Peck, of Bristol, Connecticut, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, entitled, "Wyoming Heroine of the Revolution," by invitation of the chairman, was read by Mrs. Katherine Searle McCartney, Regent of the Wyoming Valley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. A synopsis is appended:

"A year ago, July 3, 1894, a company of ladies met in Bristol, Connecticut, and held exercises commemorative of the Wyoming massacre. They represented the Daughters of the Revolution, and in accordance with a custom which prevails in Connecticut of naming their Chapter after some woman who had lived during the Revolution, they named the Bristol Chapter for Katherine Gaylord, a fugitive from the Wyoming massacre, a brave pioneer mother who lost her husband in the battle, gave up her only son to the military service, and endured many privations. There must of necessity, says the essayist, be many names upon the monument which represent to you who read them, nothing but the fact that they were actors in that desperate struggle on July 3, 1778. Two of those names, however, represent to us in Bristol something more than this. They were from our town, their descendants still live among us. These were Aaron Gaylord and Elias Roberts.

Aaron Gaylord was born in Bristol in 1745, the son of one

of its first settlers. He married Katherine Cole and three children were born to them in Bristol, a son and two daughters. After serving five years in the Revolutionary War he and his family removed about 1776 to the Wyoming Valley, to join the Connecticut Colony. He was killed in the battle of Wyoming. His wife, Katherine, joined the throng of fugitives who set out across the almost pathless mountains for their old Connecticut homes. She and three children started early on the morning of July 4, but none too early, for before the sun arose they could see that the savages had set the torch to their homes. Day after day and night after night they made their way through the wilderness, in constant peril from wild animals and from even more savage Indians, and in imminent danger of starvation. They were several weeks on this wearisome journey to Connecticut. His thirteen-year-old son, Daniel, afterwards served in the war, returned to Wyoming, married, and ultimately removed to Illinois.

"Elias Roberts was one of the earliest settlers in Bristol. He and his son, Thomas, were among the Connecticut people who settled Wyoming, and both were there at the time of the battle. The father was killed. Elias was the father of Gideon Roberts, a Connecticut volunteer, who was one of the pioneers in the clock business in Bristol—those Yankee clocks now known all over the world."

Mrs. Peck's paper and its graceful reading by Mrs. McCartney elicited many compliments. It is a pleasing fact that the ladies of Bristol have raised funds for a monument to the memory of Katherine Gaylord, the Wyoming heroine, and the same was to have been dedicated yesterday, but the exercises have been postponed until autumn.

Mrs. McCartney read the paper with excellent effect, and accompanied the reading with some forceful and patriotic remarks of her own, which were warmly applauded.

FOURTH OF JULY AT HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Old Colony Chapter of Hingham, Massachusetts, celebrated the Fourth of July by a gathering at the house of its treasurer, Miss Willard, in the afternoon. The old homestead of the Willard family is full of curious survivals of the past, and in addition to these a collection of Colonial and Revolutionary relics was exhibited, which was full of interest.

Firearms and powderhorns borne at Bunker Hill, portraits of Revolutionary heroes and heroines, a lantern belonging to Paul Revere, some of the tea spilled at the Boston tea party, a cannonball two hundred and fifty years old, and numerous other objects were shown including old silver, china, articles of dress etc., which were greatly enjoyed by the assembled guests.

The exercises of the day consisted of speeches from Rev. Mr. Day and Mr. Francis H. Lincoln, and a poem from Rev. Mr. Billings, who likewise read the Declaration of Independence. The opening address of the Regent, Mrs. J. H. Robbins, is as follows:

Friends and Daughters of the American Revolution: We are glad to welcome you here to-day at this gathering which represents our common feeling of patriotism on the great birthday of our country.

We have not drawn together merely to honor the Society of which we form a part, but rather to remember thankfully the immortal hours which made us a Nation.

In these days, when the new woman is so much to the front with schemes for the advancement and glorification of the sex, the Daughters of the American Revolution desire to stand proudly as representing the old woman (if my Chapter will not think the term invidious)—the woman to whom home and country stand first.

We desire to emphasize the family idea, the sentiment of true union: for what is our country but the great family, the large home to which we all belong, and which we delight to honor? It was on the Fourth of July, 1776, that this family set up for itself, and it is with joy we remember what those fathers and mothers of the past, our ancestors, did to make this American family possible.

The tie which binds us together goes back of all dissensions, like the bond of blood, and the hottest differences of opinion—even a family quarrel—cannot annihilate that relationship. Thus, after a convulsive struggle which threatened to tear our country in twain, brothers and sisters from North and South once more join hands as sons and daughters of the Revolution, and find their love unshaken and themselves ready to stand once more back to back against the world.

It is befitting that the Daughters of the American Revolution, who stand for peace and family affection, should meet to-day and tender hospitable greetings in the name of our common country.

The Fourth of July is the marriage day of States, as well as the birthday of our great mother, and as such should be honored everywhere by all her widely scattered children.

Here, in this old homestead replete with the spirit of the past, we can learn something of the customs of those early ancestors of ours, and recognize anew the stern and resolute hearts they bore within their breasts.

The sight of their old firelocks and rusty swords thrills us; their humble belongings, their ancient raiment, bring the men and women of the past near to us, and remind us of the homely ways of our forbears, and the splendid courage with which they faced the hardships of a new and untried world, and the experiment of an independent government by the people.

We have walked hand in hand with Liberty, until we have well-nigh forgotten what it meant to the men of the past to cut loose from the leading strings of tradition and stand alone.

They faced fearful odds. The penalty of their defiance was death. What trembling but valiant hearts must their mothers and wives and daughters have borne within their steadfast breasts as they sent forth their dear ones to be exposed, not only to the dangers of battle, but possibly to the ignominious punishment of treason. It is in no spirit of vain glory that we desire to keep alive the reverence for that past. Those sires of ours, those resolute mothers, are to us a living lesson which we do well to read. The virtues of patience, of thrift, of dauntless heroism were theirs, and their story can never be outworn.

In our extravagant and rattling age, noisy, adventurous, and amusing, it is well to set a day apart to dwell upon grave, old Continental times, upon lives remote, collected, narrow, illumined only by the lamps of piety and patriotism, from which such great results were born.

We remember on what a serious errand the boys of '76 went out, often never to return: we think of the hardships of our great-grandmothers, and their abiding anxieties, and by them are taught to face the world's battle more simply and bravely, to be more indifferent to luxury, more self-respecting and earnest, and ever ready to rise to a great issue.

Others will here to-day dwell upon the glory of that past we are so glad to honor. Let it be mine to remind you of the solemn faith, careful frugality, the unflinching courage of Revolutionary women. They sought no personal favor, no public recognition, no wider reach for their faculties, but, in loneliness and silence, in hardship and anxiety, bore their terrible burden. Who shall say their service was a slight one, outweighed by the platform and the ballot box of to-day? It was theirs to help to form a nation, to work at home while the men went forth to battle, and who better than they illustrate that

"They too serve, who only stand and wait."

It is from such women, wise, careful, all enduring, self-sacrificing, that great men draw courage and steadfastness. It is they who uphold a nation and keep alight the fires upon its hearthstone and the lamp in its shining windows. Their character is what tells in the moulding of future generations.

Let no Daughter of the American Revolution chafe at the narrowness of her sphere, nor complain that she lacks a wide field to work in, since she has always her own soul to enlarge and a life to illumine.

These are the lessons we draw from the memory of our ancestors. With their might they did what their hands found to do, and, men and women together, established this home and Nation where we now dwell happy and secure.

In their name we welcome you to-day, and the Old Colony Chapter has gathered together in this venerable house many a curious relic of those far-off days. It is our proud privilege to cherish those possessions of our forefathers and to bring them together, to revive the past so glorified by their steadfast valor and patience.

We welcome you heartily to our festival and to renew our patriotic feeling for this great day, I beg you will all join in singing our national hymn, America.

After the exercises there was a collation and social gathering, while opportunity was given for the examination of the relics.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER CELEBRATES FLAG DAY.

THE John Marshall Chapter was entertained, June 14, 1895, at the residence of Mrs. John A. Larrabee, in the "Highlands." The parlors and hall were beautifully decorated with flags. The large folding doors from the hall and also between the parlors were draped in red, white, and blue; on each side of the doorway, as you entered the front parlor, were life size portraits of Washington and Henry Clay, draped with silk flags. On the door, in the back parlor, facing front, was a portrait of General Robert E. Lee, also decorated with silk flags, while below the portrait was the Lee family-tree, which family Mrs. Larrabee descended from on the maternal side. On each side of the folding doors, between the parlors, were the family crests of the Larrabee's and the Bulkley's in bronze. The motto on the Larrabee coat of arms is "*Quo Fata Vocat.*" The Bulkley motto "*Nec Temere Nec Timide,*" these were also decorated with smaller size silk flags. A small flax spin-

ning-wheel over two hundred years old occupied a prominent position before the front parlor fireplace, and in the same room were two large tables filled with family relics, such as pistols, watch, razors in case, fine old dishes, cooking utensils, books, bibles, and old documents from the Bulkleys', Sayres', Lees', Riggs', and Larrabee families; also a fan, which was used at John Hancock's wedding, when he married Dorothy Quincy. He was married at the residence of Mr. Thaddeus Burr, in Fairfield, Connecticut. Mrs. Eunice Dennie Burr was a great-great-aunt of Mrs. Larrabee. Two flint lock pistols and a watch, razors, and case, which were used by her ancestor, Joseph Bulkley, during the Revolutionary War, and sent by him before he died to his only great-grandson and namesake, Joseph Bulkley, a brother of Mrs. Larrabee. An English ale-mug, over two hundred years old, beside many other fine and valuable dishes, blankets, and spreads, home-spun by ancestors of the Revolution. Old spoons and a dish which was brought over in the Mayflower by Thomas Rogers and inherited by his great-granddaughter, Jane Rogers, who married Ephraim Larrabee. There were also the original document from the Pejepscot Company to Captain Benjamin Larrabee, who was in command of Fort George in 1727, now Brunswick, Maine. Also the original commission appointing Joseph Bulkley, captain, given by the Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of the Connecticut troops, Matthew Griswold, Esq., in 1785, and the papers for a pension, which was granted to Joseph Bulkley in 1832 by Congress, unsolicited by him.

The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Wm. Lee Lyon, the Regent.

After the reading of the minutes and roll call, several letters were read by Mrs. E. N. Maxwell, chairman of the Relic Committee, in regard to soliciting and securing Colonial and Revolutionary relics for the Atlanta Exposition.

Then followed a song, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," by Misses Chastine MacGregor and Hattie Lee Larrabee. They were accompanied by Mrs. Margaret Ward Bell.

Mrs. J. W. McCarty read a historical selection. Song, "Star Spangled Banner," by the members of the Chapter. This was followed by an original essay on "The Flag," by Mrs

John A. Larrabee. Song, "My Country, 'tis of Thee." On the piano stood a frame containing a letter and the first verse of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," in the author's own handwriting. After the programme ended, Mrs. Larrabee's two little grandchildren, Marguerite Bulkley Larrabee, age seven years, and John Henry Larrabee, age six years, presented each lady with a beautiful satin badge, with the flag in its colors, borne by a large spread eagle in grey, above which was printed in large letters, "John Marshall Chapter, D. A. R.," and surmounting the flag was the motto, "In God We Trust." Below the eagle was 1777, June 14, 1895: and beneath the dates was printed

*"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."*

When the ices were served, in each ice was a tooth pick with a small silk flag attached, and the napkins used were paper flags. This was our last meeting for the summer and it will long be remembered, for it was truly "Flag Day."

S. L. H.

BUNKER HILL DAY.

THE closing meeting of the season of the Mary Silliman Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the twelfth since its organization, was held in the historical rooms, which had been beautifully trimmed by the committee on decorations; the Regent, Mrs. Harriet L. Burroughs Toney, presiding. It was a notable gathering, not only on account of numbers, but because of the presence of welcoming guests from neighboring Chapters, and of husbands of members, and of a sprinkling of Sons of the American Revolution. The programme began with a "Song of the Birds," beautifully given by a double quartette. Mrs. Henry Patchen, Mrs. Sturtevant, Mrs. H. B. Drew, Mrs. R. C. Hard, Mrs. W. B. Spencer, Mrs. William E. Seeley, and the Misses Edith Stickles and Carrie Silliman. This was followed by the reports of the secretary and registrars, and an expression of thanks from the "Sons" for the generous response for flowers for Revolutionary graves on Memorial Day.

The reading of a letter from a Daughter, now in Paris, Miss

Burritt, describing a visit to the grave of General Lafayette, called forth a suggestion from Mrs. Morris B. Beardsley, that the Mary Silliman Chapter, imitating the good action of the Sons of the American Revolution in Massachusetts, should have placed upon the grave of that distinguished friend of America, a memorial wreath such as are used in France for the graves of heroes. A suggestion was also made by Mrs. Tracey B. Warren to have suitably marked in some permanent way the old Franklin millstone in the southwestern part of the city, and to petition to have the original name, the "King's Highway," restored to North avenue.

A very delightful welcome was then extended to the Daughters in the following poem by Mrs. Howard J. Curtis :

A welcome to the Daughters here !
How well one loves to be
Surrounded by such loveliness
In such good company,
Though not distinguished in ourselves
We all know very well,
That noble blood flows in our veins,
And always " blood will tell."

How strange it is that until now
No women every thought
Of forming a society
In name of those who fought
In worthy cause, to commemorate
The deeds of women who have been
Remarkable and great.

Why there was Jael, long time ago,
Who at one timely blow
Procured the death of Sisera
And freed the land from foe.
Yet to commemorate her deeds
The Jewish dames did fail —
Perhaps they shrink to call themselves
The " Daughters of the Jael !"

There was the English Boadicea,
There was Joan of Arc,
The women surely of those days
Were ignorant and dark
Not to have seized the bright idea
Societies to make,

And talk about these women bold
And have some tea and cake.

No, it was left for women now
In times from those afar,
To hit the nail upon the head
In this, the D. A. R.
The happier thought of womanhood
It may be freely said
Since Jael placed her little nail
And hit it on the head.

I see a smile among the men.
Perhaps they think this way,
"These women stole the thought from us,
Or borrowed, let us say."
Sisters, I thought it quite a risk
To ask these men you know.
Just let me speak to you aside,
Had not they better go!

At least it was a noble thought,
No matter how it came,
To draw from deep obscurity
So many a woman's name.
In Revolutionary times
They worked the hard years through
For liberty, as well as men,
And should be honored, too!

Alas! most deeds are still obscure,
Most names are still unknown.
When we look up our lineage lines
We find the men alone
Are noted down for worthy deeds,
For few in those dark days
Thought very much of woman's work,
Or wrote much of her praise.

So when we join the D. A. R.
No choice is on us thrust,
We join through the male ancestor,
We hate to—but we must.
Not that we do not love their deeds
And honor every name—
But there are all the S. A. R.
To glorify their fame.

Perhaps we, too, will be forgot,
And laid upon the shelves.
(Though if that's likely, sisters dear,
Write down your lives yourselves!)
'Tis not our name, 'tis not our fame
We would to others give,
But many good unselfish deeds
Whose consequences live!

The Chapter felt greatly privileged in again being permitted to enjoy charming violin solos by Mr. Leslie Vaughan, whose music captivated every one at the April meeting. *Le Cygne* Gaintsaens; *La Cinquantaine*, by Gabriel-Marie, and *Romance*, by Ivendsen, were rendered with exquisite effect.

That the interest in historical research is steadily growing, was shown by the close attention paid to the reading of the very interesting lineage paper presented by Mrs. James Richard Burroughs. The descendants of heroic ancestors are surely awakening to an appreciation of the priceless legacies left them in the noble lives so grandly lived in the perilous times of our Nation's birth. The recalling of these proud names, half forgotten in the stirring, busy present, has become one of the noted features of the meetings, and always calls forth enthusiastic applause, and it can be safely asserted that when the volume is complete, and every daughter has contributed her record, it will be placed with mingled pride and reverence among the archives of the Society.

So tenderly rendered that it almost drew tears was the singing of *Ben Bolt* by Miss Stickles, which preceded the reading of a spirited poem by Miss Susie Naramore, telling how resolute young girls of '76 banded together and raised the frame of the house themselves that the young husband had left unfinished to join the troops at Bunker Hill.

Another beautiful song by the quartette, "*The Water Lily*," was followed by a thrilling account of a journey across the Continent in the early days of the Republic, by Miss Fannie Wardin, and a short poem, "*Then and Now*," 1775-1895, by Miss Jeannett Booth. Both were well received. The martial ring of the "*Sword of Bunker Hill*," sung by Miss Henry Patchen, stirred the blood in everybody's veins, and the fine selections read by Miss Hanover, the historian, from the ad

dress at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill monument, which occasion was graced by the presence of General Lafayette, emphasized the anniversary the meeting celebrated.

With genuine interest and the closest attention all followed Mrs. Bunnell in the exhibition and explanation of four old paintings by Earl, an artist in the company that went from New Haven to Lexington.

Old friends of Miss Anna S. Mallett, of Washington, District of Columbia, late Registrar General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, listened with pleasure to her greeting, and with interest to her account of the new Society lately formed, the Children of the American Revolution. A few words of encouragement from President Rowland B. Lacey, of the "Sons," closed one of the most interesting meetings of the year. The time was too limited to show to advantage the quaint old gowns embroidered by dainty fingers more than one hundred years ago. The "hair-covered" trunk, in which a wedding outfit was once carried, but which could be comfortably stowed away in the hat box of a modern "Saratoga," the old coins, the engravings of historic places and pictures of old heroes, and silver knee-buckles worn by the great-grandfather of Miss Ellen M. Burns, a brave soldier who fought at Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, and Quebec, and who rose while in service to the rank of major, and who afterward stood with Lafayette at the laying of the cornerstone at Bunker Hill, a vigorous man, who on his ninetieth birthday walked up Mount Washington, returning to Fabian the same day. The Chapter feels under infinite obligations to the generous friends who have contributed so much in a musical way to the entertainments during the year, and especially should thanks be extended to Miss Stickles, to Mr. Vaughan, and to Mrs. Patchen, and the double quartette, and to Mrs. Elmer Beardsley, who added so much to the last entertainment.

ORGANIZATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER, of Galveston, of the National Society of the Daughters of American Revolution, was organized at the residence of Mrs. George Seligson, on June 17, anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The following are the names of the charter members who were accepted by the Board of Management at Washington, D. C., and who were present at the meeting:

Mesdames Sydney T. Fontaine, Allen J. Smith, Edwin Bruce, George Seligson, William Pitt Ballinger, Edward Harris, Thomas Groce, M. V. Judson, Edward Randall, Andrew Mills, Theodore K. Thompson, John A. Harrington; Misses Bettie Ballinger, Maggie M. Jones, Shirley V. W. Fontaine, Lillian Seligson; also Mrs. Maria C. Kimball, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Emma Davis, and Miss Noble were present and eligible, and will make their applications for membership.

The Chapter was presided over by Mrs. Sydney T. Fontaine, Chapter Regent for Galveston, who made the following appointment of officers of the Chapter:

Mrs. Allen J. Smith, Vice Regent; Miss Bettie Ballinger, Secretary; Mrs. Edward Harris, Treasurer; Mrs. Edwin Bruce, Registrar; Miss Maggie M. Jones, Curator; Miss Lillian Seligson, Librarian; Mrs. Thomas Groce, Historian.

The objects of this Society are to perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries. To carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people: "To promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," thus developing an enlightened public opinion and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for per-

forming the duties of American citizens : to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty.

The Chapter adopted for its motto the one taken from the seal of General Lafayette: "Where liberty dwells there is my country." This seal was presented to Mrs. Fontaine's father, the late Dr. Lawrence A. Washington, by General Lafayette on his last visit to the United States, when the doctor was a child about four years old, and was sent to Mrs. Fontaine by Mrs. C. W. Saunders, of Denison, her sister, who owns the seal, to be used at the organization of the Chapter.

Only those who are lineal descendants of those who with unflinching zeal aided the cause of American Independence are eligible.

This is the first Chapter organized in Texas. Mrs. James B. Clark, of Austin, is State Regent.

The Society is national, chartered by Congress, has a membership of over eight thousand six hundred, and is not connected with the Society known as the "Daughters of the American Revolution."

RECEPTION TO MISS MARY A. GREENE, STATE REGENT OF RHODE ISLAND.

A DELIGHTFUL reception to the State Regent of Rhode Island was given by Mrs. Hiram F. Hunt, the Regent of the Kingston Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at the old courthouse in Kingston, Rhode Island, on Thursday, August 8.

The spacious courtroom, on the second floor, was transformed into a charming colonial reception room by the presence of a very valuable loan collection of relics. All the old families of the "South County," such as the Helme's, Uppdike's, Robinson's, Potter's, Hazard's, and others, were represented by choice old silver, rich brocaded gowns, oil portraits, and coats-of-arms, not to speak of miniatures, silhouettes, rare old china, spinning wheels, embroideries, and draperies of ancient blue and white counterpanes.

In a room on the lower floor stood an old hand-loom at which an old man was weaving blue and white and red and white counterpanes, and table covers in the old quaint patterns.

The State Regent, Miss Mary A. Greene, occupied a seat of honor in an ancient chair belonging to the Updike ancestors of Mrs. Hunt, in which the famous Bishop Berkeley was wont to sit when he visited Kingston. Miss Greene addressed the Daughters upon the object and aims of our Society, and was followed by Miss Amelia S. Knight, Vice President General of the National Society.

Miss Julia E. Smith, of Westerly, a Vice President of the Children of the American Revolution, told of the formation in Westerly of a Chapter of Children; and Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, President of the Children's Society, made a stirring address.

There were present: Miss Anna B. Manchester, Regent of the Bristol Chapter; Mrs. Edward A. Greene, Regent of the Pawtucket Chapter; Miss Anna Metcalf, Regent of the Woonsocket Chapter; Mrs. Thomas W. Chace, Regent of the Chapter in East Greenwich; Mrs. William R. Talbot, Honorary Regent of the Gaspee Chapter; the Misses Talbot, Mrs. Richard J. Barker, historian of the Gaspee Chapter, and many other Daughters, actual and prospective.

Tea was poured and delicious refreshments served by the Kingston Daughters, who have cause to feel proud of the success of their "coming out" party.

The Chapter is nearly ready for formal organization, which will take place in the fall.

REPORT OF THE PITTSBURG CHAPTER.

THE Chapter held its last meeting for the summer and celebrated the anniversary of its organization on the afternoon of June 11, at Guyasuta, the residence of Mrs. William M. Darlington. The meeting was informal, the Regent, Mrs. Park Painter, presiding. Patriotic songs were sung, led by Mrs. Martin and Miss Kennard, accompanied by Miss Bannery and Miss Aiken. The historian read extracts from the "Life of Guyasuta (a Seneca chief, who is buried on this place), fol-

lowed by an article on "Flag Day," read by Miss Kate C. McKnight. Mrs. Hogg made some remarks concerning the Atlanta Exposition, and the ladies adjourned for refreshments, and to walk about the grounds. Flags were used for decorations. About one hundred and twenty-five members were present.

M. O'H. DARLINGTON,

Historian.

CELEBRATION OF LANDING OF "SHIP LYON."

On the 14th day of August, 1682, the "Ship Lyon," from Liverpool, bearing forty persons, representing seventeen families of Welsh Colonists, arrived in the River Schuylkill, two months before William Penn landed from the "Ship Welcome," on the Delaware. Merion Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held an open air meeting at Pencoyd (where the Lyon is said to have landed) to commemorate this day. Miss Margaret B. Harvey, the historian of Merion Chapter, read a very interesting paper on "Forefathers' Day." The twelve charter members of this Chapter each had an ancestor who arrived on the "Lyon," as also has their "Star Member," Mrs. Louisa Heston Paxson, aged ninety-four years.

DORA HARVEY MUNYON,

Regent, Merion Chapter.





COLONEL JOSEPH CROCKETT.

THE first authentic account we have of the ancestry of the subject of this sketch is taken from an old record, which was brought to this country from France about 1717, by some member of the family.

The name in France was Crocketagni. After the members of the family changed their religion and became Protestants, they were banished and forced into exile by Louis XIV, before he had revoked the edict of Nantes. Many of the Protestant families in the south of France fled to England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of the Crocketts lived for some time in England, but were afterwards employed by the Maurys and Fontaines as commercial agents in the wine and salt trade of which they had a monopoly at that time.

Antoine Dissasune Pennett de Crocketagni, the son of Gabriel Crocketagni, was born at Montauban, France, in 1643. In 1644 Gabriel Crocketagni obtained for his son a position in the household troops of Louis XIV.

This son of David Crocketagni was said, according to tradition, to have been one of the handsomest young men in the south of France. He was an excellent horseman and devoted

to his calling. His fine appearance and love of duty drew the favorable attention of the king, who was anxious to retain him in his service and place him second in command of the household guards. In 1669 Antoine Crocketagni was married to Louise Desaix. After his marriage he retired from the military service of Louis XIV and removed to Bordeaux, where he became acquainted with the grandchildren of John de la Fontaine, and the distinguished French Protestant, Matthew Maury, whose descendants to-day are very numerous in Virginia and the Carolinas, and whose great-grandson, Matthew F. Maury, was the founder of the National Observatory at Washington. At Bordeaux he entered the merchant's service of the La Fontaines and the Maurys, who controlled almost the whole wine trade in the southwest of France. In three years after becoming acquainted with his employers and through their influence, Antoine de Crocketagni and wife, Louise Desaix, became members of the Church of England.

In 1672, the bishop of Lyons, through the king, ordered all heretics to leave the south of France within twenty days. The Crocketagni family were among the exiled number. They, as agents for the Maurys and La Fontaines, took up their abode at Kinmore, near Bantry Bay, Ireland. Here the name was changed to Crockett.

To Antoine Crockett and wife were born seven children, but in this sketch I will mention only one, Joseph Louis, who was born in 1676, and married Sarah Stuart, of Donegal, in 1701. To them were born ten children; one, John Crockett, was born near Bantry Bay, Ireland, in 1707. In 1732 he married Eliza Benly, a daughter of Captain James Benly, who was a native of France, employed in the merchant service of the French Protestants in the south of France. Captain Benly placed his daughter under the careful training of Matthew Maury. She was converted to Protestantism under his instruction and emigrated with his family to Virginia. John Crockett came to Virginia with his father when but a small child. On reaching manhood he became a teacher and followed that profession until his death, which occurred in 1770. He taught for some years at White Post Academy. After his marriage he removed

to Albemarle County, Virginia, and was principal of a high school until his death.

The eldest son of John Crockett was Joseph Crockett, the subject of this sketch, who was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in 1742. He received an unusually good education for that early period. He was engaged in keeping a country store at Staunton, Virginia, when the Revolution began. But as a record of his services in that momentous struggle for independence, I will give an exact copy of a letter written by himself to Henry Clay in 1818.

JESSAMINE COUNTY, KY., *March 1, 1818.*

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: I have seen an act of Congress making provision for the poor and indigent officers and soldiers of the late Revolutionary War that gained America her independence and gave her a high rank among the nations of earth. This act is evincive of great liberality of the members of the present Congress. I think Congress has extended help as far as any reasonable and honest old soldier could wish or expect. It is true many of them are extremely poor and needy. I am poor myself, but I don't think I come within the provision of that law. All I can wish or ask for is that I may receive the same liberality as my brother officers who served with me. Many of them did not serve one-fourth of the time I did. The greater part of them received commutation for five years' pay. I know of no other reason only I was living then in a distant portion of Kentucky without mail facilities, where newspapers were rarely seen or read. This, I believe, was the reason why I did not receive timely notice of their liberality, and I will beg leave, sir, to give you a short detail of my military service.

In the fall of 1774 I went as a private soldier with Colonel Andrew Lewis and was engaged in the battle of Point Pleasant. In the year 1775 the County Committee of Public Safety of Albemarle directed that two companies be raised and organized for the defense of the western section bordering on the Ohio River. One company was to be stationed at Point Pleasant, the other at Long Island Flats on the Holston River.

The late General William Russell was appointed captain and in his company I was appointed lieutenant. In the winter

of 1776 the captain received orders to discharge his company and ordered to raise two new companies for the Continental Army. The County Committee proceeded early in the spring to appoint their officers. I was appointed captain and marched a full company to Williamsburg the 5th of May the same year and did duty in Virginia the greater part of the time at Blackwell's Island. In the winter of 1777 we marched to Philadelphia. I did service as a captain that year and was appointed major and raised two companies for General Daniel Morgan's rifle regiment. I was engaged in the battle of Monmouth, June 28, 1778. After the battle I became lieutenant colonel and remained in the army until the arrangements of the army by the resolves of October, 1780, were carried into effect, when I was reduced. I served as a private in the battle of Point Pleasant, lieutenant at the battle of White Plains. Also at the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, October 17, 1777. Engaged in the battles of Brandywine, Princeton, Trenton, and suffered with the army at Valley Forge from December 4 until the spring of 1777. In August, 1779, I was ordered to join General George Rogers Clark. In that year I served as lieutenant colonel in what was called the "Illinois" or the "Crockett" regiment. I served over eighteen months with General Clark and did not return home until late in January, 1782. I was in many of the battles and skirmishes with the Northwestern Indians on the Miami and helped to destroy Chillicothe and many other Indian towns in the northwestern territories. Many villages on the Wabash I assisted in destroying. As before stated I served under General Morgan in his many battles and skirmishes with the British near Philadelphia and in New Jersey and New York. At Red Bank two horses were shot under me by the enemy's sharpshooters concealed in the river thickets. I believe I was engaged in as many battles and skirmishes as any other officer or private who served under Generals Washington, Green, Morgan, Clark, and others. I was often in as many as four or five a week. In the year 1784 I moved to Kentucky. I have lived in the State ever since. I have written to you briefly and substantially the facts, as you have often heard me relate the sufferings and hardships we endured in winning our freedom and independ-

ence from Great Britain. Be kind enough to inform me whether I can get any benefit by that act of Congress.

I am your obedient servant,

JOSEPH CROCKETT.

HON. HENRY CLAY,

Member of Congress.

Among the most cherished relics of General S. W. Price, of Louisville, Kentucky, to-day, is the order-book used by his grandfather, Colonel Crockett, during the Revolution. While in the army of Virginia Colonel Crockett was detailed to especially guard the property of a widow lady by the name of Woodson whose husband was a cousin of Thomas Jefferson. The acquaintance thus formed proved so delightful that it culminated in marriage, and in 1782 Colonel Crockett became the husband of the "fair and bounteous lady," and the stepfather of her two sons. This union was a remarkably happy one, and Colonel Crockett proved to be a father indeed to Samuel and Lucker Woodson. He lived to see them occupying positions of trust and honor. Samuel Woodson represented his district in Congress for successive terms. He married a daughter of Colonel David Meade, one of the leading men of the Blue Grass region, an Englishman of noble birth, who brought to this country with him the wealth and culture of his English home, and made for himself a home in Kentucky which was the pride of the State. The beauties of "Channere" have been eloquently told by other pen than mine. The Woodson family stand high in society, and every descendant of Samuel or Lucker Woodson holds in high esteem the memory of Colonel Crockett, who proved himself to be a "father to the fatherless." A portion of Mrs. Woodson's dower property consisted of lands including those now occupied by the University of Virginia. After the Revolution Colonel Crockett was engaged in surveying lands and roads in various parts of Virginia. He surveyed the road from Charlottesville to Monticello, the home of his lifelong friend and neighbor, Thomas Jefferson. It was considered quite an engineering feat at the time. I am told that "the road is still in use." He also surveyed most of the lands comprising the homestead of Monticello.

After his removal to Kentucky in 1784 he became an influential citizen of Fayette County. In 1787 he was a subscriber to the Kentucky Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge. The following facts I found in Green's "Spanish Conspiracy:"

Joseph Crockett, from Fayette County, was a member of the convention held by the people of Kentucky at Danville in 1786 and 1787. November 27, 1786, Colonel Crockett wrote, "Since I have had the honor of a seat in the Legislature I have observed with pleasure that the executive was doing all in his power for the welfare and safety of the western frontier." In 1790 he was a member of the Legislature from Fayette County. 1791, returns are missing. In 1792 he was a member of Kentucky Senate under the first Constitution. From 1792 to 1795, was a member of Kentucky Legislature from Fayette County. In 1797 Colonel Crockett was appointed to erect a turnpike from Crab Orchard to Cumberland Gap. The following can also be found in "Green's "Spanish Conspiracy:" The charge that he had opposed a legal separation from Virginia was effectually disposed of by Colonel Crockett, one of the heroes of Monmouth and Yorktown in a letter to A. K. Marshall.

JESSAMINE CO., KY.; *Oct. 3, 1806.*

DEAR SIR: In answer to your note of to-day I can clearly state that I was long and intimately acquainted with Col. Marshall, and the offices of civility were freely exchanged between us. In the commencement of the plan for separating from Virginia, I was myself opposed to the measure as probably premature, and the arguments of Col. Marshall convinced me that separation was a proper measure. He pointed out various reasons and many arguments in favor of a legal and constitutional separation. I was in the convention of Nov., 1788, with Col. Marshall and knew he was opposed to a violent separation from the U. S., and took on that subject most decided grounds, but he was warmly in favor of a legal and constitutional separation.

* * * *

I am, dear sir, respectfully,
JOSEPH CROCKETT.

And Green further says, in speaking on the same subject, "they brought to their aid the influence and popularity of Joseph Crockett, who was fifth on their ticket, a man who had borne the brunt in the very 'forefront' of battle in the Revolution, and who was not found wanting when domestic treason had to be confronted. The four soldiers and the pedagogue announced themselves for another application to Virginia for a separation by legal and temperate means. Colonel Marshall, Colonel Crockett, Judge Muter, and John Allen were elected. Crockett became so alarmed at the speeches of Brown and Wilkinson, and at the memorial of the latter to the intendant of Louisiana, that he left his seat in the convention, hurried to Lexington, and obtained the signatures of several hundred citizens of Fayette County remonstrating against separation without the consent of Virginia, returned to Danville and presented the petition to the convention. After its being read, Wilkinson yielded to the inevitable."

In 1798 Jessamine County was formed from Fayette, and as Colonel Crockett's country seat was in that part of the county he was afterwards identified with Jessamine county. He was appointed United States marshal by Thomas Jefferson. The story is that when the names of the applicants were being read, the clerk read Joseph Crockett, Jefferson exclaimed, "Crockett, Crockett, is that honest Joe Crockett of Kentucky? If it is, you need not read another name, for honest Joe Crockett shall have it." I have heard my mother tell many times of how fond her grandfather was of telling the story in his old age, and of his assuring his grandchildren that "honesty was indeed the best policy." Colonel Crockett held the marshalship for eight years, and was the officer who arrested Aaron Burr at Frankfort in 1806. Colonel Crockett also delighted to tell that his commission as colonel came from Washington, and was handed to him by General Lafayette. When Lafayette was in this country he visited Lexington: when he and Crockett met they embraced each other and cried like children. They had met last on bloody ground. It was while in Lexington that an incident happened which Lafayette said "touched him more than anything else that had occurred on his triumphal journey through the States." A young girl of twelve or thirteen years,

Maria Henderson, a granddaughter of Colonel Crockett, was at an upper window of a hotel watching the parade: as the carriage came near containing Lafayette and Colonel Crockett, she began to sing, "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances." As the fresh young voice rang out, General Lafayette had the carriage stopped and listened, while the tears streamed from his eyes. He is reported to have said that it was the "greatest act of homage ever paid him." The inspiration of the moment proved to be the inspiration of the scene.

In appearance Colonel Crockett was very prepossessing, in fact a handsome man. He was over six feet in height, very spare, some stooping in his gait, and very neat in attire. He had a deliberate manner, and a strong, good voice. His honest, natural, and impressive manner rendered him a man of great popularity among the people of those days. He was known the country over as "Honest Joe Crockett." Few men ever sought less to lead, but few men have ever had more influence in a civil community. He was the father of six children, and his descendants to-day, so far as I can learn, are "worthy of their sire."

One son, John W. Crockett, served throughout the War of 1812. Many of Colonel Crockett's descendants proved their bravery on the terrible battlefields of the South during the Rebellion. Many of their young lives were given for the cause they believed to be right. Some wore the Blue—some the Gray.

"These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet."

One grandson, John W. Crockett, who died in Kentucky a number of years ago was as fine a lawyer as Kentucky ever produced, and as an orator was not excelled by any. Many of the other descendants are lawyers of eminence, some are skilled physicians, and one at least a poet of considerable report. Among those who are worthy of much more than a passing notice, if space allowed, are Colonel Bennett H. Young and General S. W. Price, of Louisville, Kentucky; Ingram Crockett, of Henderson, Kentucky, the poet referred to above; and Dr.

James Taylor, of Bloomington, Illinois. Dr. Taylor's wife is the very efficient Regent of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

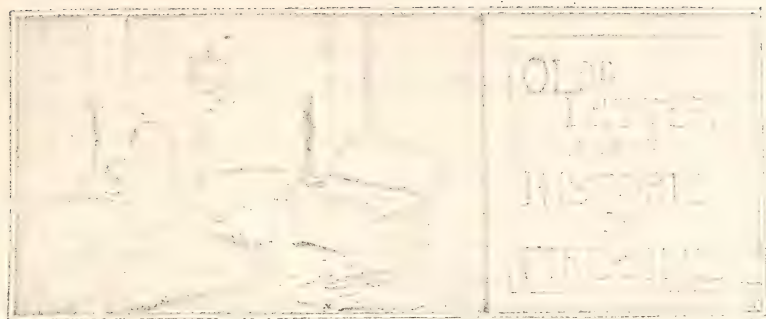
As a family we are proud of our Crockett blood, and prouder still are we of the example of patriotism left us by Colonel Crockett and others of the name, for there were no less than six of his family who fought for American Independence.

In 1828 Colonel Crockett was granted a pension. He died quietly at his home three miles northwest of Nicholasville, Kentucky, early in October, 1829. There in the old family burying ground, God's acre truly, with the myrtle covering the mound and the aspens bending lovingly over him, "he sleeps well." The monument bears the single inscription, "Honest and Patriotic in Life."

ANNA BELL TUCK,

Great-granddaughter of Colonel Crockett, member of Chicago Chapter, D. A. R.





LETTER FROM THE HON. JOSEPH WOOD, OF NEW
HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, WHEN A SENIOR IN
YALE COLLEGE, TO HIS SISTER, MRS.
NOAH HORT, OF CASTLETON,
VERMONT.

[Contributed by Mrs. W. Irving Vinal.]

NEW HAVEN, *January 10, 1801.*

DEAR SISTER: I am not a little ashamed when I look at the date of your letter and count the number of days which have passed bye since that time—I ought to have written long before this—but stop, do not condemn me yet. I will tell my story and then, if you do not think my reasons sufficient for my palliation, you may write me a severe lecture or command some other punishment more rigorous, if that will not suffice.

I received yours on Christmas Day and was much pleased to find you had experienced so much pleasure in your visit at New York. The unpleasantness of your voyage was unfortunate; but from your expressions, I am inclined to think the agreeableness you found, after your arrival there, was sufficient to compensate for the tediousness of your journey. [This voyage was probably by sloop from Greenwich to New York.] Soon after Christmas, you know, the New Year and not only this, the New Century commenced. As this is a period which few people see but once it is natural to suppose that the generality of mankind would be unwilling to let it pass bye without noticing it. The good old Christians of New Haven, therefore, thought it proper to collect as large and respectable a number

both of the old and young as they could, to celebrate the period. Accordingly, managers were appointed to make the collection.

On the last evening in December a number of the old and young of both sexes assembled at the old Assembly hall. I should judge the number of ladies to be 120, 15 or 20 of whom were perhaps upwards of 50 years of age. Among this last number was old Madam Wooster, widow of General Wooster, killed in the last war [American Revolution]. This lady was between 70 and 80 years old. She said she had not been at a ball before since the middle of the 18th century, which was 50 years ago. She was, notwithstanding her age, very lively and cheerful in the ballroom, but could not be prevailed upon to dance. Suffer me here to mention one instance to illustrate her mirth on the occasion, which I think worth noticing, considering her age. All the musicians, except the drummer boy, happened to be absent from the room. The drummer began to beat to call them up. This venerable old lady got up and went to the drummer and requested him to play some of her favorite tunes which she mentioned. She then asked him to play Washington's March. Upon which Mr. Isaac Beers, aged about 55, as I should suppose, took her by the hand and marched across the room taking the steps suited to the tune. As this was done in the presence of the greater part of those who were in the room it caused much mirth and applause, which was manifested by the usual manner of clapping the hands.

The number of gentlemen was not quite so large as that of the ladies. I should imagine there were about 70 or 80. A considerable number of these were aged men and several members of the churches in this town—2 or 3 of the managers were upwards of 50 years old and members of the church also. A little before 11 o'clock an excellent supper was prepared, at which the ladies first sat down. Afterwards another table was furnished at which the gentlemen sat down. We happened to be at the table a little before 12, and as soon as 12 arrived the 18th century was at a close you know. Accordingly the following toast was given by Mr. Isaac Beers which was drunk 2 or 3 times—"May all be as happy at the close

of the 19th century as we are at the close of the 18th." Great applause was manifested at each time drinking and all appeared to be as happy as this world could make them. Thus ended the 18th and commenced the 19th century with me. I certainly never enjoyed more pleasure in a ballroom in one night than I did at that ball. I did not intend to attend it but as I thought it very improbable that I should ever see another of the kind and as many old people were to attend [over fifty years old!] my curiosity influenced me to go—and besides I was obliged to go out of politeness to the two ladies who [last of letter lost.]

E. WARD'S DEPOSITION, 1756, BEFORE SAMUEL SMITH, CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

THE thirtieth Day of June in the year of our Lord one Thousand seven hundred and fifty-six. Before me Samuel Smith Esq one of his Majesties Justices for the County of Cumberland aforesaid came Edward Ward of the said County Gent. And upon his solemn oath did depose and declare that he this Deponent was Ensign of a Company of Militia under the Command of Captain William Trent in the Pay of the Government of Virginia. That at the Time said Capt Trent received the Govt of Virginia's Orders he was at Redstone Creek about thirty seven Miles from where Fort Du Quesne is now built and was erecting a Stone House for the Ohio Company. That when said Trent received the Governor's Instructions to raise a Company, he dispatched Messengers to several parts of the Country where the Indian Traders lived there being no other Inhabitants in that part of the Country except four or five Families who had lately settled there and were upwards of Sixty Miles from the inhabited Part of the Country. That one of said Messengers employed by Captain Trent came to the place where this Dept was and informed him of said Trent having received such Instructions and upon the *Half King and Monacatoothas receiving advice that said Trent had orders to raise a Company of men, they sent him a Message to come immediately and

* Tanacharison.

build a Fort at the Forks of Monongahela and Ohio and they would assist him as soon as they could gather their People. On receiving such Message said Trent got Rafts made and every other thing necessary for his march and accordingly did march with what few men he had then raised, in order to meet the Indians as they requested. That the said Capt Trent had then erected but not quite finished a strong square log house with Loop Holes sufficient to have made a good Defence with a few men and very convenient for a Store House where Stores might be lodged in order to be transported by water to the place where Fort Du Quesne now stands. That the Building this Store House was paid for by Captain Trent, who at that Time was Factor for the Ohio Company and had orders to build said Store House to lodge Stores which were intended for the Building a Fort where Fort Du Quesne now stands for the Ohio Company which Store House was soon after completed by Workmen employed by said Capt Trent for that purpose. That Captain Trent marched from Redstone Creek to the mouth of Monongahela where a number of Indians of different nations met him at which Time and place this Deponent was present having met Captain Trent on his march and received his Commission as Ensign from him. Captain Trent on meeting with the Indians made a Speech to them and delivered them a present which was sent by the *Governor of Virginia. After the treaty was finished Capt Trent laid out the Fort and cleared the Ground and got some logs squared upon which the Chiefs of the Six Nations then present went with us to the Ground and laid the first log and said that Fort belonged to the English and them and whoever offered to prevent the Building of it they the Indians would make war against them. That Captain Trent left the Inhabitants and crossed the Mountains in the middle of winter and brought a quantity of Flour and Indian Meal with him on horseback over the Mountains with great Difficulty Those Mountains being impassible in the Winter if deep Snows happen. The great concourse of Indians that gathered at that Time during the Treaty were maintained by Captain Trent out of the Flour and Indian Meal he took with him and depended

* Dinwiddie.

upon the Indians killing meat for him. For which purpose he took with him a large quantity of goods to pay for it to the Delaware Indians they being the only Indians who lived adjoining to the place where the Fort was Building and could not be prevailed upon to hunt tho often applied to and offered great prices for any kind of meat they could bring in even seven shillings and six pence for a Turkey. At this time the Indians were much inclined to the French but were afraid to declare in their favour. We lived upon flour and Indian Meal chiefly while it lasted, sometimes getting a Turkey at a very extravagant rate. After the flour and meal was gone we lived chiefly upon Indian Corn, all that could be got we purchased. Mr. Gist sent word that Major Washington with a Detachment of the Virginia Regiment were on their march to join us and would be with us in a few days and we also received the same account from several other persons. Captain Trent waited a long Time, till our provisions got scarce having nothing but Indian Corn, not even salt to eat with it. And that growing scarce very little of it to be purchased and the weather wet the men were not able to work being very weak by having nothing but corn to eat. Upon this Captain Trent sat off for the Inhabitants to see to get some Relief and I understand that when he came to his House which was within Fifty Miles of Winchester near where Fort Cumberland now stands, that there was no account from the Regiment nor any Detachment from it nor any Provisions sent up there and that Said Captain Trent provided a Quantity of Provisions and was determined to join the Company and wait the coming of the Regiment. That the Day before he proposed setting off he received a letter from Major Washington desiring him not to leave the Inhabitants till he saw him as he wanted his advice and the day they got back to Captain Trent's House, they received the news of about eleven hundred Indians and French having come down the Ohio and taken possession of the Fort our People were Building. And this Deponent further saith he understood that the Detachment of one hundred and fifty Men of the Virginia Regiment under Major Washington had been but two Days at Captain Trent's House before we came in from the Ohio, and this Deponent further saith that he found them very ill pro-

vided being obliged to make use of the Flour purchased by Captain Trent, and that afterwards they were supplied with Powder and Lead by said Trent and George Croghan &c. otherwise they would not have had ammunition to make the least Defence that Day the French Defeated them. The Men under the command of Captain Trent had received no pay but what he paid them. The Government intending to pay them as the Soldiers belonging to the Regiment were paid, though they were raised as Militia, agreeable to the Act of Assembly then in force. The want of their pay and the usage made them refuse to serve upon any other Footing. And this Deponent further saith that there was no Fort but a few Palisadoes he ordered to be cut and put up four Days before the French came down. And this Deponent further saith, that he often heard Captain Trent say that he did not want a commission. That his Business was better than any Commission and what he did was to serve his Country and that if he could get the Fort finished he would be satisfied. And this Deponent further saith that the Soldiers who were willing to work were paid by Captain Trent at the expence of the Ohio Company, and he had often heard Captain Trent say it was no matter so the Country was secured for his Majesty which was his view who was at the expense of the Fort as he had orders from the Ohio Company to build a Fort and none from the Government to build any. And this Deponent further saith that the Indians gave Captain Trent encouragement that they would join him and drive the French off the Ohio, but upon finding how backward the Governor of Virginia was in sending Troops there, the Indians told Captain Trent that for what men he had with him, they looked upon them as no addition to their strength, as they had long lived among them, looked upon them all one as themselves but if the Virginians joined them, which they saw no signs of they would then join heartily and that the Half King desired Captain Trent to go to the Inhabitants and forward the Troops and Provisions, and this Deponent further saith that after Captain Trent left the Fort in order to go to the Inhabitants and hurry out the Troops and Provisions and recruit his company that Mr Gist came to the Fort and desired him to send some men with him to bring down a Quantity of Provi-

sions which were laying at Redstone Creek. That this Deponent then sent a number of men up the Monongahela for said Provisions. That he understood afterwards there were no Provisions there and that before the men who were sent for them got back, the French came down and obliged this Deponent to surrender he having no place of Defence but a few Pallisadoes which he had ordered to be put up four days before upon hearing the French were coming down and that he had no Provisions but a little Indian Corn and but forty one Soldiers and Workmen and Travelers who happened to be there at the Time and the French Eleven hundred (in Number) and the Deponent saith he saw several pieces of Cannon pointed at the Fort within Musket shot but could not tell the Number but was afterwards told by the Indians there were nine pieces of Cannon.

(Signed,)

EDWARD WARD.

NOTE.—Governor Dinwiddie intended to call the Fort "Prince George."

From manuscript collection of William M. Darlington.

Contributed by M. O'H. Darlington, Pittsburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.





ROSA WRIGHT SMITH,
REGISTRAR, C. A. R.

OFFICERS, C. A. R.

ROSA WRIGHT SMITH,

REGISTRAR.

ROSE WRIGHT SMITH is Registrar of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. She was formerly Registrar General and ex-Corresponding Secretary General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

She is the daughter of General H. G. Wright, ex-Chief of Engineers, United States Army, and last commander of the "Old Sixth Corps" during the late war.

She is descended through her father from the following New England families: Revolutionary ancestors, Elderkin Chapman, Grinnell, Griswold, and Alden.

Through her mother the following are her Revolutionary ancestors from Virginia: Bradford, Slaughter, Carter, Hill, Armistead, Ludlow, Byrd, and Clayton.

Mrs. Smith has from the beginning of the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution taken great interest in the well-being of the Society, and in every capacity to which she has been called she has served with unflagging zeal and marked intelligence.

The Children's Society must be congratulated that she has taken upon her the arduous duty of Registrar. We know her work, and so we bespeak for the new Society great success in her department.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEE MANN,

SECRETARY.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEE MANN was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and came to Washington, District of Columbia, to reside when she was six years old.

She is the wife of Charles Addison Mann, Esq., originally of Utica, New York; Yale, 1856; a member of the Society of the

Sons of the Revolution in the District of Columbia, and of the Society of Colonial Wars.

She is the daughter of William Barlow Lee and Ann Whitman.

She is No. 1095 in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and served as Registrar General from March 5, 1894, to February, 1895. Member of the Advisory Board for 1895.

She is Secretary of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, and a member of the Society of Colonial Dames, District of Columbia, No. 55.

Mrs. Mann is descended on her father's side from John Howland and John Tilley, of the Mayflower: Hon. Peter Palfrey, one of the founders of Salem, Massachusetts, Representative, 1632; Thomas Roberts, Governor of New Hampshire from 1640; Hon. Henry Woodhouse, Representative of Concord, Massachusetts, 1685-90-92; ensign, quartermaster, and lieutenant, King Philip's War; Captain John Gorham, the Indian fighter; and from Colonel William Palfrey aid-de-camp to General Washington, March 6, 1776, paymaster general, and lieutenant colonel in Continental Army July 9, 1776.

On her mother's side from William Mullins and John Alden, of the Mayflower; Hon. Samuel Bass, of Quincy, Massachusetts, Representative twelve years; and from Colonel Israel Hutchinson, who was with General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham; commanded a company at Lexington; was colonel at the siege of Boston, at Lake George, and Ticonderoga; was at the occupation of Fort Hill, the occupation of Dorchester Heights, the occupation of Forts Lee and Washington, and with Washington's army at the crossing of the Delaware.



MRS. MARY E. LEE MANN,
SECRETARY, C. A. R.

MRS. VIOLET BLAIR JANIN,*

TREASURER.

MRS. JANIN was born in the city of Washington, in one of the historic homes, that of the grandfather, General Thomas S. Jesup, United States Army. Her father was James Blair, an officer of the United States Navy, son of Francis Preston Blair (editor of the *Globe*), a great friend of Jackson's, and a household name in Washington. James Blair was brother to Hon. Montgomery Blair, who was Postmaster General for Abraham Lincoln, and of Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, who served his country as General and Senator, and ran as Democratic candidate for Vice President with Mr. Seymour.

No more patriotic name can grace the roll of the Daughters of the American Revolution than that of Blair. Mrs. Janin can well congratulate herself that "every line of her ancestry" proved themselves patriots in the colonial and Revolutionary days as well as since then, for from the time the first Englishmen settled in Virginia, there has not been a war in this land in which her blood did not take part in preserving the Nation.

Her great-grandfathers, General Gist, Major Croghan, and Major Jessup, and two great-great-grandfathers, as well as more than a dozen great-great-uncles, took part in the Revolution.

Mrs. Janin married some years ago Albert Covington Janin, of St. Bernard Parish, Louisiana.

She belongs in Washington to that conservative set known as the "Old Washington Set." She has been a student all her life, especially of languages, reading and writing twenty-seven, and with this it is unnecessary to say has come a ripe scholarship.

She is now Treasurer of the Children's Society, and for the fifth time registrar of the Mary Washington Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and also chairman of the Committee of Admission in the District of Columbia Society of Colonial Dames.

It is very evident to careful observers that the officers of the Children's Society have been chosen wisely and well.

* The Editor regrets her inability to procure a picture of Mrs. Janin, on account of illness and absence from the city.

MRS. T. H. ALEXANDER.

SEVENTH VICE PRESIDENT.

MRS. ALEXANDER was the first delegate to represent Washington City in the Continental Congress. This was in 1892. Immediately after, she took her place on the National Board as Vice President. When this service was completed she was elected Regent of the District, and held office until February, 1894; then declining reelection, also nomination for other positions on the Board. The first part of her work for the Society was at a time when the National Officers were thoroughly united in aims and methods, and therefore never discouraged, although the demands upon their time and tact were great and unceasing. The latter part was during the excitement and strain of disputed questions, hotly contested, and while new, untrained officers were taking places. Through it all, Mrs. Alexander proved herself not only a woman of rare ability, tact, and courtesy, but fearless in duty, unswerving in integrity, and thoroughly self-controlled in all situations. No wonder that when the Society of "Children of the American Revolution" was formed, she was among the first secured by Mrs. Lothrop, as a coworker in the cause.

Her personality is as charming as her character is admirable. Dark, bright eyes; finely cut features, framed in snowy hair; a winning smile and gracious manner, and better than all the rest, the subtle influence that always accompanies gentle breeding and kindness of nature.

H. M. B.





MRS. T. H. ALEXANDER,
SEVENTH VICE PRESIDENT, C. A. R.

EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

THE meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Atlanta the 18th and 19th of October promises to be one of great interest. It is hoped that every member who can go to the exposition will take that week so as to be present at the meetings. The speakers for the occasion are published below, also a letter to our corresponding secretary, showing something of the plans laid out by the ladies of Atlanta for the entertainment of the visiting guests to whom to apply for accommodations while there and railroad service.

Speakers for the meetings at Atlanta have been appointed as follows:

MORNING SESSION—10 TO 12.30.

"Opening Address," Mrs. John W. Foster.

"Our History," Miss Eugenia Washington, Virginia. *Alternate*, Mrs. John R. Putnam, New York.

"Committees of one," Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, District of Columbia. *Alternate*, Mrs. Mary Orr Earle, South Carolina.

"National Hymn," Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocumb, Connecticut. *Alternate*, Miss Janet Richards, Maryland.

"Our Magazine," Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, District of Columbia. *Alternate*, Mrs. Wm. S. Stryker, New Jersey.

"Patriotism," Mrs. Donald McLean, New York. *Alternate*, Mrs. Julius C. Burrows, Michigan.

AFTERNOON SESSION—2 TO 4.30.

"Opening Address," Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, Illinois. *Alternate*, Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, Illinois.

"Colonial Hall," Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, Rhode Island. *Alternate*, Mrs. Wm. F. Slocum, Jr., Colorado.

"Influence of Patriotic Societies," Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, Tennessee. *Alternate*, Mrs. James B. Clarke, Texas.

"Children of the American Revolution," Mrs. Daniel Loth-

rop, Massachusetts. *Alternate*, Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee, Indiana.

"Our Common Ancestry," Mrs. V. K. Maddox, California.

COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

ATLANTA, GA., *August 26, 1895.*

MRS. MARY ORR EARLE.

Cor. Sec. Gen., D. A. R.,

41 College st., Greenville, S. C.

DEAR MADAM: Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, our chairman, requests me to say to you, that if you will write to Mr. Alexander W. Smith, chairman of "Comfort," that he will give you every particular about rooms, rates, &c. Write Mr. J. G. Oglesby, chairman of transportation, to secure information concerning railroad rates.

There is to be a beautiful reception the evening of the 18th of October, complimentary to the Daughters, and two afternoon receptions.

Trusting nothing will occur to prevent your being with us at that time, and with kindest regards from Mrs. Gordon and myself,

I am sincerely yours,

(Signed)

MARY L. McLENDEN,

Cor. and Ex-Sec. Com. on Women's Congress.

130 Washington St.

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the new books just published we are glad to speak of a little gem, "A Tribute in Song from Virginia Women to Georgia," published under the auspices of the Virginia Department of Women Workers for the Cotton States and International Exhibition, Atlanta, 1895, and edited by one of our members, Mary Stuart Smith.

Many of the sweet singers of the Old Dominion have added their quota to this little offering. The editor aptly says, "This little volume voices the true friendship between the sister States of Georgia and Virginia which it is believed this exposition will go far toward strengthening and rendering perpetual."

THERE has just been published by the Department of Heraldry of the Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., and compiled by Eugene Zeiber, a book of "Ancestry," which gives the names and objects of the patriotic societies of America.

It is enough to say of the exquisite mechanism of this book that it came from the hand of Eugene Zeiber, with whose work many of our Society are familiar.

* * * * *

"RECORDS of the Revolutionary War"—containing the military and financial correspondence of distinguished officers; names of officers and privates of regiments, companies, and corps, with the dates of their commissions and enlistments; general orders of Washington, Lee, and Green at Germantown and Valley Forge; with a list of distinguished prisoners of war, the time of their capture, exchange, etc.; to which is added the half pay acts of the Continental Congress, the Revolutionary pension laws, and a list of the officers of the Continental Army who acquired the right to half pay, commutation, and lands, has come to our table, and can hereafter be seen in our record rooms at headquarters. This valuable collection of matter was edited by Charles C. Saffell, of Baltimore.

* * * * *

OBSERVATIONS on the inhabitants, climate, soil, &c., made by Mr. John Bertram, in his travels from Pennsylvania to Onondago, Oswego, and to Lake Ontario, in Canada, to which is annexed a curious account of the cataracts of Niagara by Mr. Peter Kalm, a Swedish gentleman, who traveled there. This quaint and interesting book was printed in London, in 1751.

Three hundred copies have been re-printed for George Perkins Humphrey, of Rochester, New York, 1895.

It is a diary kept during the journey. In the preface we find this: Knowledge must precede a settlement and when Pennsylvania and Virginia shall have extended their habitations to the branches of the Mississippi, that waters these provinces on the west side of the Blue Mountains, we may reasonably hope to insure a safe and easy communication with the most remote known parts of North America, and to secure possession of a dominion unbounded by any present discoveries.

It also says, that Mr. Kalm's narrative of his travels to the



Falls of Niagara is a proper supplement to the journey to Oswego; his voyage begins from that place and carries us on farther in the search of everything worthy our notice in this country. His account is of great value, for it is the only account in our language of this stupendous object.

* * * * *

THE latest announced New York society novel is "Fate at the Door," by Mrs. James Mead Belden (*née* Jessie Van Zile), of Syracuse, which was issued by the Lippincotts early in July. Both the Beldenes and Van Ziles are families of position, widely known in New York city and throughout the State. Mrs. Belden is the daughter of the late Oscar E. Van Zile, of Troy, and her brother is already well known in literature. She graduated at St. Agnes' School, Albany, and has spent much time in travel, both in Europe and in this country. She is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and of the Emma Willard Association. Her literary style is the reflection of a charming personality, and her love for music has evidently inspired some of the best situations in the present volume.

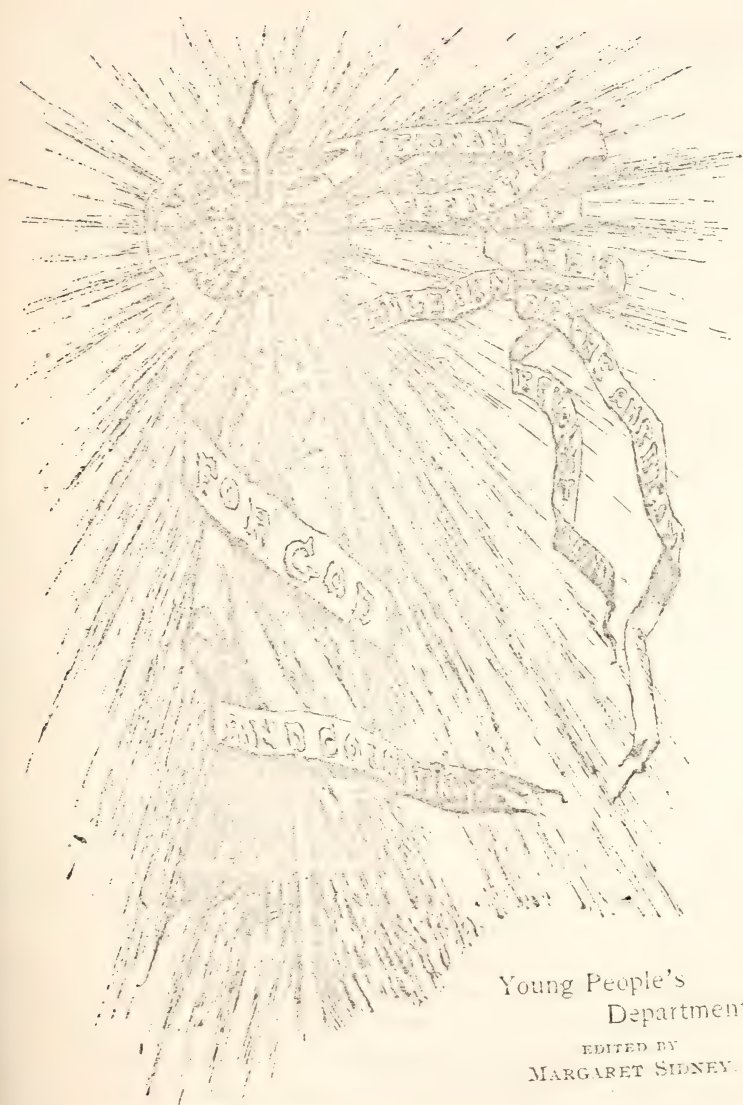
WE call attention to the railroad advertisement in this issue of the Magazine, showing the routes, time, and rates to Atlanta.

It is hoped that the members and their friends will try to meet in Washington and go to Atlanta the same day, probably October 15th. Arrangements can be made here by those who will be put in charge to secure sleeping car accommodations, &c., to all who will apply at headquarters, Ninth & F streets.

THE Editor of this Magazine is in no way responsible for sentiments or history that appear in its pages over the names of the writer. If incorrect data appear, it is subject to correction over the name of any one who sends it in, and the Editor solicits such correction, and quite likely no one would accept a correction more heartily than the writer who makes an error.



MRS. DANIEL LATHROP,
PRESIDENT, C. A. R.



Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

WE are making a vigorous effort to issue this Magazine at an early date each month. We trust that all our correspondents, and those sending information as to Societies, or other *Mss.*, will forward promptly, so that the Children's Department may be on time. Let it be our first duty to *be prompt*. Prompt people always accomplish so much more, and it is the greatest kindness one can render to those with whom one works, that each bit of service should be done in its own time. Please remember this, and send in contributions early. Our motto shall be—*Be prompt*. The last number, being the second issued during the month of August, in order to change date to an early one for each month was obliged to curtail its young people's department. But we shall make up for it in the interest of our future issues, especially if we can all observe our new motto, "Be Prompt."

We are delighted to announce that the children and young people are finely taking hold of this department which we expect all together we will make one of the very best things of its kind before long, for there is nothing that patriotic girls and boys cannot do if they set their minds to it with a will.

The *Mss.* and notices and items are coming in fast. Meantime there are many young people at work all over the country on various pieces of work, such as discovering the names and services of boys and girls who helped forward the cause of Independence, bits of local history, or tradition, and many other facts. And the best of it is, that we receive from young people of all ages, splendid letters of spontaneous delight in the department, and a determination to contribute to it.

Now remember that the stories, and questions and answers, the notices of Societies, and any and every other item, will be printed in the order in which they are sent to this department. So be prompt with your contributions and news bulletins, and whatever you wish to see in these columns.

THE programme of the great celebration at Fort Griswold, Connecticut, September 6, in which five Societies of Children of the American Revolution belonging to that State, and the Society from Westerly, Rhode Island, took part, will be given in our next number. Also the report of the placing of a tablet by two Societies of Children of the American Revolution on the tree under which Whitfield preached in 1747.

BOARD of State Promoters for Indiana, as recorded by Mrs. Mary Harrison McKee: Gov. and Mrs. Claude Matthews, Hon. Benjamin Harrison, Hon. Will Cunback, Col. and Mrs. R. S. Robertson, and Mr. and Mrs. Chapin C. Foster.

SPEECH OF MR. NATHAN APPLETON, VICE PRESIDENT MASSACHUSETTS SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,

AT THE OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE, BOSTON, JULY 4, 1895,
ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE
"CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION."

Mrs. President General, Children of the American Revolution, Ladies and Gentlemen: The recent awakening of patriotism which has taken possession of our people has certainly been greatly aided and stimulated by Societies like the one which has brought us here to-day. All over the country persons are trying to find out what ancestors they had who took part in the war which established our independence, and what were their services, while the various towns are vying with each other to see how many graves they have on which the marker or emblem of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution can be placed.

And on this occasion I do not think that I can touch on any topic which may be of more interest than some description of the marker itself, and the history of its adoption by the Society and its general use, giving also a short account of my visit to Paris last autumn, where, on October 19, the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown, I had the privilege as delegate of the Massachusetts Society of placing one of them at the grave of Lafayette in the Picpus Cemetery.

The marker which you see before you is copied almost exactly from the reverse of the badge of the Society which I have here.

It is taken from the cross of Saint Louis with some changes, and nothing could be more appropriate, as you will remember that it was during the reign of Louis XVI of France, who was Grand Master of the Order, that Lafayette and the other Frenchmen of the country and navy came to the

struggling Colonies and gave us the assistance we so much needed at the time.

In the center of the cross you will see the "Minute man," a copy of the fine statue by Daniel C. French, which stands by the Concord bridge where was "fired the shot heard round the world" on April 19, 1775.

The matter was dismissed by the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Society. At a meeting in the summer of 1890, then the first idea of placing some mark by the graves of soldiers, sailors, and patriots of the American Revolution first had expression in the town of Acton, Massachusetts, where, at the suggestion of one fellow-member, Reuben Law Reed, and aided by two posts of the Grand Army of the Republic on Memorial Day, 1892, some simple wooden markers were put by the graves of those who were known to have taken part in the war for Independence. This also was done at the neighboring town of Stow on the Fourth of July of that same year.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Society held in Wesleyan Hall, Boston, February 8, 1893, to take action in relation to having the 19th of April made a State holiday, the Rev. Carlton Albert Staples, of Lexington, suggested that it would be well to have some way of marking the graves, and also of placing in town halls or libraries tablets with the names and services of those who had honored the history of the town by what they had done in the Revolutionary War. A committee was appointed for this with Mr. Staples as chairman, and at the annual meeting of the Society, April 19 of that year, made a report on the subject. From this came the appointment of a committee, of which I was made chairman, to prepare some special design to be placed in cemeteries. After a great deal of work and care I found the firm of M. D. Jones & Co., could do just what we wanted, that is, reproduce the badge of the Society in bronze or iron and at such a price as would make it easily available to all cities, towns or individuals. A design was presented at the meeting of the Society held at Marblehead, October 19, 1893, and it was voted to adopt it, and also to order fifty of them in behalf of the Society. So now it became an accomplished fact, and preparations were made to bring them to the notice of municipal authorities that the work of placing them in the graveyards could be initiated on the new Patriots Day, April 19, 1894, which was done. I should have stated that on this day, 1893, small American flags with the letters S. A. R. were placed by patriotic citizens at Revolutionary graves in several of our towns. You will notice that the marker has on the three upper arms of the cross the letters S. A. R., which can stand for a soldier or sailor of the American Revolution, or if you please for *Son or Society*, making it very comprehensive, at the same time clearly fixing the name of our organization as that of the American Revolution.

At the meeting of the National Society, held at Washington, D. C., April 30, 1894, the marker was officially adopted by the Society, and since that time has come into general use. Hundreds of them have been placed in Massachusetts, and they are fast going to other States, an

order recently having come from Alexandria, Va., while there is one in Chicago of an old soldier of the war who settled and died in the young city of the lake.

On April 19, 1894, in Concord, where you reside, Mrs. President General, the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution held its annual meeting, and saw with satisfaction the many markers which dotted the old cemetery on the hill which had just been placed there especially through the efforts of our President, Hon. Edwin Sheppard Barrett.

On June 7 of that year, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, several of us placed markers on all the graves that could be identified in Copp's Hill, King's Chapel, and Granary, and Boston Common, and on the Fourth of July the work was continued in some of the cemeteries of what is now known as "Greater Boston;" I mean the old suburbs of Roxbury, Dorchester, and Jamaica Plains. For this the city government had appropriated a certain sum of money.

But the most interesting event with which I personally have been identified in this direction was my appointment as delegate of the Massachusetts Society last summer to take one of the bronze markers and place it by the grave of Lafayette.

Our old ally and friend of Washington lies buried with his wife in the little cemetery of Picpus, in what is now part of Paris, but was formerly in the suburbs. I found that he had from thirty to forty descendants living, but all of them in the female line, coming either from his daughters or granddaughters, as the two sons of George Washington Lafayette, both of whom died many years ago, were never married, and with them the male line ceased. The government of France, however, to perpetuate his venerated name has authorized two of the descendants in the female line to take the name of Lafayette, the older of them being Mr. Gaston de Sohume, with the name Lafayette added, and the other, Mr. de Pusy Lafayette. The former of these was present at the ceremony, and accepted in behalf of the family with a short speech the marker, which I confided to him to be placed by the grave of his great-great-grandfather. There were several other representatives of the family and quite a gathering of French and American ladies and gentlemen and several children. The place will be more and more a place of pilgrimage for Americans traveling in Europe.

And now as I gaze with admiration at this living flag of girls, doubtless some of them eligible to the new Society of the Children of the American Revolution, who will later have to take up and continue our great work of identifying the graves of their patriotic ancestors, and placing the marker by them and decorating them with flags and flowers, my thoughts revert to a ceremony held in this same Old South Meeting House the evening of June 14, 1877, the centennial of the adoption by vote of Congress of the Stars and Stripes as the flag of our country, when the very flag of Fort McHenry was here on my right, the other side of the pulpit

from you flag of girls in red, white, and blue, the centennial of Yorktown were here in 1881, I placed it with the American flag over the door of my brother, Thomas Gold Appleton's house on Commonwealth Avenue. As I was going to France last September with the marker of Lafayette, of which I have spoken, I thought I would take it with me as an appropriate frame or background for the marker in the case in which it went. So at Picpus Cemetery I placed it on the railing of the Lafayette lot, where an American flag, which had been left from time previous celebration, was floating over the grave as I made my speech, and paid my tribute to the hero of whom we Americans owe so much; a debt which we can never more than pay in sentiment and gratitude.

The Republic of France was the natural result of ours, and in concluding I would ask you always to link them together in your thoughts and feelings, the same these colors of red, white, and blue in their flags, the promoters of progress and the hope of generations yet unborn. Republics bound by the strong ties of the past, with its many sacrifices, let us strive to act up to this history and be shining examples to other nations of what a government of the people to and can be. Our responsibility is great, and nothing can help us appreciate it more keenly than just such a meeting as this.

THE address of Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "America," at the Old South Meeting House, Boston, July 4, will be given in a future number.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

THE THOMAS STARK SOCIETY, GROTON, CONNECTICUT.

FIFTEEN children of lineal descent from Revolutionary patriots assembled at "Woodledge," the residence of Mrs. Susan S. Meech, at Eastern Point, Groton, Connecticut, Saturday, June 15, for the purpose of forming a local Society of the Children of the American Revolution. Miss Susan Billings Meech, who has been chosen by the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to act as the first President of this Society, spoke briefly to the interested and enthusiastic children of the objects and aims of the new organization, and of their duties and privileges in connection therewith.

The officers were chosen from among the older members and unanimously accepted by the children. Louis Schellens Avery is Secretary; Bethiah Williams Spicer, Registrar; Edmund Spicer, Treasurer; Carrie Perkins Bailey, Historian; and Mary Avery, Corresponding Secretary.

It having been suggested by Mrs. Lothrop that local Societies should be named after some boy or girl who did patriotic service in connection with the early struggles of our country, the President suggested several names to the children, but did not try to influence their choice. There

was a pleasing diversity of opinion, the vote of the majority being for Thomas Starr, a youth of eighteen who died in the service of his country in the cruel massacre at Fort Griswold.

Patriotic songs were sung, and after deciding to come together again on Independence Day, for a business meeting and picnic combined, with music and patriotic exercises, light refreshments were served, and the party of young people separated.

At half past ten, on the morning of the Fourth, the children again assembled at the home of their President, together with their invited guests, the children of the Shiniccoset School District. Although the rain, which poured steadily all day, disappointed their hopes of a picnic on the lawn, their ardor was not damped; they entered into the exercises with spirit and enjoyment.

With the exception of an address by their President, "Why Independence was Declared," the programme of entertainment was carried out by the children themselves. It consisted of patriotic songs, brief accounts of some of the leading signers of the Declaration of Independence, recitations, and readings. A lunch was provided for the children in the dining room, after which they broke up for a general good time.

At three o'clock they again united to receive the Thomas Avery Society of Poquonoc, the second to organize in New London County, and the Ladies of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, committee for organization of Societies of the Children of the American Revolution, with children about to join the Societies then forming. There was singing, the Declaration of Independence was read, several of the children reciting the last clause in concert. Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb then addressed the children. As souvenirs of their first celebration of the Fourth as a Society she presented them with flags containing the words and music of the new "Song of Liberty," by Charlotte W. Hawes. This song was sung at both the morning and afternoon exercises. About forty-five were present.

Another meeting was held August 2, when the study of the early history of Groton and New London was taken up. Papers are to be written on John Winthrop, and the founding of New London, and on Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans.

Several new applications for membership have been received, and if all these children prove to be as bright, and as interested, and good-mannered as the present members of the Thomas Starr Society, there is a glorious promise of patriotism, and cultivated manhood and womanhood in the future citizenship of this little corner of Connecticut.

ANNE MEECH.

Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, D. A. R.

July 2d.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

I write just a few lines to tell you that the New London Society is formed—has the name of "Jonathan Brooks," and has forty-two members. The enclosed slips will explain the reason for adopting it. I want also to tell

you that having seen your letter to Mrs. Steeomb, begging us to either send a delegation to Boston, or else meet and sing the patriotic songs at the same hour, we decided to do the latter. With the help of three or four assistants we have arranged to meet between nine and ten o'clock in the old courthouse, built in 1784, and have patriotic music and an address to the children. I have engaged an orchestra of six or eight instruments to arrange the music of "The Song of Liberty," dedicated to your Concord Society, and the children will sing it and wave their flags, which we hope will arrive in time from Boston; if not, we will use others for that purpose. We have had some copies of the words made by the typewriter. I think the "Jonathan Brooks" Society, Children of the American Revolution, will have many applicants after the exercises on the Fourth.

My thoughts will be with you in the Old South on Thursday, and I shall long to be there.

Sincerely yours,

GRACE T. ARMS,

Crocker House, New London, Conn.

JONATHAN BROOKS SOCIETY.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

MONDAY, July 1, a meeting the Society of the Children of the American Revolution was held in the parlor of the Crocker house to decide upon a name for the new Society. After singing some patriotic songs a paper was read, written by Edmund Johnston, a lad of eleven years, son of Mayer Johnston. The name of Jonathan Brooks was chosen for the Society, which already consisted of forty-two members. The following officers have been chosen: Secretary, Richard Smith; Treasurer, Henry Smith; Registrar, Alice C. Stanton; Historian, William Cleveland Crump; Assistant Historian, Edmund Johnston.

JONATHAN BROOKS.

On the morning of the 5th of September, 1871, a British fleet of twenty-four sails was discovered entering the harbor of New London. Mr. Brooks, who belonged to what was called the Independent company in the militia, and was also a business man, rose at early dawn and walked down to the bank, which was the lookout fort he harbor, where he saw the enemy's fleet. Returning to the house he told his son Jonathan to get the horse from the pasture as soon as possible. This he did, and his father, taking some valuables with him, rode off to find a place of safety for his family. Jonathan's two little brothers, Nathan, seven years of age, and John, about five, were to drive the cow, and his mother and sister were to go there with all possible speed.

Mr. Brooks then armed himself and mounted his horse, taking Jonathan with him to ride the horse back. This is the story of the lad of seventeen who was the last person to leave the town. Mounted on the horse with

his father they rode by the fort gate on the lower road meaning to go to the lighthouse, but finding the enemy's craft so near in shore they took to the heights opposite. Not knowing the way they came to a swamp where the horse struck fast, so they had to dismount and get the horse out of the mire. While there a shot passed through the thicket where they stood and cut off several saplings. Whether it was a chance shot or not they did not know, but they kept on to the crossroads, riding in with about one hundred volunteer soldiers armed and equipped. Some of them wanted to fight at any odds, but Captain Nathaniel Saltonstall said: "Gentlemen, 1 for one will not be such a fool as to stand here and be shot down by the first volley of the enemy's fire."

By his advice they divided into two parties, taking the stone wall for shelter, and Benedict Arnold and his army were much annoyed by them. Jonathan's father told him to go home and await the coming of the British or himself. Returning home he sat on a stone wall waiting to see the red coats, who were entering Bradley street. This street at that time contained twelve or fifteen humble dwellings which escaped the burning, and was afterwards called the "Widows' Row." His mother, whom he supposed was safe in the country, now appeared at the door and gave him some valuable papers and told him to take them to his uncle's house on the Norwick road, saying, "Go, my son, and I will follow after you." He had not gone fifty rods before the muskets sounded about him. He moved quickly on, and at the head of the cove found the fleeing women and children leaving their homes. When he turned the corner into the Cohansey road the bullets flew over his head. He just went clear of them. The enemy were in possession of Post Hill. He rode up a narrow path which has since been called Brooks street in honor of him. In about an hour his mother arrived at his uncle's, but his two little brothers were not there, so to comfort his mother he rode away to find them, until he was right into the frenzy himself thinking they were burned to death. He was stopped by a sentinel who asked, "Where are you going?" "Into New London," he replied. "You cannot go, the enemy are there." He said, "I must and will go." The soldier took him off his horse and led him to the colonel to whom he said, "Will you please let me go?" The colonel replied, "Certainly, my lad." He entered at the north end of the town, passing into Main street, where the heat and smoke were so great he could hardly breathe, but putting on the whip the mare went through. He rode on unharmed, the only person who entered the town while the British occupied it.

It has been said that Jonathan Brooks throughout his long life annually celebrated the 6th of September by delivering his oration, dressed in uniform, at the Groton monument. On one occasion, when there was no one present to hear him, he began in this way, "Attention, universe!"—*Selected.*

EDMUND CLARK JOHNSTON.

We trust some other historian of a Society will follow suit and write another fine paper.—*Ed.*

A Society has been formed in Danvers, Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary C. Emerson, President.

A Society is forming in Billerica, Massachusetts, under the most encouraging conditions.

Also several others to be reported in next number.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 3, IN JULY NUMBER.

IN the July number, a little girl, Margaret Lothrop, of "The Wayside," Concord, asks the following question: "Does any boy or girl know of a younger child taking part in the Revolutionary War than Samuel Bradley, aged eleven years?"

I know of a younger patriot—Alice Stearns, who was but ten years of age when she performed the following patriotic service on the 19th of April of the famous year. When the reports of the movements of the British soldiers reached the Stearns family, the father and eldest son hastened to the place of rendezvous at the center; they were but poorly supplied with ammunition. Alice and her two elder sisters, thirteen and sixteen, melted pewter spoons to make the cartridges, and Alice, being the youngest and smallest of the trio, at great risk of the British bullets, carried the cartridges to her father and brother; also carried them water several times. Alice Stearns, ten years later, married Moses Abbott, the captain of the Bedford company, and was my great-great-grandmother, and my mother, Alice Abbott, was her namesake. A fine portrait of her is extant.

LEON ABBOTT HACKETT.

Hotel Pemberton, Hull, August 1, 1895.

We trust that the other questions will be answered promptly, so that we may have plenty of new ones. We give one this month:

When and why was the title Columbia first used for our country?

THERON J. DAMON,
Concord, Mass.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNE H. SIMPSON.

ANNE H. SIMPSON, youngest daughter of Mary Crocker and the late Nelson Simpson, of Cambridge, New York, entered into rest May 4, 1895.

The death of Miss Simpson made the first break in the Ondawa Cambridge Chapter, and came to each member with a sense of almost personal bereavement. She was one of the charter members, and at the meeting of organization had been unanimously elected corresponding secretary. Miss Simpson was among those who attended the National Congress, in February, 1895, and returned still more enthusiastic and anxious for the success of the newly formed Chapter that has lost in her a most valuable and efficient member. She was a devoted and unassuming Christian, being for twenty years a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The memory of her Revolutionary forefathers was honored by her in her unselfish spirit and the neverfailing kindness and consideration shown to those about her. She was in truth of those who believe that "Noblesse oblige."

MARTHA H. MCFARLAND,
Corresponding Secretary.

MINERVA BUCK MCKIE.

ENTERED into rest June 27, 1895, after a lingering illness. Mrs. Minerva Buck McKie. She was a daughter of Mina Andrews and Samuel Buck, of West Arlington, Vermont, and was married to William McKie, of Cambridge, New York, in March, 1853. Her husband and daughter survive her.

Mrs. McKie was a lineal descendant of Asa Andrews, of

Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a soldier and patriot of the Revolution. Her father's people were adherents of the English church during colonial days, and were instrumental in the establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in their part of New England. Mrs. McKie inherited in a marked degree the energy and zeal of her forbears, and believed that a patriotic spirit was as necessary to the life of the Nation now as in days past.

It was natural then that she should be in fullest sympathy with the aims and interests of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She joined the Brownson Chapter of the Society at Arlington, Vermont, June, 1893, and represented that Chapter at the National Congress in 1894. After her return home she so aroused interest in this patriotic sisterhood that it was determined to form a Chapter in Cambridge.

Mrs. McKie was then transferred and appointed Regent, and on November 8, 1894, a Chapter was organized at her home with seventeen charter members, and received the name of Ondawa Cambridge Chapter.

Mrs. McKie represented her Chapter at the Congress in 1895, and while in Washington contracted the severe cold from which she never fully recovered. Her death is an irreparable loss to the Chapter whose animating spirit she was, but from the increasing interest taken in the association and its aims, it would seem that in this her last effort to foster true patriotism and love of country she had indeed "built a monument more enduring than bronze."

MARTHA H. MCFARLAND,

Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. MARY E. WOOD.

DIED on Wednesday morning last, one of the good women of Lafayette, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Wood—a true wife, a fond mother, and a noble friend of the deserving. She resided here more than half of a century and was deservedly respected by all who knew her. The young she encouraged to deeds righteous, and many a man has been made better by her prudent counsel. She believed in doing right in all things. To the church she was liberal, and to the needy a substantial benefactor. She

always moved in Lafayette's best social circles, and was one of the city's most hospitable matrons.

Mrs. Woods was a native of New York city, where she was born on April 18, 1814. She married Thomas Wood in 1841, and to the union were born four children, viz:—Jesse K., Thomas D., Mary E., and Nathan S., and all are deceased save Mary E., who was married to Edgar H. Andress in September, 1870. Mr. Wood died on July 17, 1873.

Mrs. Wood's death was caused by infirmities incident to advanced age, and it was not unexpected and she was fully prepared to go. She realized that her end was near and made complete preparations for all details of her funeral, naming those she desired to act at the obsequies; in fact there was not even a minor matter about which she had not given particular direction and for which she had made ample provision.

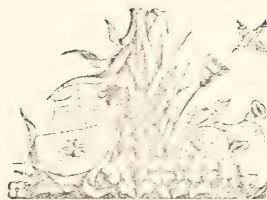
MRS. ELIZABETH LITTLE TOPP.

AN honorary member of Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2, Daughters of the American Revolution, passed peacefully and painlessly away on the 4th of June, 1895, after a long, useful, and beautiful life. She was born at Clarksville, Tennessee, June 18, 1818, hence had completed her seventy-seventh year. She was a daughter of Samuel Vance, a prosperous merchant, who, as well as her mother, came of noted Revolutionary ancestry. She was removed to Nashville at an early age, where she had the best of educational and social advantages. At the age of eighteen she married Colonel Robinson Topp, a distinguished citizen of Memphis, at which place, then in the wilderness, he installed her in an elegant home, and in which was reared a large and interesting family. This stately old mansion was for many years noted for the generous hospitality dispensed and as a visiting place for distinguished strangers.

Mrs. Topp was a woman of high culture and was for more than a generation recognized as a social leader. She was a most lovable character and did much to make all around her happy. She was possessed of great energy and determination and was a devoted wife and mother. The late Rev. Dr. Geo.

White, her rector, on one occasion said of her, "No one ever heard Mrs. Topp make an unkind or uncharitable remark about either friend or acquaintance." Her husband died soon after the war. She took a great interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which she became an honorary member, and attended the meetings as often as she could. Two of her daughters, Mrs. William M. Farrington, formerly Regent, and Mrs. Alice Massy are active members of Dolly Madison Chapter, No. 2. In the death of this respected and lovely woman, endeared to so many people, her family, Chapter, church, and friends sustain an irreparable loss. Peace and rest to her sweet soul. All honor to her memory.

MRS. ELIZABETH WALKER HAYS.



Atlanta Exposition.

Atlanta Exposition.

S. A. L. SEABOARD AIR LINE S. A. L.

OPERATES

THE ATLANTA SPECIAL

SOLID

PULLMAN VESTIBULED TRAIN

TO

ATLANTA

Montgomery, Mobile, Macon, Jacksonville, Raleigh, NEW ORLEANS.

The only Vestibule Train to the South without EXTRA CHARGE.

Leaves Washington daily 3.40 P. M. Arrives Atlanta 4.09 P. M.

THE S. A. L. EXPRESS

DAILY EXPRESS TRAIN TO

ATLANTA,

Macon, Athens, Pensacola, Augusta, Mobile, Thomasville, NEW ORLEANS.

SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT.

Leaves Washington daily 4.30 A. M. Arrives Atlanta 5.20 A. M.

Secure Tickets to Atlanta Exposition

VIA

SEABOARD AIR LINE

ROUND TRIP RATES FROM WASHINGTON:

\$14.00. Tickets sold Tuesdays and Thursdays. LIMITED TO 10 DAYS

\$19.25. Tickets sold daily. LIMITED TO 20 DAYS.

\$26.25. Tickets sold daily. LIMITED TO JANUARY 7TH, 1896.

Tickets by this Line, known as "S. A. L." (Seaboard Air Line), are sold by all principal Ticket Agents in the United States.

FOR INFORMATION, TIME TABLES AND RESERVATION IN SLEEPING CARS APPLY TO

ROBERT A. PARKE, General Agent,
S. E. District, WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. ST. JOHN,
Vice-President,

H. W. B. CLOVER,
Traffic Mgr.

I. J. ANDERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine.

Devoted to History, Genealogy, Heraldry, Revolutionary War Records, Notes and Queries, etc., etc. \$2 per annum.

Putnam's Ancestral Charts

For recording ancestry. No limit. A complete set of forms devised by a practical genealogist. \$1.50.

Genealogical Investigations

Conducted at home or abroad. Reliable correspondents and personal experience abroad. Letters of inquiry *with stamps enclosed* welcome.

EDEN PUTNAM, SALEM, MASS.

The American Monthly Magazine.

Terms of Subscription: One Year, \$1.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Remittances should be made to the order of the business manager, by means of money orders, checks, or registered letters.

For Sale at All Leading Book Stores.

Office: Washington Loan and Trust Building, 9th and F Sts. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Miss LILIAN LOCKWOOD, Business Manager.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REGISTER

PRICE \$3 PER YEAR.

And Monthly Gazette of the Patriotic Hereditary Societies of the United States.

BESIDES containing the freshest news of all the Patriotic Societies, this magazine also contains much general historical matter, contributed by the brightest of American historians, illustrated wherever necessary. It is conducted in a spirited manner, and on the lines followed by the long established popular monthlies. You may send us for publication historical sketches and unpublished historical documents. We pay for all articles when printed. We wish to cultivate and foster a taste for individual research into the unpublished history of the United States, and the part, however modest, performed by our patriotic ancestors in founding and building up the Greatest of Nations.

N. B. Don't give us something true that is not new; nor something new that is not true.

Send for sample copy.

For Sale on all News Stands.

Historical Register Publishing Co.,
120 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



MRS. JOHN RITCHIE,
STATE REGENT OF MARYLAND.
(Page 442.)

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII. WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER, 1895. NO. 5.

WHAT GENEALOGY IS.

"ARE you a Daughter of the American Revolution?"

"I suppose so—am not positive about it. I have heard incidents of the War of the Revolution related by members of my family, but I did not heed them much."

"What was the name of your grandfather?"

"Porter—his Christian name I do not know."

"I beg you to inform yourself at once, and let me have the pleasure of presenting your claim, if you find one, for membership in the National Society."

"What is the use of it?"

This is a sample of dialogue between Regents and their friends which has in some localities become stereotyped, and gives evidence of the decay of personal, family, and national pride in that great mass of humanity styled "the American Nation."

What is the use of it?

This is the question that confronts us, and it is well to meet and answer it according to our ability.

To the lady in her flower-garden, to the farmer in his fields, to the poulterer in his poultry-yard, to the dog fancier in his kennels, to the Derby-man in his stud, the question seems superfluous. Why should it be asked of a genealogy higher than all these?

The desire to establish descent from a man "made in the image of God," inasmuch as he loved and defended his country, the gift of God to him; to represent gallant, patriot American forefathers and mothers in an association which this very

requisite makes the highest in the reach of American women, is certainly a laudable one.

As soon as our Chapter was organized we began the study of the American Revolution, beginning at Lexington, enrolling the Colonies in the order of accession, and assigning subjects impartially and successively to the members, who prepared papers to be read at monthly meetings.

The effect was instantaneous. We realized how culpably ignorant we had been of the history of our Nation, our knowledge having been limited to that obtained from meager school histories, which preserved the dates of the principal battles and brief biographies of the principal leaders. We realized how imperative was the duty laid upon us as mothers and sisters of the on-coming generations, not to let the beginnings of the grandest Nation now inhabiting the earth be lost in oblivion.

In tracing our lines back to colonial pioneers who braved exile, hardships, and Indian treachery to breathe the air of liberty, or to the ranks of American soldiery who defended the hard-bought refuge from the despotism of an effete monarchy and an insatiate aristocracy, we become unconsciously animated with the spirit that ruled them.

To go beyond this limit in search of ancestors, who spurned us with their noble toes, is to lose the pitch of national American character, and to become hollow reeds, piping the hymns of other nations. We are a *Democracy*, with Bunker Hill and Washington Monuments for our signal towers.

For us the study of genealogy is a legal duty. The acres of primæval forests, bestowed upon our soldiers as the reward of valor, are defined in our records. These records are the patents of our nobility, and should be plainly familiar to the heirs.

The study of genealogy is, for us, a moral duty. When a name is mentioned, belonging to our children, that has been ennobled by some gallant act of self-surrender or sublime steadfastness, whether by scout, sentinel, or commander, a thrill of unmingled delight will stir and expand their beings, and they will silently resolve to be a not unworthy representative of this line of loyal American gentlemen and gentlewomen, and to do nothing to cast a blur on the family escutcheon.

For us the study of genealogy is a sacred duty. The King

of kings, who yet declined to be an earthly king, must have been well aware of his line of ancestry, reaching back, through forty-two generations, to a man, "made in the image of God," who was a simple gardener.

Doubtless his mother had guided him to it. What women ignore is seldom the object of devotion with men. For this reason it behooves every woman to search the American archives, first, to learn from their pages what sufferings, privations, and fatigues in council and camp supplemented the actual conflict in battle, and then to perpetuate the names of the men and women who shared them, by recording both names and deeds on the leaves of *THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE* and in the *Lineage Book of the Daughters of the American Revolution*.

ELLEN HARRELL CANTRELL,
Regent for Arkansas, D. A. R.

INCIDENTS OF GENERAL WARREN'S LIFE.

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1740. His father was Joseph Warren, a farmer, a man of strict integrity of character, who held several municipal offices to the acceptance of his townsmen. He once said to his son Joseph that he would rather see him die than that he should act the part of a coward. His mother was a woman of most exemplary character. It is said of her that she "appeared to much resemble the mother of Washington in the skill and care with which she infused generous sentiments and virtuous principles into the minds of her children."

Joseph obtained the first rudiments of learning from the public schools of Roxbury. In boyhood he was "manly, generous, fearless, and independent." At the age of fourteen he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated at eighteen. Soon after graduating he won the prize for writing the best poem upon the death of George the Second and the accession of George the Third. He studied medicine for a profession and at the age of twenty-three was settled in practice. He was the contemporary and life-long friend of the Adamses. Samuel Adams was Warren's bosom friend, "and

he leaned upon him as a trustworthy counselor." They labored lovingly together in the great Revolutionary action of Boston and Massachusetts, until Warren sealed his work with his blood, and the heart of Adams poured itself out like water over the early grave of his friend."

Warren was early attracted by the great and exciting events of the time. When England became jealous of her fast growing Colonies, their increase in members and wealth, and began the policy of checking them with oppressive taxation, Dr. Warren took sides with the Whigs, and was ever an active and zealous opposer of the King's arbitrary measures. He undertook a serious examination of the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies. Being occupied days he spent his nights in this investigation. It is related that he devoted himself to the common cause with a zeal extremely prejudicial to his private interests. His pecuniary affairs were neglected and became greatly deranged. "His love of country became the ruling passion of his life, and he labored incessantly to cultivate generous and honest feelings in others and to bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service of the Commonwealth, and so to be the patriot as not to forget to be the gentleman." Dr. Elliot says of him, "That he gained the love of those who lived with him in habits of intimacy while the public voice celebrated his virtues." He adds, "There are persons now living who recollect his polite attentions when they were slighted and wounded by those whose minds were less liberal or more corroded with party spirit."

Much is said of his grace and manly beauty, and the courage that "would have been rash had it not been tempered by self-control."

Warren began to contribute to the press at the time of the Stamp Act and continued these contributions to the close of his life. He used his pen in exposing the policy of the King toward his Colonies, which was selfish and arbitrary. It was said that he had the talent of "seizing the pith of a subject, of making salient points, of imparting his own spirit, and with precision, clearness, and force saying much in few words." Governor Bernard recommended the prosecution of these jour-

nals, but Prime Minister Shelbourne would not listen to his solicitation. Warren soon wrote an article which caused the governor still greater indignation. The latter made every effort to have the printers prosecuted, but without avail. Warren at this time became a member of several clubs formed for the purpose of discussing public affairs. He was greatly interested in promoting public meetings and attended town meetings. He was a member of innumerable committees, of which he was generally chairman. With Adams he assisted in the inauguration of the committees of correspondence by which the Colonies were united and strengthened. He seems, according to the records, to have been an active instigator of events which brought about the destruction of the tea, of which Mr. Frothingham says that he "knows of no Revolutionary deed more worthy of grateful remembrance. Like a decisive battle it influenced the course of events."

Warren was deeply interested in the suffering caused by the "Port Act." On the 26th of June a donation committee was organized to receive and distribute donations to the poor, which were contributed by other Colonies. Warren was an active member of the committee.

On the 6th of August acts were received from England altering the charter and relating to the administering of justice which the patriots called the "regulating act" and the "murder act." There were also sent commissions for thirty-six counselors appointed by the King instead of formerly by election. They were accompanied by minute, determined, and threatening instructions. At this critical moment, when the patriotic leaders were expected to prevent the execution of these regulating acts, Samuel Adams, who was at the head of political affairs in Boston, was called away, and Warren, who was closely associated with him, became the central figure in the management of affairs. It is believed he continued in the practice of his profession to the end of his life. Among his students was Dr. William Eustice, afterwards member of Congress, governor of Massachusetts, and Secretary of War. His amiable character, fine address, and culture won the strong attachment of Dr. Warren. The young student was often by his instructor's side in

times of danger. Dr. Warren was frequently obliged to use his influence to prevent collisions with the troops who were extremely insolent.

In passing through the streets he frequently overheard insulting remarks intended for his ear. On one occasion as he was walking with Dr. Eustice he overheard expressions of this kind. Turning to his friend he said, "These fellows think we are cowards." "I wish I could die knee deep in their blood," and he did!

As the 5th of March approached the patriots designed to commemorate the Boston Massacre. It was openly declared by the British officers that if any man dared to speak of the Boston Massacre it should cost him his life. When Warren heard of the threat he coveted the dangerous honor. When the day arrived the old South Church was crowded. The orator prepared himself to meet violence. He rode in a chaise to a building opposite the church, there put on a robe and entered the church by a ladder at the back of the pulpit to avoid passing through the crowd. It was said of him that "he was a powerful orator because he was a true man and struggled for man's highest rights, a patriot in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined." A large number of British officers were present who it is said were silent during his speech with only an occasional groan when he was applauded. At the close, when it was moved that the thanks of the town be presented to the speaker for this oration on the commemoration of the horrid massacre, some of the officers struck their canes on the floor, others hissed and exclaimed "O, fie!" They partially succeeded in breaking up the meeting which however was soon quieted and business proceeded with. In speaking of this oration Samuel Knapp says, "The scene was sublime. There was in this appeal to Britain, in this description of suffering, dying, and horror, a calm and high souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man. Demosthenes and Tully poured forth their fiercest torrents of invective when their enemies were at a distance. Warren's speech was made in the very face of his oppressors resting on their arms and ready to fight. What honors are not due

to him, who undismayed bearded the British lion to show the world what his country dared to do in the cause of liberty."

Warren was chairman of the Committee of Safety, and always vigilant and careful. Orders had been received from England to seize Samuel Adams and John Hancock and take them to England for trial. These gentlemen were persuaded to retire to the residence of Rev. Jonas Clark, of Lexington. On the 18th of April Warren was informed that troops were moving, and suspecting their destination, he immediately sent Wm. Dawson to Lexington to arouse Hancock and Adams and place them on their guard. And a little later he sent Paul Revere, who seems to have been first to arrive there, and who awakened the patriots and gave the alarm. They also notified Concord where the Americans had military stores, which they hurriedly secreted, so that few of them were captured.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, Colonel Smith's regiment arrived and fired on the company of Provincials who were already gathered at Lexington, a detachment proceeding to Concord. The Committee of Safety having notified the militia, their prompt response to the summons caused the roads leading to Concord to be swarmed with minute men, who drove the troops back to Lexington "like sheep."

Dr. Warren arrived at Lexington in the afternoon accompanied by his two brothers, one of whom was my grandfather, Dr. John Warren. They all took part in the engagement. Dr. Joseph Warren took command of the militia, encouraging his countrymen by his coolness and bravery. He came near losing his life in this battle—a musket ball from the enemy came so near his head as to strike the pin out of his earlock, an ornament which it was the fashion to wear at that time.

"From this time," says his historian, "as he hastened on to the mount of sacrifice he became more and more absorbed in the cause of his country. He seems to have lived an age in the last few months of his life." His contemporaries say of him that "he filled each of the numerous departments of life that were assigned him so well that he seemed born for no other."

It has been always a matter of inquiry and interest to know where Dr. Warren passed the night of the 16th and the morn-

ing of the 17th of June. Mr. Frothingham tells us, as a matter of history, that the night of the 16th was passed by Dr. Warren at Watertown, with the Provincial Congress, of which he was president.

Dr. Edward Warren, in his history of my grandfather, relates the following: "I, myself, have visited a lady professionally whose mother Dr. Joseph Warren was engaged to attend at her birth. He visited her on the morning of the 17th, and finding her in no immediate need of his services, told her that he must go to Charlestown to get a shot at the British, and that he would return to her in season. But of course he never returned. When he declared his intention of going to Charlestown to take his share in the battle, his friends remonstrated with him, urging him not to expose a life so valuable. He replied with the Latin proverb, "It is sweet and decorous to die for the country."

On arriving at the scene of the engagement he met General Putnam, who offered him the command. Warren declined, telling him that he was there as a volunteer. Colonel Prescott also desired to yield his command to him, which he again declined, saying he would fight under him, and was only too glad to take lessons under so brave a soldier. He asked to be told where the fight was thickest. Prescott wished him to take a position where he would be sheltered. He replied that he had not come there to be sheltered. He took an exposed position and there fought and gave orders to those about him, animating and encouraging them by his bravery. Regardless of himself, he seemed filled with the greatness of the cause he was engaged in. He was seen for the last time by Prescott, sword in hand, endeavoring to rally the militia, when a British officer, recognizing him, wrested a musket from a soldier's hand and shot him.

My grandfather, Dr. John Warren, who was then at Salem, heard the report of cannon which seemed to be in the direction of Boston. He says in his diary: "Soon after we received news of the engagement on Bunker Hill. I was very anxious as I was informed that great numbers had fallen, and that my brother in all probability was in the engagement. At two o'clock in the morning I started on horseback, and when I

arrived at Medford received the intelligence that my brother was missing. I inquired of almost every person whether they could give me any information of him. Some told me that he was undoubtedly alive and well, others that he was wounded, and others that he fell on the field. This perplexed me almost to distraction. I went on inquiring with such a mixture of hope and fear as one who has not felt it can form no conception. In this manner I passed several days, every day diminishing the probability of his safety."

While looking for his brother in this overwhelming anxiety, my grandfather received a thrust from a bayonet, the scar of which he bore through life. It was nine months after this, when the British troops left the field, driven away by Washington's army, that the body of General Warren was found.

Frothingham says of Warren: "His life was characterized by rare singleness of aim. He grasped as by intuition ideas that are fundamental and vital, and he sought by applying them to promote the good of his country. He loved the cause more than he loved his life. He evinced a sound judgment and had clear conceptions of political questions. His integrity, capacity for public service, talent for writing, fervid eloquence, cool courage, promptitude of action, large love for his countrymen, and commanding genius, endowed him with the magic spell of influence, and the power there is in a noble character. His utterances and his work constitute an enduring memorial of his fame. He was not permitted to live long to witness in coming days the greatness of the structure of which he did so much to lay the foundation, but was destined to fall ere he saw the star of his country rise. He dwells in memory as the young, brave, generous, self-devoted martyr."

ABBY WARREN SPAFFORD.

Rockford Chapter.

A SURRENDER.

It was the year 1779, when Fairfield, Connecticut, was in the full glory of summer's beauty. On one side she rested on sloping hills, green with fields and forest; on the other, bathed in the lapping waters of the Sound; between were squares, outlined by streets bordered with trees that met their leafy boughs in shadows of coolness and rest. The true New England homes were there. The peace of the atmosphere made more distinct the voice of the maiden, Priscilla Burr, singing as she spun her flax, the inspiring words and air of the hymn "Coronation." Father and mother had left her for defense of country, but her brave young heart had never faltered since she was written motherless. Her sweet voice floated out on the air, fragrant with syringa and lilac, and reached the ever-listening ear of Philip Bulkley. It was a magnet to draw him to the old cottage and see what his heart had from boyhood held dearest, now his betrothed wife. Through all the years that had woven their lives closer together only one barrier had interposed. Philip was a Tory. At first it seemed only a difference that gave zest to life, but now that the battle had no uncertain sound, and had become "the baptism of blood" for "liberty or death," the fact took on a serious aspect in Priscilla's mind. As Philip looked across the fields to the Sound, he was startled by the number of vessels from which boats were being lowered filled with men. Hurrying into the cottage he seized the spy-glass and confirmed the dread already in his heart. "Prissy," he said, "the British are preparing to land here, and it means trouble to you all." Quickly Priscilla arose and through the glass saw the "red coats." As the truth burst upon her she felt as one paralyzed, for she knew they were powerless, with their militia defending homes miles away. But the next thought was action. Without a word to Philip, she ran swiftly out of the door, from house to house, telling of the coming invasion, and into the hall of the colonial mansion of Thaddeus Burr, whose hospitality had brought cheer to Washington, Lafayette, and the then loyal Aaron Burr. Mrs. Burr met her in the hall. "Why, Priscilla," she exclaimed, "you

alarm me." and she took the hands of the terrified girl. Priscilla rapidly told her what her eyes had seen, and the pent-up emotion gave vent in sobs and tears. Mrs. Burr put her arm around her young cousin: "It is no time for tears," she said. "Priscilla Burr and Eunice Dennie have Puritan blood in their veins, and they must never know fear." Inspired by the words Priscilla hastened to her home. The whole town was in confusion; women were digging holes in their gardens and yards, burying treasures; others were dropping packages into wells or hiding them in nature's secret places; some were already starting for the hills. What a transformation an hour had made! Almost exhausted by the nervous strain, Priscilla stopped at her door a moment to think of the first best thing to be done. The cottage was well stored with her handiwork as an expert spinner, looking forward to her coming duties as Philip's wife. He had been watching for her return, and laying his hand on her shoulder, said, "Prissy, my mother's house will be spared and I can save yours; there is some good in a Tory, you know," he teasingly added. It was the match that lighted a smouldering fire. The blood flashed to her cheeks, as she drew herself away from him: "Saved by a Tory," she exclaimed; "haven't I the courage for as much sacrifice as the rest? Better this old house should lie in ashes than saved by the patronage of a servant of a king!"

Her words smote her, as she looked at her lover's downcast face. "Philip," she pleadingly continued, "you know I love you, but honor is immortal," and she entered the door.

* * * * *

Up the long hill that lies back of Fairfield toiled the people: some were overburdened with their heavy load; some were carrying babies, and little ones clinging to them, whilst older groups of children were merry by the way; old men and women were making a tearful pathway, and among them, with bowed head and wearied gait walked their pastor, Rev. Andrew Elliot. The tired mothers sat down on the summit of the hill, and the care of their babes kept them from the despair of others, whose long restraint burst forth in heart-breaking sobs. The old people, whose tears had coursed their furrowed cheeks during the mile ascent, were now calm and passive;

young boys and girls in companionship talked bravely of their endurance of hardships, and smaller children played soldier with miniature battles, to the distraction of the nervous, fire-eating people. The gaze of all was upon the beloved town, as the smoke of burning homes ascended. Two women stood on the brow of the hill, apart from the others: one was a middle-aged woman with a white stern face, seamed with care, the other was the blue-eyed, fair-haired Priscilla Burr. "Oh, Aunt Betsy," she cried, "do not curse them, remember Philip." Unheeding, the older one talked. "I could fight them every one," and she shook her fist in the air. "Oh God, destroy them forever, look! Parson Elliot, our meetinghouse is on fire, God has forsaken us," and she threw herself on the ground. The scene below was rapidly changing with the approaching night; dark, heavy clouds were rolling over the town, and heaven's own artillery was rattling in the distance. It seemed to those on the hilltop, sheltered by the clear firmament, as though they were witnesses to the end of all things. They saw lurid flames shoot up through a flood of rain, and the angry voice of nature speaking in terrific tones, emphasized with flashes of dangerous light.

"Oh! my people," spoke the pastor, "God will hear us," and above all the warfare below, his voice was heard in pleading prayer as his people stood around him with uncovered heads. "Rebuild us, oh, God, and grant that generations yet to come may see the glory of thy latter house greater than that of the former." In silent prayer they stood, and peace came with the night.

* * * * *

Early the next morning Philip Bulkley came walking up the hill. His face was one of stern resolve. Long was the talk he had with Priscilla, under the old apple tree on the side of the hill. Together they sought and found their pastor standing on the highest peak, looking sadly below. "Parson Elliot," Philip said, "I want you to marry Prissy and me." Beyond expression "the good man" was confounded for a moment, but with a gesture of dissent replied, "But *you* are a Tory." "No," quickly spoke Philip, "all allegiance to a King was burned out of me witnessing last night's work; a Tory has left

Prissie's home in ashes, but I am the patriot who will rebuild it on American Independence. Parson, will you marry us now, here, before we go down, for I have surrendered, you know, for life to Priscilla."

EMILY P. J. PERRY.

Dorothy Ripley Chapter.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

THE following incident occurred at the home of my great-grandparents on the maternal side—Edmund Bradley and Lydia (Chedsey), his wife—at the foot of Mullin's Hill, East Haven, Connecticut. Here, during the American Revolution, a party of officers from a detachment of British troops skimming along the shores of West Haven, New Haven, and East Haven, halted at nightfall for food and rest. Their wants being met, Mrs. Bradley, who was alone in the house with her small children, retired to her room, but overheard enough of their conversation to learn that their plan was to plunder and destroy the village the ensuing day, as other places along the line had been devastated. While they slept Mrs. Bradley quietly left the house through her bedroom window, and sped across the meadows and stubble ground to give information to the handful of patriots on guard at Fort Hale, back of Beacon Hill, some two or three miles distant, and now called "Fort Wooster Park," and returned safely unperceived. Well-mounted messengers spread the news throughout the night, and by day-break the walls of the "Stone Meetinghouse," the appointed rallying place in times of danger, were surrounded by a body of brave, resolute men in defense of their homes, their families, and all that men hold dear. The enemy formed in line on the crest of the hill next day, but the officers seeing with their glasses the preparations made to receive them, withdrew, they having no cannon, and hastily decamped to their boats. Afterwards Mrs. Bradley was called upon and questioned closely as to who had been there at her house on said night, for some one evidently had discovered their presence and knew of their movements. They little suspected it possible *she* could have left on such an errand.

This historic incident, for prudential reasons, was kept secret for a long period.

MRS. SARAH UPSON.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEWOMAN AND THE AMERICAN
LADY.

THE American lady has taken a place of great prominence of late years in the periodicals and newspapers. She is a much discussed character both in this country and Europe, while the American gentlewoman has apparently been almost lost to the recollection of this generation. She does still exist, although so vast a concourse of ladies have scarce left her standing room.

The American gentlewoman of this generation bears a striking resemblance to her ancestors of the last and preceding generations. To comprehend the fundamental principles that underlie her character we must consider by what circumstances and influences it was formed.

Those who colonized this country were in a large majority well born, fairly, and in many instances highly, educated. They comprehended the situation of affairs in the old countries. They realized that their ills were wrought by the political institutions and social conditions, and that it was hopeless to struggle against them there. Wars, revolutions, and resistance of every kind availed but for a short period, when tyranny again was triumphant. There was but one hope and that was to found another nation on the opposite side of the globe. They were an industrious, devout, God-fearing people. They respected themselves, there was no caste or class to recognize or consider, only those were accorded respect who by inherent worth and force had attained honorable positions among them.

The men by their strong right arm conquered the savage and the wild beast and reclaimed the forest to plant orchards, vineyards, and fields of grain. The women were true and fit companions for such men. They created homes and reared children to become men and women to equal themselves in courage, fortitude, and efficiency, and surpass them in culture, refinement, and luxury. When the labors of mother and house-keeper were lightened by the introduction of slavery the women did not become idle gossips and "frivolous butterflies of fashion," they maintained the management of their homes, the direction and well-being of their large families of children and

slaves; they cultivated their minds and made themselves the intellectual companions of the men who founded and governed a nation, and incited their children to become honorable successors to them in estate and influence. When slavery had become a dead institution and wealth and population increased, immigration like a tidal wave swept our shores, hordes of European peasants flocked here and their labor replaced that of the slave, and through it in our households the American *lady* was introduced to the Nation. Foreign nurses to American children have been potent in removing from domestic and social life the American gentlewoman. Foreign education has also been a powerful ally of the foreign nurse and lady's maid.

The American gentlewoman devotes her thoughts and the greater part of her time to the care of her husband, her children, and her home. Society is not neglected; there is so much enjoyment of it that her intelligence, wit, brilliant conversation, elegance and refinement are the theme of song and story. She governs her nursery, aids her sons and daughters in their studies, directs her domestic affairs and never neglects her husband and his comforts. She cherishes family traditions, the homely ones as well as the brilliant, as she cherishes the family Bible and other heirlooms. She "falls in love" in her young maidenhood and marries the man she loves. She teaches her children to respect their sires and themselves, to fear God and honor the law. Her virtue, modesty, refinement, and courtesy are famous the world around. She was born in America of American parents, educated in America, and dwells in America. Her hospitality is generous and elegant. She never tells her guests the cost of what they are eating and drinking, nor whether the plate that she uses is "real silver;" she naturally considers that her guests take it for granted that she has produced for their entertainment the best she owns and it is a matter of indifference to them whether it be "real" or plated, the compliment is all that they require. She follows no "leader" in social obligations, nor does she confine herself to a "set." She selects her companions for their sympathy in her tastes and enjoyments and the fact of their being her companions stamps their eligibility to social recognition.

The American "lady" as a rule has been the nursling of a

peasant woman, foreign she must have been, as we have no peasants in this country. They could not understand that there was no caste here. People in the land she emigrated from who were rich enough to keep servants, were ladies and gentlemen or lords and ladies, but as there were no lords they must be gentlemen and *ladies*. So far her reasoning was good, but her practices and teachings were objectionable. The children were taught that "*no lady*" attended to her children, they were left to nurses, it would rumple pretty frocks to hold and caress infants. That *ladies* did not look after their houses, servants did that, and really all that *ladies* did was to spend money in dissipation and display. The writer once heard a nurse telling some children that "very rich people had rag carpets made of silk and satin, and never ate bread, but always plum cake." She had no conception of a carpet other than a rag carpet, but to suit a rich man's house it must be silk and satin rags. It is not surprising that a generation where enormous wealth was suddenly acquired, by the same peasants and their nurslings, should have quite changed our social conditions and established the American lady in the place of the American gentlewoman. She seats herself quite firmly there and discards the traditions of the gentlewoman, her love of home, of husband, and children. She does not "fall in love," but waits decorously to have a marriage *arranged* for her, and falls in love later with another man and gets a divorce from her husband. Her husband breakfasts, lunches, and dines at the club, unless there is a "dining" somewhere. She leaves her children entirely to nurses and governesses, and her house-keeping to her servants, and devotes herself to charities, teas, biking, and pleasures of every description. She tells the world through the daily papers (as though it was of the least consequence to the general public) where she has been, where she is going, who she entertained, and who entertained her, what she gave her guests to eat, and what it cost, what her table was decorated with, the presents she made her guests (in order to insure an acceptance of the invitation). How her bed chamber is upholstered and the furnishings of her couch, the color and texture of her underclothing. How much money she has (or, more nearly, as in many instances, what she would

like to have), the quarrels she has had with her husband, and other affairs of so private a nature that even a savage would treat them as secret and sacred. All these things the American lady either writes for herself or hires written for general publication. The American lady is *always* "very rich," and the fact of *her* having wealth makes her a subject of great interest and importance to all the world—in her own imagination.

The gentlewoman regards her wealth as an adjunct to her station but of no interest to any but herself, and rightly considering that her individual affairs cannot possibly be of universal interest, and by forcing them upon people's attention would render her a subject of ridicule, fails to make such daily communications to the newspapers. Being out of fashion, she apparently has dropped out of the world, but her influence is once more at work and perhaps another generation will see the American gentlewoman reinstated in the American home.

MARGARET H. MATHER.

MARSHALL HALL.

HOME OF ONE OF THE OLD, ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES OF
THE POTOMAC.



MARSHALL HALL, the popular river resort, which lies diagonally across the Potomac from Mt. Vernon—and a mile and a half from the latter—according to actual measurement by John Augustine Washington, presents attractions to the local historian as well as the excursionist.

The mansion at Marshall Hall is older than that at Mr. Vernon by some forty years—it having been built by Joshua Marshall in 1700, thirty-two years before the birth of Washington.

This Joshua Marshall, whose grandfather, William Marshall, came from England between 1640 and 1650 and settled in St. Mary's County, Maryland, bought from the Indians at Piscataway, Maryland, about the year 1690, a tract of land in Prince George's County (now Charles), on the Potomac, and named it "Marshall Hall." It continued to be the home of the Marshall family until 1866, when Mr. Thomas Marshall (now of Gaithersburg, Maryland) sold it; but he retained the old family burying-ground; so a quarter-acre, at least, of the Marshall Hall estate has been owned by the Marshalls ever since the red man transferred it to the family for its equivalent in tobacco.

The original deed of the estate, which was in the possession of the said Mr. Thomas Marshall until 1870, was on a sheet of coarse paper, six by nine inches, and yellow from age, written in a clear, good hand and signed by John his X mark Ackelahoma, Emperor of Piscataway! and witnessed by John Hutchinson. The clerk's certificate of record on the back being in Latin.

Mr. Marshall sent this deed in a letter from New Orleans, in 1870—he was collector of customs of that port at the time—to his cousin in Frederick City, Maryland, and it was lost in transit.

The old Marshall Hall mansion was built of bricks imported from England. The interior remains to-day practically unchanged. The frame portion that contained the kitchen department—with the crane and spit and "ovens"—has been removed, and white paint covers the original red of the bricks. The place, as it now looks is, in the opinion of many, less beautiful than it was when used as the Marshall residence, with its extensive front lawn, brilliant gardens, and back town filled with fine, thorough-bred race horses, and negro cabins dotting the plantation. The "long quarter" that held a hundred negroes, principally those who enjoyed single blessedness, has also been removed.

The old stable and carriage-house that stands in the lot at Marshall Hall was built in 1868 from bricks made at the Hall. Negro carpenters and bricklayers on the place erected it.

The Marshall's have the coats-of-arms of the two branches of their family emblazoned on the old Marshall Hall silver and other heirlooms of the place.

One of the coats-of-arms that was used by Thomas Marshall, of Farmington, County Devon, England, A. D. 1525, consists of a shield whose upper part contains three antelopes' heads, erased or torn off. The ground of the upper part is in gold with a red stripe under the antelopes' heads. The lower half is of silver color and contains a millbrand—shaped like a Roman cross—in the center. This millbrand is in silver and black.



The other escutcheon, which was that used by John Marshall, of Headingly, County York, England, member of Parliament for that shire A. D. 1550, consisted of a shield, divided in alternate bars, three black and three silver, with a plate in left upper corner in which are five plumes, and on top a man in armor.

The first birth that occurred at Marshall Hall was that of Thomas Marshall, son of the founder, Joshua.

This Thomas Marshall was born January 31, 1694, according to the record in the old family Bible. He was a large importing merchant long before the towns of Alexandria and Washington were built—landing his goods at Marshall Hall. His daughter Sarah, married, February 27, 1752, John Dent, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the old Continental Congress. Mrs. U. S. Grant is of this Dent family.

Thomas Marshall's son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, who inherited Marshall Hall, and General Washington were very intimate, and upon one occasion General Washington wrote him a short note as follows: "Dear Marshall: Is Marshall Hall for sale? If so, name price.—Geo. Washington," and sent it over from Mt. Vernon, and received the following reply: "Dear

Gen. : Marshall Hall is not for sale, but if you wish to sell Mt. Vernon, fix your price and it is mine.—F. H. Marshall."

There was a friendly rivalry between them regarding their estates—each valuing his own above price.

This Thomas Hanson Marshall had a son, Thomas Marshall, who inherited the Hall, and who served as a surgeon during the Revolutionary War. He lost his eyesight during the War of 1812, and spent the remainder of his days in total darkness.

His office, in the yard at Marshall Hall, is still used as an office by the present owners of the place.

His son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, as well as himself, were breeders of racing stock. He also had another son, Richard Henry Marshall, who studied law under Chief Justice Taney, and lived at Frederick City, Maryland, and was for a number of years Judge of that Judicial District.

At the death of Dr. Marshall's son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, who inherited Marshall Hall, there were two hundred slaves on the estate, and the original two hundred acres had increased to four thousand. It used to be said that the Marshalls could ride six miles to church without leaving their own grounds.

Thomas Hanson Marshall had two sons, Thomas and George. Thomas (the present head of the family) has a son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, and this gentleman has a son, called Thomas Marshall—so we see the name "Thomas, and Thomas Hanson," run alternately through the family.

Mr. Thomas Marshall—now of Gaithersburg—possessed, before he parted with Marshall Hall, portraits, in wood frames, beautifully carved and gilded, of all his family, from his grandfather, the Revolutionary doctor, down to his own children; and also a portrait of his ancestress, Mrs. Hanson, painted in 1750—when she was seventy-five years old—but he lost them by fire, May, 1861, soon after the occupation of Alexandria, Virginia, by Federal troops.

The Marshalls, of Marshall Hall, are of the same family as Chief Justice Marshall, and are also related to the old Kentucky Marshall family, of which Hon. Humphrey Marshall, the Confederate general, and Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, the orator, are members.

Mrs. Eleanor Ann Helen Magruder, of "The Rest," Ten-leytown, D. C., is the grandchild and namesake of the last Mrs. Thomas Hanson Marshall, of Marshall Hall.

JOHN S. WILSON.

PRESERVATION OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY IN POTTERY.

I HAVE been much interested in an article, which appeared in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October, on "A Hint to China Decorators," by Dr. Marcus Benjamin. This is so nearly in the line of my own thoughts on the subject that I venture to send you some suggestions, which I prepared some months ago for the purpose of submitting to some of the patriotic societies of women.

At this late day it is difficult to find, and when discovered, to thoroughly identify, objects of domestic manufacture made in colonial times, and especially is this true of the potter's art. American industries during the Revolutionary era were in their infancy, yet we know that some of them were developed to a creditable degree before the close of the last century, and that wares were produced which, if not artistic, were ornamental and sufficient for the wants of our ancestors. Even before the Revolutionary War there were important manufactories of glass and china in Lancaster and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in New York, Boston, and other places. To rescue such examples of these as yet survive, and to gather them together for permanent preservation, would be a labor worthy the attention of the Daughters of the Revolution. In New York and Boston, between 1769 and 1776, there were important potteries where tortoise-shell ware was manufactured, and it is within the range of probability that some of the canteens, flasks, and other relics found on Revolutionary camping places or battle-fields were made at one of these early American establishments.

This is a field which, if properly explored, would doubtless yield most interesting results. The members of your organization who reside in the vicinity of historic spots could unearth many interesting facts in the history of these early manufactures, and perhaps bring to light many a curious relic of American workmanship.

With the inspiring spirit of '76 naturally comes patriotism, a love of our general country, and pride in her manufactures. What could be more fitting than that the Daughters of the Revolution should lend their encouragement to our home industries by patronizing our potters, our glass manufacturers, our silversmiths. In Trenton, in East Liverpool, in Cincinnati, in Boston, and other cities are now produced ceramic wares equal in beauty and quality to the best pottery and porcelain brought from abroad, but the unreasonable prejudice which still prevails against everything of American origin seriously hampers our potters in the proper development of their art. This prejudice must be overcome, and it must be done largely through our patriotic societies of women. It may be asked, how can this be accomplished? The answer is simple. Patronize American potters; learn what they are making; inspire in them an American sentiment *by ordering special designs in form or decoration suggestive of American history*; plates embellished with portraits of Revolutionary heroes; cups and saucers ornamented with prints or paintings representing events of importance in our early history; pitchers, tea-pots, and vases modeled to commemorate great events and phases of our national progress. In no other manner can facts in history be so thoroughly and pleasantly disseminated among the people than through the potter's art. English potters learned this truth a century ago, and to their liberal use of the historical element in decoration they owe largely their own successes, while they have contributed largely to the fostering of patriotism among their countrymen.

This is a subject well worth the attention of the different Chapters of your organization, and if you can see your way clear to lay it before them as a matter of patriotic duty, the ceramic art in this country will receive an impetus which will soon carry it to the front, and place it on a footing with the art in other countries.

It will always afford me pleasure to coöperate with the members of your Society in this good work, and to place at their service any information which I may possess which will help to identify any pieces of historic pottery or porcelain that may be brought to light.

Trusting that these remarks may be the means of directing attention to this matter, and will result in bringing out some new and artistic designs in American pottery of historical value and interest, I am, very respectfully, yours,

E. A. B.,

*Member of the Sons of the Revolution,
The Society of Colonial Wars, etc.*

The editor of the Magazine would also call the attention of its readers to a most interesting paper by Dr. Edwin A. Barber on "The Pioneer of China Printing in America." Under this title Dr. Barber has described the life and work of Edward Lycett, the artist who decorated the exquisite little service of china ordered in Lincoln's second term. Mr. Lycett is now a resident of Atlanta, Georgia. We believe that if he were consulted he would gladly inspire a design which the china decorators of Atlanta could easily reproduce, and which if transferred to pottery would guild a piece of patriotic china. This could be sold as a souvenir of the Atlanta Exposition. In this way the practical inception of the idea set forth in this article could be accomplished.

THE BATTLE OF FORT GRISWOLD.

[Read at the meeting of the Minneapolis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the battle, September 6, 1895.]

DURING the War of the Revolution the harbor of New London was a rendezvous for armed vessels of American States.

Here they were often fitted and recruited for service. Situated near the entrance into Long Island Sound, this harbor opens its inviting arms to welcome the victor returning with his spoils, or to receive the fleeing fugitive and protect him from further pursuit.

In the summer of 1781 the climax was reached by the capture of the rich merchant ship *Hanna*. This was a vessel from London, laden with costly merchandise for New York traders and with private supplies for the British officers quartered in that city.

It was probably the most valuable single seizure made on

high seas during the war, and was regarded as a token of good fortune to New London, but, in reality, it sealed her doom and made her destruction sure.

Fort Griswold was situated on high ground, directly opposite New London, the river between being about half a mile wide.

The account of the terrible massacre of brave men at Fort Griswold is a story indelibly printed on the pages of many memories, and will remain clear while reason lasts.

Colonel Ledyard was the military commander of New London district, which included the two forts, Trumbull and Griswold.

The first days of September, 1781, were days of anxiety and alarm to the forts, and inhabitants generally.

Rumors were afloat that Traitor Arnold had threatened to march to New London, and burn the house he was born in.

A suspicious British fleet was lurking near the harbor of New London.

The night of September 5, 1781, Colonel Ledyard and his officers were in consultation at Fort Griswold, and couriers were dispatched through the farming regions and small towns, calling for recruits and warning the people.

At the first dawn Colonel Ledyard went to see the condition of Fort Trumbull, leaving Lieutenant Perkins in command.

No indication as to the point of attack had been made, and hastily giving to the sentinels the signal of alarm, in case of the landing of the enemy, he rode to his home for his breakfast. His house was hidden from sight of the fort and highway by a dense grove, and many women and children, living in more exposed homes, had sought refuge there.

His breakfast was ready, and without removing hat or gloves, he hastily partook of a cup of coffee and the biscuit prepared for him, when three guns were fired.

His waiter, who was on the lookout, galloped to the door, calling out, "The British are landing." Instantly springing to the saddle of his horse, standing at the door, and striking the spurs into his sides bounded away out of sight.

Arriving at the fort he had not long to wait.

Colonel Ledyard was soon on the ground, having ordered the small force under Captain Shapely to spike their guns, and

vacate his post, and join the force at Griswold. This Captain Shapely aimed to accomplish, but, the coming on of the British with a rush compelled the garrison to take to their boats in haste, and a piece of cannon that had been left unspiked was turned against them, disabling one of the boats, which the British captured: the other boats crossed in safety and joined the garrison.

Already a number of farmers had arrived as volunteers: all told they had one hundred and thirty-seven men, a small number to stand against the invading force of two regiments of regular troops.

On landing the regulars lost no time in moving on towards Fort Griswold, halting under the shelter of a woodland knoll.

Colonel Eyer, the commander, sent his aid, Captain Beckwith, to demand the surrender of the fort: this was refused.

The English commander, on receiving this quick refusal, sent back the messenger, with this savage threat added that, if compelled to storm the fort, martial law would be enforced.

This was understood to signify that no quarters would be granted, but the brave response was the same.

"The fort will be defended to the last extremity." Captain Beckwith, receiving this answer, hastily turned away and waving his flag as a signal, the enemy instantly began to move forward in close array. When they came in reach they were met with a well aimed discharge of cannon, and a steady discharge of guns.

Never was a braver defense made, and it told with fatal results upon the enemy. Colonel Eyer and three of his highest officers fell, and the dead and wounded of the attacking force far outnumbered the brave little band inside the fort.

Their loss enraged the enemy and vengeance was the war cry, over the dead bodies of their own soldiers.

They rushed, cut down the guards, and entered the arena. Pen can give no adequate idea of the butchery which followed; his superior officers having fallen, the command had devolved upon the inhuman and ignoble Major Bromfield, and to him Colonel Ledyard resigned his sword in token of submission, saying, "I was the commander of this fort, you are now."

The brutal officer grasped it and plunged it into the brave,

noble, and generous heart. It was done, and Colonel Ledyard, as brave as any of the boasted chivalry of England, lay weltering in his gore. The friends that stood near him leaping forward to avenge the blow or to share his fate, fell, overpowered by numbers, defending themselves to the last, selling their lives at a price.

The work was done with the noise and swiftness of a whirlwind. Amid the groans of their victims, resounding cries and shouts were heard. "Cut down the Yankees," "Kill the rebels," "No quarters."

It was all the work of a few moments ; the sweep of a fierce vengeance.

After the slaughter had been bidden to cease by a higher officer who appeared upon the scene, the robbing of the dead and wounded followed. The dead were stripped and heaped in a pile ; our wounded were left with wounds undressed. When the excitement was at last calmed eighty-seven of our garrison lay dead.

Night had now set in, and the British began removing their wounded to their boats and burying their dead, after which they took our wounded and piled them one upon another in an ammunition wagon ; a piteous freight of fainting, groaning, agonized humanity.

A train of soldiers was then ordered to draw them down the hill. The weight pressing heavily upon them, they leaped aside, leaving the wagon to its headlong course. Down it rushed, jolting over stones and hollow places, till it struck against the trunk of an old tree with such force as to throw out a number of the wounded.

This was the act of kindness shown by the British to our soldiers that Arnold referred to in his report of the battle of Fort Griswold.

On returning they prepared to follow out their last order, to destroy the fort. A fire was kindled on the floor of the barracks, and a train of powder from thence to the magazine, just far enough from the fire, as they supposed, to allow their retreat in safety.

When this was accomplished it was near midnight. As the British ships sailed out from the harbor, all eyes were turned

toward the heights, expecting to witness the explosion they had planned. But there was no explosion. Perplexed and mortified at their failure—what did it mean? The fire and smoke from the barracks had drawn the attention of Major Nathan Peters, who had ridden fourteen miles, arriving in the neighborhood just as the British were leaving the fort.

Not a moment was to be lost; seizing a cartridge box and filling it with water many times he succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The anguish and suspense at Groton that night cannot be told; out of the eighty-seven that lay dead in the fort, pierced with twenty and even thirty wounds, so disfigured that their nearest friends found it difficult to recognize them, sixty were her sons.

Their names are graven upon the monument erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, in memory of the brave men who fell at Fort Griswold.

Of Colonel Ledyard and his brave men it can be said, in very truth, they were loyal soldiers, faithful unto death.

On April 15, 1861, when the call came from President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, fourteen of the descendants of Lieutenant Perkins responded to the call.

Some of you may recall the interview between General Scott and an old soldier, who had fought under him at Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, July 25, 1814.

The old soldier came to the War Department and insisted that he be sworn in. General Scott, not wishing to wound so brave and loyal a man, as he knew him to be, said, "you have done your part, my friend; you are crippled, old, and gray, and we have need of younger men and fresher blood to-day." The old soldier, bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"The very men who fought with us they say are traitors now,
They have torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and blue,
And while one drop of blood remains, I'll show that drop is true,
So give the young a place to fight, and me a place to die.
Now, General, let a place to me be given,
Where Washington can see me as he looks from highest heaven,
And says to Putnam at his side, or may be General Wayne,
There stands old Billy Johnston, who fought at Lundy's Lane.

And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly,
When ball and shell are bursting and flying through the air,
If any shell should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul will go to Washington and not to Arnold's place."

This was the spirit of 1776 and 1861.

MRS. JENNIE J. B. GOODWIN,

Registrar.

OLD GLORY.

EMBLEM of freedom's most dearly bought land
Where none warlike vigils keep,
Emblem of battles hard fought and bard won,
O token of braves who sleep!

Over the arms of the high and the low
Its sheltering folds are pressed,
Waving over the Blue and the Gray,
In their "windowless palace of rest."

Over the pilgrim of youth's happy morn,
Approaching the rosy steep,
Over the tired, weary traveler of life,
The folds of Old Glory sweep.

Over the mariner thinking of home
Far out on the deep blue main,
The Star Spangled Banner protectingly floats
As he wonders dreaming again.

Over the traveler in cities of old,
Long treading some distant strand,
Fairer than treasures of monarchs of earth
To view is the flag of the land.

A century older is white-haired time,
A hundred years more the world;
Many a race has been lost in the past,
Since the Stars and Stripes were unfurled.

After the storm and the struggle and strife,
And after the war was o'er,
After the bugle's note called but in vain
The soldier who struggled no more.

When the old sword was hung battered and bent
To rest in its place on the wall,
After the warfare, the goddess of peace
A balm gently spread over all.

Now on the plains are the cities of men,
On fields that with blood were red,
Where friendly battles were fought and were won,
Are flowers in their verdure spread.

Ours is a union from shore to the shore.

“One country, one clime, one land.”

Ours is a banner that floats over all.

One God and one heart, one hand.

Banner of honor on sea and on land,

From the east to the far off west,

Banner of liberty, emblem of hope.

On which the rays of the sun ever rest.

EFFIE LOUISE EPLER.



WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

INCIDENTS IN THE OUTING OF THE OFFICERS OF THE NOVA CAESAREA CHAPTER, OF NEW JERSEY.

SEPTEMBER 20 Mrs. David A. Depue, Regent of the Nova Caesarea Chapter, having recently returned from a four months' trip abroad, invited the officers of the Chapter and a few friends to luncheon at her country place at Millington, New Jersey. A more delightful spot for a late summer outing cannot be imagined, and it was an ideal September day. The warmth of summer lingered in the air, the haze on the hills hinted of the Indian summer, while the golden rod and asters proclaimed September is waning. Mrs. Depue's place is on Long Hill and commands a view of many miles in every direction, and the whole country is replete with historical reminiscences.

While resting on the lawn in the grateful shade of the trees at the dreamy noontime one of Judge Depue's daughters (Mrs. Ogden) entertained the company with some of the legends and incidents of the country on which their eyes rested. She said:

"Just over there is Basking Ridge and there is Lord Sterling's old house. The carved staircase of quartered oak brought over from England remains intact, and tradition has it that General Charles Lee, whose headquarters were there, in endeavoring to escape from the British, ran in Lord Sterling's house, pursued by a British officer who on the stairs made a lunge at him with his knife, and, missing, cut a nick in the oak stair rail, which was afterwards filled with lead, and it is still shown to visitors. Lee escaped through a window and got away on his horse which a servant had in readiness for him. The bricks in the big chimney were brought over from Holland. The house down the road there with the gables is where General Lafayette once staid over night. The place was

called Boyle's Mills. The house has been changed somewhat, but the room is preserved in its original condition."

A quorum of the officers was called together, and Mrs. A. F. R. Martin, the Treasurer, was elected to represent the Nova Cæsarea Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Atlanta on October 18. Letters of regret were read from Mrs. William S. Stryker, State Regent, Mrs. Shippen, ex-State Regent, Mrs. Revere, Mrs. Cortlandt Parker and Mrs. Carey, Honorary Vice Regents; also Mrs. Howard Richards, the Secretary, and Miss Mary Clark, Historian, most of whom were still sojourning in the country too far distant to come.

The house was handsomely decorated with flags, the verandas, halls, and rooms tastefully arranged with bouquets of golden rod and asters. The floral garniture of the luncheon table consisted of late roses and heliotrope gathered fresh from the garden. The menu was incomparable for the day, combining the substantial and dainty in most delicious fashion. The guests included Mrs. Charles Bercherling, Mrs. Henry F. Starr, Mrs. Sidney R. Ogden, Mrs. Nishwitz, Mrs. William Guerin, Mrs. Sherrod Depue, Miss H. H. Holdich, Mrs. A. F. B. Martin, Mrs. Taft, and the Misses Depue.

Madam Regent Depue entertained her guests with many pleasant incidents of her trip abroad, not the least interesting being her visit at Ambassador Runyon's in Berlin, and her incidental presentation to the Emperor at a military review, which happened in this wise. The Emperor, noticing guests in the Ambassador's carriage, sent an officer to invite them within the lines, and sent an escort of cavalry from his own guards to convey them to his position on the reviewing ground. He graciously advanced to meet them and saluted Mrs. Runyon, who then introduced Judge and Mrs. Depue, with whom the Emperor conversed for a short time in the most affable manner. Mrs. Depue also told of her delightful sojourn at Mr. William Clark's summer home in Scotland and a trip of several days on his yacht. Miss Holdich, Mrs. Sherrod Depue, Miss Francis Depue and others gave amusing descriptions of their experiences in Europe.

A most enjoyable feature of the day's outing was a drive to "The Sentinel Elms," the country home of Mrs. William

Guerin. It is the old Ludlow estate, situated on Long Hill between Sterling and Millington. The name was given the place by its present owner on account of the stately elms at the entrance and on either side of the approach to the house. The main part of the house was built two hundred years ago. In it Mrs. Guerin has gathered her valuable collection of relics of colonial days, mostly heirlooms. The house with its large low-ceiling rooms, open fireplaces and high mantels is especially adapted for the reproduction of a colonial home, and the idea is carried out all over the house. High post bedsteads, old dressers, cabinets, mirrors, antique clocks, rugs, tapestries, and furniture are everywhere seen, and they have such an "at home" look one would imagine they had been there always. In the parlor are oil portraits of Mrs. Guerin's grandmother and great-grandmother in original frames. The paintings are remarkably well-preserved for such old ones. The dining room, freshly papered with blue and white, has ranged around the walls a fine collection of old blue china plates and platters; there are Lafayette plates, State plates, Washington plates, and on the dressers old silver and china of every make during the last two centuries; teapots and cream pitchers of various shapes and colors. I am told that Mrs. Guerin has the finest private collection of colonial relics in New Jersey, or perhaps, in the country.

Mrs. Guerin received her guests as they alighted from the carriages, in a huge Tuscan hat which belonged to her great-grandmother. She had renewed the flowers and feathers, and a quaint, pretty picture she made as she was seated pouring tea, one in perfect keeping with her surroundings. Every dish on the teatable was at least one hundred years old, and the cream pitcher was one that had done service for over two hundred years. As it was passed, fancy ran riot and we tried to picture the scene when it first appeared on the hospitable board, and as thought flashed along the procession of years and we realized how many of the hands through which it had passed had long since crumbled to dust, it was with a feeling of reverence we passed it to our neighbor. On the teatable a floral centerpiece was arranged to represent the Chapter colors—red, white, and blue, being formed of bright red gera-

niums, the delicate white flowers of the lace-plant, and blue cornflowers. There was a profusion of hunting outside and in the lovely old place, and clusters of golden rod and asters arranged in every niche and corner.

To some who came from several months' sojourn at the seaside this day amid the beauties of field and mountain was a rare delight long to be remembered. A. R. B. MARTIN.

Nova Casarea Chapter.

GALA DAYS OF THE SARATOGA CHAPTER.

The week that ushered in the month of September at Saratoga Springs, with its literary *jeû*, floral parade, and battle of flowers, was also a gala one for the "Saratoga" Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Beginning on Tuesday, the 3d instant, event after event followed in rapid succession to the going down of the sun on Saturday evening.

These events, each so full of interest and possessed of so many different characteristics, left the "Daughters" somewhat "a-weary," but with none of their enthusiasm or loyalty diminished in the slightest degree. They rather gathered fresh inspiration from these bright markings, which so fitly commemorated the close of the first year of their existence as a Chapter, and from the presence of the many distinguished "Sons and Daughters," who came from abroad to join in these festivities.

The first of these events was the tea given by Miss Anna M. Jones, Second Vice Regent of the Saratoga Chapter, on the afternoon of Tuesday, September third, in honor of Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the New York City Chapter.

Mrs. Walworth and Miss Forsyth, of Kingston, Regent for the State of New York, assisted in receiving the guests. These included not only many visiting "Daughters," but representatives from many other genealogical societies. Among the former were Mrs. Lend and Mrs. Oliver Crane, of Boston, Mrs. W. Jerome Green, of Utica, and Mrs. Monis, of Richmond. Mrs. Walworth in a few well chosen words welcomed

Mrs. McLean. Miss Forsyth, to whom it is always a pleasure to listen, made a short address, and then the guest of the occasion was introduced.

Mrs. McLean in her usual enthusiastic and magnetic way expressed her pleasure at meeting the members of the Saratoga Chapter, as also others belonging to the great sisterhood of "Daughters." Then, briefly, she told of the work of the New York City Chapter, in the establishment of the chair of history in Barnard College, suggesting that some definite historical work be made the object of all Chapters. Her remarks were warmly applauded.

Over tea and ices "Dames Colonial," Huguenot representatives, Sons and Daughters exchanged greetings and expressed their pleasure that through the medium of the charming and most generous hospitality of the hostess, they had been there brought together.

Upon the morning of the succeeding day, Wednesday, the 4th inst, the members of the Saratoga Chapter, with many of the visiting "Daughters" and a few "Sons," assembled at the United States Hotel. From thence they proceeded in a body to the Opera House for the inauguration of the first Historical Day in Saratoga. Led by Colonel Logan and Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, the Daughters presented a fine appearance, with their badges of blue and white ribbon, worn for the occasion across the breast, on their way to the Hall and were the recipients of many compliments thereon.

Upon the platform were seated Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, Honorary Vice President General of the National Society; Miss Forsyth, State Regent; Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent, New York City Chapter; Miss Batcheller, Regent, "Saratoga" Chapter; Colonel Walter S. Logan, Rev. Dr. Durant, and Rev. Dr. Oliver Crane, these latter members of the Society of Sons of the American Revolution.

The Daughters occupied seats in the body of the opera house, facing the platform. The subjoined article from the facile and able pen of one of our best known "Daughters" gives a most interesting account of the speakers of the occasion:

"At the exercises of the 'Historical Day,' which was so successful a part of the floral festivities, three distinguished

strangers came from a distance to entertain us in Saratoga, and two of our own honored citizens contributed to the interest of the occasion. Yet it is not to the individuals, but the material of the entertainment that I would call attention, and to the purpose of the annual 'Historical Day' in Saratoga. It is a rare occurrence to have three historical addresses on one occasion of such value and interest as those of September 4. There was not a moment's weariness but only enthusiastic attention from the audience as Mrs. Walworth reviewed with graphic skill the dramatic points of the Burgoyne campaign, and then went on to prove that this was but one of many historic events which have occurred in the county of Saratoga; she gave a stirring account of these historic scenes which, she said, began in 1609, while Jamestown was still struggling for existence and Plymouth Rock was unknown, and which continued for more than two hundred years. She also stated that there were other than warlike points of historic interest to be visited in this vicinity, and closed with a promise of generous hospitality from Saratoga and an appeal to strangers to join her citizens in pilgrimages to these places.

"Colonel Walter G. Logan followed with a valuable paper in which he showed that the Saxon soldier displayed his best qualities at the battle of Saratoga, which has been considered preëminently the 'soldier's victory,' as it is well known that there were difficulties among the commanders of the American armies at that time. He claimed that victory was not so essential to the Saxon soldier as to others, for he was endowed with a steady perseverance that ignored difficulty and defeat, thus fitting him specially through the centuries to win the struggle for freedom.

"Mrs. McLean had a remarkable gift for extemporaneous speaking and her enthusiasm was contagious, for she carried the audience with her in a spirited history of the flag, the stars and stripes. This subject appealed to her especially at this time because she had just come from the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, who wrote the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and where they are intending to erect a monument to his memory. She said the flag was first used in the Burgoyne campaign. In

closing, her apostrophe to the flag was received with repeated applause."

Rev. Dr. Durant presented the resolutions for an annual historical day in an address as inspiring and entertaining, which met with a most cordial response. Dr. Crane conducted the meeting with consummate skill and Mrs. Crane led the audience in singing the Star Spangled Banner, accompanied by the piano.

Colonel Logan, Mrs. Walworth, and Mrs. McLean were appointed a committee to coöperate with the local committee next summer in carrying out the plan for a distinctively historical day.

The dawn of Thursday ushered in the day of days for Saratoga and her thousands upon thousands of visitors, attracted thither by its fame, that of the Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers.

In line with the many floats illustrative of varied scenes in the biography and the romance of all ages, which formed a portion of this gorgeous pageant, came one bearing upon its sides, upon a blue background, the words wrought in white flowers, "Daughters of the American Revolution." It represented "graphically the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates in 1777, in the forest in front of the tent of the victorious commander. There seemed a poetic justice in the fact that General Gates was represented on the occasion by Philip Schuyler, of Saratoga, who is a lineal descendant of General Philip Schuyler of the Revolution, whose magnanimous transfer of his command to Gates was one of the dramatic scenes of that remarkable campaign. General Schuyler submitted with a noble heroism to the injustice inflicted on him, but time has enhanced his fame and proved his supreme devotion to his country. It was fitting that his descendant and namesake should receive the sword of the captive Burgoyne. Mr. Schuyler is also a grandnephew of Chancellor Walworth. General Burgoyne was represented by George S. Andrews, whose ancestors, William and Miles Andrews, father and son, fought bravely at Bunker Hill, Long Island, and through the Revolution. One of them served on the staff of General Sullivan. Robert Mayhew, who impersonated General Morgan, is also the descendant of Revolutionary ancestors, and of Thomas Mayhew, the first

Governor of Martha's Vineyard, and who died in 1682. Thus were the Daughters of the American Revolution most fortunate in securing the assistance of true sons of the Revolution. The 'Daughters' gathered the flowers and decorated the float with their own hands, in their patriotic zeal and endeavor to emphasize the historical features of Saratoga."

The float was drawn by four horses caparisoned with blankets of blue, studded with white asters, with rosettes of the same at their head.

The body of the float was draped in the blue and white colors of the Society, and the wheels trimmed in radiating stripes of the same, the hubs encircled with garlands of white flowers.

A driver and postilion in Continental uniform completed this historical representation of the Saratoga Chapter. One which served to accentuate in no small degree to the thousands of onlookers the interest in matters patriotic and historical, not only of the local organization, but of the whole band of loyal "Daughters" now outstretching from the east to the far west.

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., "A distinguished company assembled in the historic parlors of Mrs. Walworth at a reception given by her to the Daughters. The guests of honor were Miss Batcheller, Regent of the Saratoga Chapter, and Miss Knight, of Providence, who was Regent of the State of Rhode Island, and is now Vice President General.

"Among the 'Daughters' from a distance were: Mrs. Jerome Greene, of Utica; Miss Fannie Jones, of Charleston, South Carolina; Miss Moore, of Newark, New Jersey; Mrs. Andrews, of New York City; Mrs. Morris, of Virginia; and Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Loud, of Boston. Among the prominent guests were the eminent historian, Dr. Edward Eggleston, and Mrs. Eggleston, Colonel Walter Logan, Representative Patterson, of Tennessee, Judge Rowe, Mr. Hutchins, and Rev. Dr. Crane, who said he had been present in these rooms, in the north wing, when Daniel Webster argued a case before the chancellor. Rev. C. A. Walworth, whose recent book, 'Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary,' have excited so much interest, was also present.

"The rooms and piazzas were tastefully decorated with flowers, draperies, and historic mementoes; among these last were some quaint pieces of silver which had been buried during the Revolution, the embroidered flag of a Continental regiment, and several original and unpublished letters from General Washington, owned by Mrs. Colonel Balch, formerly the property of her great-grandfather, Major Talmadge; there were also *fac-similes* of the commission in the Provincial Army of John Walworth, granted by King George in 1747, and of the Revolutionary order book of Major Benjamin Walworth, the father of Chancellor Walworth; also portraits and relics of Mrs. Walworth's heroic ancestors, the Hardins of four generations while the tattered flag and sword of Governor Bramlette, the war governor of Kentucky, and the father of Mrs. Corinne Walworth, brought the historical interest to the present generation."

This entertainment brought to a close the festivities of a week long to be remembered by the members of the Saratoga Chapter.

A week of quiet and much-needed rest followed. Then on Tuesday, the 17th inst, the "Daughters" assembled at the hospitable mansion of General George S. Batcheller, upon the invitation of his daughter, Alice Katharine Batcheller, Regent of the Saratoga Chapter, to meet Mrs. John W. Foster, President General of the National Society.

This act of graceful hospitality gave the members of the Saratoga Chapter an opportunity to present their respects to their new President General, one highly appreciated by them. As Mrs. Foster was upon what she termed a "flying trip," there was only time for an hour of social converse and the interchange of felicitations. Mrs. McKee, who has recently returned to town, lent much interest to the occasion by her presence.

On Thursday, the 19th inst, the members of the Chapter assembled at the Athenæum for their first annual meeting and for the election, or reelection, as it proved, of officers for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Walworth, in the first paper of the day, gave an inter-

esting account of the organization of the National Society and of the formation of the "Saratoga Chapter."

This last owes its existence entirely to her persistent zeal and untiring energy. A fact thoroughly appreciated by its members now that they are a part of the body corporate. An expression of their high appreciation of her enthusiastic efforts in their behalf was unanimously passed at this meeting.

Then in behalf of the President General of the National Society and of the Regent of the State of New York she presented, in well chosen words, the Chapter with its charter. This was received by the Regent, all standing, while the afternoon sun touched into freshened glory the Stars and Stripes, which floated near.

The reports of the officers and the unanimous recollection of the officers of the past year followed.

This closed the first page in the year book of the Chapter; a page glowing with interest and enthusiasm; a page replete with incidents both stirring and patriotic.

Located at this great shrine of healing waters: bearing the name so synonymous with victory and freedom, the doings of this Chapter may be found of more than mere local interest, therefore we submit the same for the benefit of our sister Daughters.

EMMA E. RIGGS CAIRNS.

Corresponding Secretary.

BENNINGTON CHAPTER.—One of the pleasant features of the day was the banquet given by the local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the residence of Miss Katherine J. Hubbell, beyond Bennington Centre. The ancestors of the hostess were among the earliest settlers of the town. Her paternal grandfather took an active part in the battle of Bennington. Her grandmother, who reached the advanced age of nearly ninety-five years, being blest with unimpaired sight and hearing and with her mind unclouded to the last, retained a vivid recollection of seeing General Washington as he rode at the head of his troops at the close of the Revolutionary War, her early home being in Connecticut. The house was decorated with flags and streamers. Upon each side of the walk leading from the gate to the house, were

large spinning wheels, upon the porch were flax wheels, racks, and chairs which had been in the family for more than a hundred years. The parlor, where the guests were received, was decorated with a profusion of flowers, the American flag taking the place of portieres in this and in other rooms. The banquet, which was quite elaborate, was served by Linsabaugh of Troy, New York, at one p. m. The tables, two in number, were spread in the dining-room, covers being laid for twenty-four guests. The flowers were red and white in old-fashioned blue dishes. There were many quaint and very ancient pieces of china upon the tables, priceless from association. Eighteen members of the Chapter were present, with six invited guests. Mrs. Jesse Burdett, of Arlington, the State Regent, being one of the guests. Mrs. Harrison I. Norton, Regent of the Chapter, presided at one table. At her right was Mrs. Burdett, at her left, Mrs. Seymour. Mrs. Valentine occupied the other end with Mrs. Godfrey at her right, Mrs. Merrill at her left. Miss Hubbell, the hostess, presided at the other table, Mrs. Cushman was at her right, Mrs. Scott at her left. Mrs. Abbott occupied the other end, Mrs. Colgate at her right, Miss Elmendorff at her left. The favors were decorated cards, in one corner being a picture of a colonial beauty. After the viands had been disposed of came the post-prandial exercises. Mrs. H. B. Valentine had charge of the toasts. These exercises lasted one hour and were interesting to all present; they are given as follows:

"The Daughters of the American Revolution feel a profound pride in their organization. When, in her travels, one meets gracious and dignified women are they not all gracious and dignified?, wearing the blue and white badge of the Order, she unconsciously lifts her head higher as she confesses: 'I, too, am a Daughter.'

"Pride is a plant which lives and thrives and grows bulky on the very lightest and slightest nourishment, on the most uncongenial soil. Of all growing in the soul's garden, it is the one hardest to kill. When starved and trampled by the feet of cruellest destiny, it buds and blossoms still with irrepressible vitality and vigor. Therefore it seems impertinent for one to ask: 'Of what are the Daughters proud?' It is not because, as is generally conceded, they carry on their faces the unmistakable stamp of nobility. Not always the pink and white outside loveliness, but a better, deeper beauty, that of noble souls. Nor is it because of the well known fact that in intellectual gifts they are so superior to the members

of the thousand and one organizations which their weaker sisters offer. Pride of beauty and pride of intellect have no place in truly great minds. It is not in any attractions of their own that our Daughters take pride. They go back three or four generations, tracing their backward way, often by obscure and difficult routes, rejoicing with exceeding joy when they find at the other end a plain farmer or mechanic, perhaps, of little education and less social knowledge, from whom they can claim direct descent. Why? Because through these plain men our country was made free. The blood which was sent by quickened heart beats through the veins of those sturdy yeomen who fought at Lexington and Concord, and Bennington, is our blood, diluted, it may be, with a finer, but weaker strain, yet still thrilling at every heart throb with a deep, un-dying love for the beautiful country their valor won for us. Ours is, indeed, a noble heritage.

"If we claim a right to puff ourselves up with pride over those who died a hundred years ago, why may we not go back three hundred and fifty years and inquire what kind of an ancestry gave to the world such men as those who fought at Bennington? Seeing no reason why not, I offer, as the first toast, 'Our Pilgrim Fathers,' and call upon one who seems to have more than her rightful share of Puritan blood (as all who are privileged to enjoy her acquaintance are only too well aware), to tell us what manner of men they were, Miss Katharine Hubbell."

Her response was just what would be expected from a woman with her acquirements and education.

"Is it strange that the sons and daughters of men like these were endowed with spinal columns of such stiffness and straightness that the high, straight backed chairs which we now and then bring out to decorate our halls were the only comfortable seats for them? I offer as the next toast, 'Our Own Revolutionary Forefathers,' and ask Mrs. Jessie Scott for a response."

Mrs. Scott's response was full of facts and was very interesting.

"Whenever we read or hear of the brave deeds of the men who gave us the right to belong to this patriotic order, we are inclined to ask: 'What were the Forefathers doing then?'"

When our Fathers turned away,
From the homes which smiling lay,
On the hill and mountain glen.
When they cast the bullets bright,
And took their guns to fight,
What were our Foremothers doing then?
When they left the scythe and plow,
With the horse, and pig, and cow,
With the turkey, duck, and hen;

Left their gardens to the woods,
While they followed Glory's lead,
What were our Foremothers doing then?

When the cattle cried forlorn,
For their need of hay and corn,
Looking vainly for the men,
Who took their burdens up?
Who provided bit and sup?
What were our Foremothers doing then?

Who harvested the grain,
Who fed the hungry train
Of Mother's little men?
Of little maidens, too,
And the noisy barnyard crew?
What were our Foremothers doing then?

Who held the scythe and plow?
Who milked the lowing cow?
And fed the duck and hen?
Who carded, dyed, and spun,
Rising before the sun,
Working till day was done?
What were our Foremothers doing then?"

"There is no absolute proof that the doctrine of reincarnation is true, but an argument strongly in its favor is that, now and then, one appears to possess a spirit so like those of old that we are forced to believe it the same. Mrs. Kate Root is strongly suspected of having inherited one of the souls laid by about the year 1790, and we will ask her to reply to the toast to 'Our Foremothers.'"

The response by Mrs. Root was full of interest and contained many happy allusions to the past.

"With such an ancestry, how can we wonder that we are what we are? And being what we are, it seems wise that we should join ourselves together, publishing to the world the fact of our high descent."

Mrs. Burdette, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, being called on to answer to the next toast, "The National Order of the Daughters of the American Revolution," gave an interesting sketch of the origin and growth of the Order:

"The spirit of '76 has not died out of Vermont, and nowhere does it scintillate more brightly, more belligerently than in Bennington. If anywhere there are Daughters of the American Revolution, certainly the home of Ethan Allen and Seth Warner should furnish its quota. So we toast

'The Bennington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution,' and ask our Regent, Mrs. Norton, to reply."

The response was one of the happy affairs of the occasion:

"The last of our toasts was to have been 'The Daughters of the American Revolution of the Future.' No one had imagination sufficient to portray her; each one who was asked declared the new woman to be beyond her powers of fancy. The Toastmistress rested her tired head on a ruffled down pillow and dreamed. And, lo, she saw a mighty crowd, well badged with white and blue, who held their heads in sturdy pride, as all the Daughters do. Emancipated from the tyranny of man, and looking eagerly for new wrongs to right, and new fields to conquer, Women had turned upon her former leader and sternest oppressor, Fashion, and ground him under her heel. Her will was now law, and each one had a will and taste of her own. The result may be imagined. No more high collars and big sleeves for stout women, no more low necks and clinging robes for thin ones. As they went their independent way, men dodge aside to let them pass, shrinking into corners, and making themselves as inconspicuous as possible while the motley crowd swept by. In short dresses and long ones, divided skirts and bloomers. In softest silks of far Cathay, in stiffer cloth of India. With hats and bonnets, great and small, turned up before, behind. Their shoes were pointed as a sword, the toes were broad and wide; the heels were high, the heels were low, they buttoned, clasped, and tied. All were young, and fresh, and fair, for wrinkles had gone by; age had not touched their shining hair, twisted both low and high. On bicycles and tricycles, walking with manly stride; in soft electric carriages, and palanquins beside, they traveled on, and passed from view, through automatic doors; and the Toastmistress lifted her head, and thanked Providence that she could not hope to live to see the full development of the stock joke of this decade, 'The Coming Woman.'"

The occasion was one long to be remembered by those who participated in it. The weather was perfect.

CUMBERLAND CHAPTER (Nashville).—This Chapter was the second one organized in Tennessee. Mrs. Ida T. Hart has been its Regent for two years. One of its charter members is Miss Jane Thomas, ninety-six years old, with intellect as bright as in younger days; can walk a half dozen blocks without being in the least tired. We are justly proud of her. Our Chapter meets once a month. The meetings are exceedingly interesting, papers are read by different members of the Chapter, and with recitations and music constitute the programme. The Historian, Miss Mary Duval, read two papers: Mrs. Minnie McKenzie read one, on "The Battle of King's Mountain," that I wish

every Daughter could have heard. Several of the members of this Chapter had ancestors who fought in that—said to be the decisive—battle of our independence. Mrs. Florence Thibault is now Regent of the Cumberland Chapter. Our last meeting was at the home of our State Vice Regent, Mrs. Ida T. Larr. The house was decorated with American flags, making her beautiful home even more lovely, small vases contained from two to three of the loyal little flags. After an interesting programme had been rendered, delicate refreshments were served. Several members were added to the Chapter, among them a niece of Mrs. President Polk—Mrs. G. W. Fall. We also have the honor of having Mrs. Joseph Washington, of Washington City, and a National Vice President General, as one of our charter members. The next meeting will be in October, and called by the Vice State Regent, the Regent being abroad, and will not return for six months or more. This Chapter will endeavor to get every member to subscribe for our Magazine.—MRS. MARY C. DAVIS, *Secretary*.

LAFAYETTE CHAPTER (Atlantic City).—A Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been recently organized in Atlantic City, New Jersey, with seventeen charter members, one of whom, Mrs. Mary Cordery, of Absecon, is the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. The new Chapter is called the Lafayette, and is already in a flourishing condition. The officers are, Regent, Miss Sarah N. Doughty; Registrar, Mrs. J. Kay Pitney; Secretary, Miss Mary Emma Bing; and Treasurer, Miss Eliza Scott Thompson.—MARY E. BING, *Secretary*.

THE CAMPBELL CHAPTER had a very interesting meeting at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. James Stuart Pilcher, on Thursday, September 26, at Nashville, Tennessee. Mrs. Robert Morris read a most instructive paper on the "Mero District." Four papers have been read before this newly formed Chapter. Miss Mary Sevier Horr gave a sketch of the life and times of General and Governor John Sevier, her great-great-grandfather. Mrs. Nannie Smith Berry one upon the history of the Hamilton and Washington districts, as surveyed by her ancestor, Colonel

Daniel Smith. Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare read a sketch of the life and work of General James Robertson, the soldier and patriot of pioneer days in Tennessee.

The proposed work before the Chapter for the winter is to make a study of prominent men and women who assisted in making our great Commonwealth and in settling the western country. We then hope to study the manner, habits, and customs of the aborigines of our State. We now have twenty-three members and our Chapter was organized only nine months ago. We are trying to work up an interest in the Centennial Exposition of our State, which will be held in Nashville next year.—MARGARET C. PILCHER, *Regent, D. A. R.*

SEQUIOIA CHAPTER.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of this Chapter was held at the residence of Mrs. Emily S. Barstow yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Colonel A. S. Hubbard drew the attention of the meeting to an article published in a recent issue of *The Call* relative to the misuse and desecration of the American flag, and offered the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously endorsed and adopted:

WHEREAS, When we reflect that a woman's mind conceived and a woman's hands modeled the original pattern of the American flag, it seems specially appropriate that as a body of American women, daughters of heroes, organized to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, we should leave no stone unturned in our efforts to uphold and reverence the flag unfurled amidst scenes of hardship during the War of the Revolution, the flag that waved at Valley Forge, the flag we love above all others to honor; *And whereas*, The Society of Colonial Wars of Illinois, at a meeting held in Chicago, February 23, 1895, adopted the following resolution, presented by Captain Philip Reade, U. S. A.:

The Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Illinois solicits its representatives in Congress and the Senate to pass a bill which shall provide that any person or persons who shall manufacture or use the national flag, or a pattern thereof, either by printing, painting, or otherwise attaching to the same any advertisement, for private gain, by public display or distribution, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined in a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars, or be imprisoned for a term not exceeding one hundred days, or both, at discretion of a district court of the United States.

And whereas, It solicits in support of the proposed enactment, the co-

operation of every military, loyal, patriotic, and hereditary society in the United States; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of San Francisco, California, is in full sympathy with the movement inaugurated by the Illinois Society of Colonial Wars and endorsed by the societies of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, Regular Army and Navy Union, and by other patriotic societies, and pledges its active coöperation in this movement to permit no desecration or misuse of this most sacred emblem; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this, under seal of the Chapter, be forwarded to the Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of Illinois.

DONEGAL CHAPTER.—Upon my motion at the June meeting of this Chapter, at the home of Miss Walker, a charter member of the National Society, it was decided to mark the graves of Revolutionary soldiers in the county with flags, such as used by the Grand Army of the Republic. I was given charge of the project, with power to select assistants. My father made a list of those supposed to be buried in the old church yards. The time was limited, so we were not able to reach all in Lancaster County, as some of the old churches had no Daughters residing in their vicinity. One hundred flags were distributed among the following churches, to be placed on the graves on July 4, by Miss Margaret Wiley, Donegal; Miss Fitzgerald, Columbia; Rev. Robert Gamble, Pequea; Miss Clark, Lancaster; Miss Woods, Leacock. The work was quite interesting, and we hope by another year to do it more thoroughly.—LIT-
IAN S. EVANS.

MERION CHAPTER was recently entertained by Mrs. Deborah M. Cresswell, at her residence at Overbrook. A literary and historical programme preceded the tea. The Chapter tendered a vote of thanks to J. M. Munyon for his kindness in having their historic gavel mounted in silver. This gavel is made of a piece of the original floor of Lower Merion Friends Meetinghouse, built in 1695, whose bi-centennial celebration began yesterday and continues to-day. Miss Margaret B. Harvey read her "Ode for the Bi-centennial of Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse, respectfully dedicated to all descendants of Cambrian sires." Mrs. Cresswell displayed her fine collection of Revolutionary silhouettes and autographs, and also the far

ily Bible of William ap Edward, which came over in the ship *Lyon*, August, 1682. Mrs. Cresswell is a descendant of William ap Edward, also of Thomas Ellis, the first Pennsylvania poet, and Register General under William Penn. The tea-table presented a bewildering array of colonial china and silver. The centerpiece consisted of a square of yellow satin, covered with creamy lace, upon which was a large bowl of dark-blue and yellow majolica, filled with a gorgeous mass of wild sunflowers.

CAMP MIDDLEBROOK CHAPTER.—On September 17 the members of this Chapter, with a few friends, were guests at the hospitable home of Mrs. E. F. Spaulding, in New Bound Brook, the house being patriotically decorated for the occasion.

After a warm welcome had been extended to each visitor, and all were comfortably seated, "America" was sung, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Mershon. Annual reports were read by the Regent, Mrs. Olendorf; Registrar, Mrs. F. V. D. Voorhees; Secretary, Mrs. Mason, and Treasurer, Mrs. W. J. Taylor.

The Vice President, Mrs. H. M. Hamilton, rather surprised the Regent by asking for the privilege of making her report, which was not usual. In a few well-chosen words attention was directed to the efforts put forth by Mrs. Olendorf in organizing the Chapter two years ago, and her successful regency since that time. As a token of their appreciation of her untiring zeal, on behalf of the members, the Regent was presented with a sparkling diamond set in her society pin, which had been borrowed ostensibly for another purpose.

The recipient was so completely surprised that she could say nothing and left the room until able to regain control of her feelings.

Brief remarks of a complimentary character were made by Rev. Messrs. Dally, Mershon, and Goodrich, after which refreshments were served by the hostess, who had provided most lavishly in variety, excellence, and quantity.

The annual election of officers followed with the result as given below: Regent, Mrs. Henry M. Hamilton; Vice Regent, Mrs. C. Howard Perry; Registrar, Mrs. George Striker; Sec-

retary, Mrs. W. H. Dunham; Treasurer, Mrs. J. K. DeMont; Historian, Mrs. George H. Frech; Board of Management, The above, with Mrs. P. J. Staats and Mrs. E. P. Spaulding.

One new member was elected and three applications for membership were received.

MUSKINGUM CHAPTER (annual report).—During the past year our membership has increased from seventeen to thirty-two—three of whom were out of town members. Regular monthly meetings are held except during the summer months, and a literary and musical programme, arranged at the beginning of the year, is carried out at the meetings.

On Bunker Hill day an interesting programme was carried out at a special meeting, held at the home of Mrs. Minerva Nye Nash.

At the annual meeting, held at the residence of Mrs. Brush, on October 11, 1895, two amendments to our by-laws were made. The limit of thirty resident members was entirely done away with, and the annual meeting is hereafter to be held in the spring, instead of October. A new rule was made regulating the annual election—how it shall be conducted, &c. During the year we have, as a Chapter, contributed to the Mount Vernon Association \$5, and \$5 to the Francis Scott Key Monument Fund.

Our Chapter was not represented at the Continental Congress in February last.

Our Chapter is enthusiastic and interested, and a new Chapter is in progress of organization here. A Chapter has also been formed in Zanesville of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Rufus Putnam Chapter, No. 1.

The old officers were reelected to serve until the spring election.

The Board of Management consists of all the officers of the Chapter, and also Mrs. Thomas S. Black and Miss Julia Munson.—FANNY RUSSELL BRUSH, *Regent, Muskingum Chapter*.

CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON CHAPTER held its "annual meeting" on Monday afternoon, October 7, at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Carnahan, in Woodruff Place, one of our most charming suburbs.

Owing to the removal from the city of our Regent, the meeting was presided over by our Vice Regent, Mrs. Kate Rand Winters.

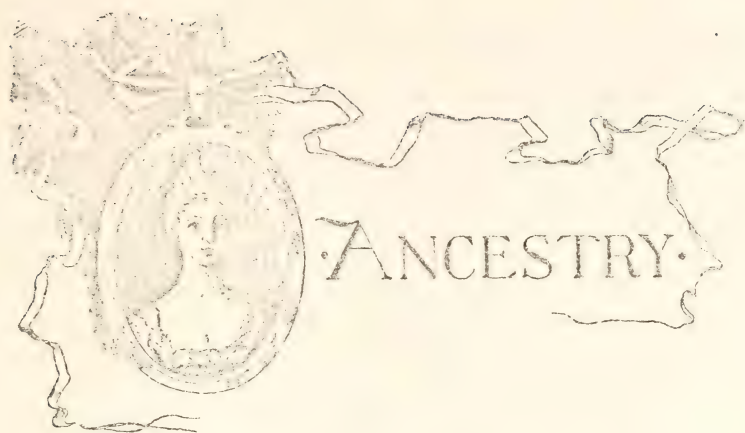
After the reading of the minutes of our last meeting the retiring officers and the chairman of the entertainment committee presented their yearly reports, which were approved.

Our State Regent gave a brief account of what had been accomplished in Indiana last year.

Before proceeding to the election of officers for the ensuing year the resolutions on the death of Miss Churchman were read and approved, and ordered recorded in the minutes, and it being the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the second battle of Bemis Heights, the entertainment committee had prepared a short literary programme, consisting of a historical paper by Mrs. Ella Lyman, followed by a conversation by Mrs. C. C. Foster and Mrs. Fanny R. W. Winchester.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Regent, Mrs. C. F. Sayles; Vice Regent, Miss Katharine Merrill; Registrar, Mrs. Kate Noble Dean; Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Sloan; Secretary, Mrs. Sue Hatch Perkins; Historian, Mrs. Fanny R. W. Winchester.—FANNY R. WILDER WINCHESTER, *Historian*.





THE STATE REGENT OF MARYLAND.

MRS. RITCHIE, elected at the Congress of 1895 State Regent of Maryland, is the widow of Hon. John Ritchie, of Frederick City, Maryland. A man distinguished alike for his great mental gifts and his high moral tone and for the fidelity with which he discharged the numerous public duties of his life. He represented his district in the United States Congress and at the time of his untimely death in 1887 occupied a seat upon the bench, being a member of the Court of Appeals of Maryland and chief justice of the Sixth District of the State.

Mrs. Ritchie is the daughter of the late Judge William Pinkney Maulsby, of Maryland, and his wife, Emily Contee Nelson, daughter of Roger Nelson, from whom she derives her eligibility to the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Maulsby family came to this country in 1699, with William Penn, on his third voyage. They were all Friends or Quakers, of English blood and lineage. They settled in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and made their home there, buying property which still belongs to a female branch of the family, being owned by Miss Corson and Mrs. Thomas Hovenden, her sister, wife of the celebrated painter, and an artist herself of no less merit than her famous husband.

Descendants of the first settlers found their way down to Maryland, where all Ritchie's ancestors for several generations

have been born. She is descended from the legal profession on every side. Her grandfather, General Israel David Maulsby, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of his day, an eloquent and polished orator, and tried public servant, having represented his county in the State Legislature twenty-nine times. He was one of the volunteer defenders of the city of Baltimore when it was besieged by the British in 1814 and was one of those who made it possible for the "Patriot Poet" to see the Star Spangled Banner still waving "in the dawn's early light." His wife was the daughter of John Hall, an officer of the Revolution. She was a woman of unusual strength of character and force of intellect. Mrs. Ritchie's maternal ancestors came to this country in the latter part of the seventeenth century, locating first in St. Mary's County, Maryland, but later coming up into Western Maryland. The first patent issued to John Nelson for several thousand acres of land bears date 1725 and was subsequently reissued with additions in 1728. It embraced vast tracks lying along the Potomac river and taking in what is the present site of the town of Rockville. On the banks of the Potomac Roger, the youngest son of Arthur and Lucinda Nelson, was born in 1759. He was sent to college in Virginia while very young. When the war for independence came on, his youthful heart was fired, and he left college without going through the formality of receiving permission from anyone, and enlisted, or at any rate, joined, the body of cavalry under Colonel William Augustine Washington, a cousin of General George Washington. Roger Nelson served with Baylor's company of dragoons through the New York campaign of the early part of the war, through the Jersey and Pennsylvania campaigns, and was ordered south to assist General Lincoln in the defense of the city of Charleston, South Carolina. This was unsuccessful, and he was among the number taken prisoners in the early part of 1780. All these prisoners were, however, exchanged before very long and Roger Nelson returned to his father's home near Point of Rocks, Frederick County, Maryland, still a mere boy. But these were his country's darkest days, and though he had seen the horrors of war and tasted the terrors of the prison ships, he had no mind to leave to others the task of achieving his country's independ-

ence, so when more troops were called for he came forward and his commission as second lieutenant, Fifth Regiment, Maryland Line, bears date July 15, 1780. From then on to the end he fought in every battle the Maryland Line was engaged in, which is saying *everything*, for history records what an arm of defense the Maryland Line was to General Greene, as it had ever been to General Washington. Severely wounded and left for dead on the field of Camden, with *eighteen* wounds on his young body, he was taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged and recovered in time to be in at the fight at Cowpens, having been transferred to the picked body of cavalry commanded again by Colonel William A. Washington. At Guilford Court House, Hobkirks' Hill, Ninety-Six, and Eutaw Springs, he was in the thick of the fight and present at the surrender of Yorktown, October 19, 1781.

After the peace he returned to his home, studied law, and married. Losing his wife by death while yet a young man, he removed to the town of Frederick, then, as now, a legal center, and on February 2, 1797, married his second wife, the daughter of John Harrison, of Prince George's County. Mr. Harrison, with his two brothers, had come to this country many years before from England, and all his love and zeal was for the land of his adoption. He gave freely of his means to the cause of independence, though it militated against his own interests. His wife was one of the three daughters of Alexander Contee, who came from Barnstable, England, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, settled in Prince George and Charles counties, and filled many positions of trust and importance. Of French descent, the Prince of Conti was the youngest son of that branch of the house of Bourbon of which the great Comte was the eldest. The arms of the family now hang in the Guild Hall, London, bearing the motto, "*Pour Dieu et mon Roi*" ("For God and my King"). Catharine Contee and John Harrison transmitted to their daughter, Elizabeth Harrison, qualities of heart and mind which made her a fitting helpmeet, indeed, to the heroic officer who, having so nobly done his duty in his youth to his country, now gave himself up to the practice of his profession—the law. He was appreciated and honored by the community in which he lived, by the State, and by all

with whom his public life threw him in contact. He represented his district in the Congress of the United States for many years, where he made a brilliant record. Adams quotes from his speech in his history of the United States. When the prosecution of Judge Chase was decided upon, General Nelson was appointed one of the counsel to prosecute, but though his political views were diametrically opposed to Judge Chase's, he declined the proffered honor, saying, that "Judge Chase had rendered meet services to his country, that he deserved better treatment at her hands."

Of all the children who survived General Nelson perhaps none were more gifted than the mother of Mrs. Ritchie. Of brilliant intellect and cultivated literary taste and ability, she was an authoress from the time when it was rather unusual for a woman to have her productions accepted and paid for to the date of her premature death in 1867. Of Judge (and Colonel) Maulsby's services to his State and country it is hardly necessary to speak, they are so well known. The youngest man who ever sat in the Senate of his State, up to his death in his eightieth year his efforts for the public good and for the welfare of those to whom he was related by blood or association never relaxed. No duty ever appealed to him in vain. Painful as it was to oppose his friends of his own section, a Democrat by heredity and conviction, he yet believed it was for the best good of the South, as well as of the whole country, that the Union should be preserved, and so he accepted the command of a regiment and fought through three years of the Civil War as a colonel in the Union Army. None but a *Southern* man knew what this meant to one who loved the South and her whole people as he did. What he was as a father, a grandfather, and a great-grandfather, no words can express. Mrs. Ritchie was born in Westminster, Maryland. While a child her family removed to Frederick, and here her whole life has been passed, save when she was a pupil at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey, where she was educated. Marrying very young she became the mother of a large family of daughters and sons. While she has been a devoted mother, and striven to do her full duty to all her children, both as men and women, as well as babies, she has never apprehended that

the discharge of a mother's duties relieved a woman from all others, and so has tried not to neglect other family duties, nor the social and semipublic ones her life has devolved upon her. Commissioned three years ago, by our lamented first President General, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, Regent of the Frederick Chapter, she entered upon the work of organizing the Chapter with enthusiasm, and was rewarded by success. In 1894 she was elected a Vice President General of the Society, and 1895 Regent for the State of Maryland. She was a member of the State Committee on Woman's Work for the Columbian Exposition of 1893 and did good service in that cause. She is a member of the Academy of Political and Social Science and one of the Executive Committee of the Frederick Historical Society, to whose annals she has contributed several papers. She is one of the founders and one of the Board of Management of the Key Monument Association. Governor Brown, a few months since, commissioned her as a member of the Maryland Committee for the Cotton States Exposition to meet in September in Atlanta, Georgia. She has also been appointed a member of the Colonial Relic Committee.

The crushing shocks and sorrows of the last few years have robbed her, perhaps, of some of her natural gaiety and buoyancy of temperament, but she is yet interested in all that concerns her friends and the community where she has lived so many happy years, and which so delighted to honor her husband, and responds with pleasure to any demand made upon her. Whatever of patriotism and ability Mrs. Ritchie or her daughters are gifted with they owe to influences under which she and they were reared, to the lessons inculcated, the sacrifices witnessed, and the blood and spirit—inherited of three generations, who hesitated not to offer "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" in their country's need. In her character Mrs. Ritchie manifests the traits to be expected from her inheritance, courageous, gracious, and courtly, she represents the typical Maryland woman; her appearance is at once prepossessing and commanding, her beauty noble and dignified; she is distinguished for her patriotic spirit, and her zeal has resulted in the establishment of a most prosperous Chapter in

Frederick, and rich contributions of history illustrate our records. Mrs. Ritchie resides in the old colonial mansion, built by her uncle, Hon. John Nelson, an eminent jurist. The house is unchanged. The royal hospitality of the older times is still maintained in this delightful, quaint old mansion, characteristic of the time in which it was built. The visitor's reception is most warm and hospitable, and the Daughters of the American Revolution receive always fourfold in kind and cordial greeting when they meet to commemorate an anniversary day of Liberty, and to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," the symbol of American Independence, and our hearts beat in sympathy with the patriot, Daniel Webster, as we "Behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic streaming in luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing in all its ample folds as they float" over the grave of Francis Scott Key, in Mount Olivet Cemetery, for to Frederick is given all that remains of her gifted son, who stands transfigured upon the annals of his country as the author of the anthem, the "Star Spangled Banner."

HENRIETTA MARIA WILLIAMS,

Historian Frederick Chapter

THE MUZZY FAMILY IN THE REVOLUTION.

[Read before a meeting of Katharine Gaylord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.]

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: It is a great pleasure for me to be able to present to you to-day the name of my husband's family in this most honorable connection. Indeed, I am not sure but that any mother among the Daughters of the American Revolution would rather present an ancestor for her daughter than for herself. I find my own family names in Lexington, Downes and Clarke, but have not yet established a claim to them. The family of Muzzy was early here, however, and have always born a prominent part.

There are records which show that for eighteen different years there has been a selectmen in Lexington by this name; and they have also held many other offices, constables, assessors, tithing-men, members of various committees, etc. In prepar-

ing our papers we have all noticed how family names were handed down from generation to generation. Amongst the early Muzzys were Benjamin, Amos, John, and Isaac. Abraham Muzzy came to this country as passenger on the ship "John and Mary," in 1634. Each of the succeeding three or four generations contained a Benjamin. The Benjamin who was born in 1657, and died in 1732, was a landholder in the center of the town in 1692, and one of the largest taxpayers in the place. He was also a slaveholder, as is shown by his will. He is recorded as giving "as large a sum as any other man," namely, two pounds, towards building the first meetinghouse, which stood at the junction of the Concord and Bedford roads. In 1711 the inhabitants of the precinct agreed to buy land near the meetinghouse for a public common, and pay for it by subscription. The land in the center, owned by Benjamin Muzzy, was selected. Let us hope that there was no wire pulling here, yet the historical fact remains that upon the committee to purchase this land was Benjamin himself, as well as two kinsmen of our historian, Francis Bowman and William Munroe. A paper was drawn up and circulated, and various sums from ten shillings down to one shilling were subscribed. Benjamin righted matters with his conscience by giving ten shillings toward paying for his own land, while his two sons, Richard and John, gave seven shillings sixpence more. The Bowmans and Munroes also contributed. The deed for this land is so curious that I must take time to quote a word from it. Dated June 14, 1711. It gives "to the said inhabitants and their successors forever, a certain parcel of land, by estimation one acre and a half, more or less * * * * * bounded northly by the said Muzzy" (meaning obscure!) "as the fence now stands, and elsewhere by highways!" No chance for litigation there! In January, 1713, a second meetinghouse was erected on this common; which stood until 1793, or through the Revolution. It was here, then, upon this land once owned by Benjamin Muzzy (sixth great-grandfather of A. J. Muzzy and of his sister, Miss Hattie Muzzy, a member of our Chapter), that the battle of Lexington was fought; which, as Hudson says, "was one of the most important events in the history of the world."

In our town library is a book called "Reminiscences and Memorials of the Men of the Revolution," by Rev. A. B. Muzzy, grandson to one of the Lexington heroes. A. B. Muzzy lived in Lexington, knew many survivors of the war, and received his information from men who were there. I quote from him in regard to the men "who stood in that deadly breach in Lexington:" "Though they were the day before but an obscure band of yeomen, yet thereafter * * they were to be the germ of a nation's birth. Their number was small, but their spirit was great." Yet it is a fact that these men whom we so honor were believed, at that day, by a great many English of the masses, to be a race of Indians, or negroes, or of mixed blood! Or even supposing they were white, they were considered as peasantry only, and the British soldier boasted that "Five regiments of regulars could easily march across the continent." Imagine, then, the little surprise party in store for them at Lexington and Concord! At Lexington, "Too few to resist; too brave to flee!" Standing—a pitiful handful of noble intrepid souls—farmers only, not uniformed, rabbit or fox guns, bullets molded by the wives at home maybe, standing before ten times their number of drilled and well-equipped regulars, standing under two fires, and then only dispersing because they had absolutely no chance whatever and it were suicide to remain! Talk of heroism! But as has been well said, the secret was here: "While the British soldier went out to meet a parcel of ragged farmers, the Colonist went out to meet his God!" There were about one hundred and thirty men in Captain Parker's company, old and young; but, owing in part, to a scarcity of muskets, only about sixty stood at any one moment in the ranks before the seven hundred British soldiers. Of this number were four by the name of Muzzy. Isaac, who fell that glorious morning; his father, John; his brother, Thaddeus, and his cousin Amos (grandfather to the A. B. Muzzy before referred to—the author). It is uncertain whether Amos was in the affair at the green or not, as will be seen later. But it is certain that he took part in the events of the day.

Carry yourself back in thought to that little village of seven hundred inhabitants that lovely spring morning. The trees

were in bloom, we are told. It was not yet sunrise. Paul Revere had come and gone. The villagers had not returned thereafter, we may be sure. The author of "Reminiscences" tells us from the lips of those who were there of the fear that overcame them, the hiding of the treasures, the retreat of many to the woods. No sleep for wives and mothers and sweet hearts, while husband and son and lover, with gun in hand, went out to possible death; and the regulars were on the march toward their homes.

I think, Daughters of the American Revolution, that the women of the Revolution could have told you what suffering and enduring meant. Then,

"In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,"

came swift death to eight brave souls, who, but the day before, had tilled their fields, and talked only of far-off, possible war. It was over in twenty minutes. Then the regulars passed on exulting. An easy victory, to be sure! They changed their mind before another daybreak. It does not require much imagination to see the thronging villagers as they crowded, horror-stricken, to the green, where lay their friends and neighbors—commonplace men but yesterday—martyrs and heroes to-day, "by whose death liberty was born," to hear the mourning, to feel with them the heart-shrinking with which they realized that this was war; and that war was at their hearthstones, holding in its misshapen hands results that no one could name. Bring this home here to Bristol to-day, if you would know what it means!

Isaac Muzzy was son of John and grandson of John Muzzy, this latter the first innholder in Lexington. It is probable that Isaac's home may have been at this inn, as it has always been kept by some one of the family, up to the present day (as near as I can ascertain). Being unmarried, he would have been likely, in those days, to have lived with the old people. He was thirty-one years of age and a church member. This first innholder, John, grandfather to Isaac, is the fifth great-grandfather of my husband. Amos Muzzy was one of the third generation who had owned and occupied the same estate in

Lexington, at the time of the war. It is still owned by the sixth or seventh generation.

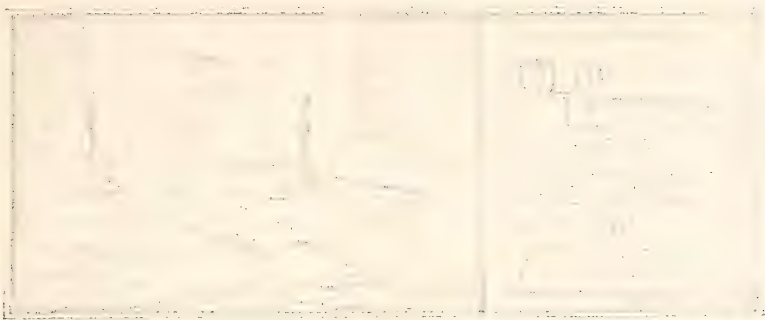
A. B. Muzzy gives some interesting tales of that eventful day, as told him by the survivors. He says: "The motives of the Colonists were high and pure, and pacific to the last hour. They formed a company only for self defense. My grandfather (Amos Muzzy) was apprehensive of a conflict. On the 18th, he saw a few men on horseback riding past his house at dusk, and as the wind blew back their coats, he noticed uniforms and swords underneath. This aroused suspicion, and early next morning, he, with another man, was sent to gather intelligence of British movements. This fact would lead us to suppose that he could not have been on the green, although he took part in the day's doings. He stopped at Arlington, at a tavern called the Black Horse, where the Provincial Committees of Safety and Supplies usually met. While here the enemy arrived, and he narrowly escaped being made prisoner. When the British troops finally passed his house on their way to Concord, his wife left the house, taking her two sons, to go to the neighbors. A foot-weary soldier had fallen behind the column, and as the sun was rising, he met and saluted my grandmother. 'Good morning, madam, the King's troops are paying you an early visit this morning!' Her reply in the custom of those days was from the scripture * * * she said, 'Come ye peaceably?' The soldier said, 'Ah, madam, you have carried the joke rather too far with his majesty!' When the troops came straggling back from Concord, after their repulse there, they entered her deserted house, and broke a large mirror (which is now in Lexington's Memorial Hall), demolished a buffet with much valuable crockery, besides doing other damage. The house was evidently used by the soldiers to dress their wounds, as the floor was stained with blood. Bullet holes were in the walls." A. B. Muzzy also writes that forty years after he took two bullets from a partition which was undergoing repairs. The British burned, pillaged, destroyed, and even murdered non-combatants in their reckless retreat. The Muzzy name appears upon the records throughout the Revolution. It is also to be found in the French and Indian war, and again in the War of the Rebellion.

Isaac Muzzy's name is one of the eight inscribed upon the Lexington Monument, and we find it perpetuated in Bristol to-day in the person of Henry Isaac Muzzy, whose father and grandfather were both called Isaac. I may be pardoned, perhaps, in this connection, if I give a little fact which may be set down as a curious family coincidence. The battle of Lexington at which Isaac Muzzy died, occurred Sunday, April 19, and the son of Amos Muzzy, who took part in the battle, was nine years old that day, while my own little daughter's birthday occurred Sunday, April 19—one hundred and ten years after. Sixty years after the battle the remains of those who fell at Lexington, and had been buried apart from the rest in one large grave, were gathered together, sealed in an airtight box, enclosed in lead, and then in mahogany, and were reinterred with appropriate ceremonies. Three volleys were fired above the grave, reminders of the two fatal volleys sixty years before.

In 1824 Amos Muzzy, John Muzzy, Francis Bowman, and six others were appointed to investigate and present to the public such facts relative to the Lexington Alarm as might be supported by undoubted testimony. This was done, and the statement substantiated by affidavits of persons then living who were present at the alarm.

FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY.





LETTER.

To His Excellency, John Hancock, Esquire, Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: May it please your Excellency—We the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and Sheriff for the County of Barnstable, take this earliest opportunity to address your Excellency with our most sincere and hearty congratulations on your appointment by the free and almost unanimous suffrages of the inhabitants of the Commonwealth, to the high and important station of Chief Magistrate of the same. An event which from their knowledge of your abilities, unshaken attachment to, and of the great share you have had in establishing the freedom and independence of the United States; at the same time it diffuses joy and universal satisfaction among all ranks of people in the Commonwealth friendly to its liberties, excites terror in its enemies on finding at the head of this Government a gentleman whose former exertions they so much dreaded as to pronounce a proscription by the British Government. From the excellent Constitution under which we are now placed by the general approbation and choice of those who are to live under it, the present happy arrangement of the principal departments in the Commonwealth, and your abilities, we contemplate with pleasure a wise and righteous administration of government so as to secure and promote the civil and religious liberty and happiness of the Commonwealth in general, and the individuals who compose it, and are particularly pleased with the agreeable prospect of transmitting to posterity a Constitution

which will preserve inviolate their rights and liberties and induce them to recollect with gratitude and honor the memory of him whose successful exertion and sacrifice of private interests in order to retrieve, establish and secure the freedom of his Country, have justly merited the applause, esteem and confidence of his countrymen, as well as excited the admiration of their enemies.

We beg leave to assure your Excellency that in our several departments in this County we will do all in our power to promote peace, good order, and a due execution of the good and wholesome laws of this Commonwealth, and contribute what we can to render your administration easy to yourself and happy to the people over whom you preside.

BARNSTABLE, SS :

December Tenth. 1780.

Daniel Davis, Nath'l Freeman, Richard Baxter, Solomon Freeman, Thomas Paine, John Nye, Joseph Otis, David Thatcher, S. Bourne, Joseph Nye, Daniel Taylor, Seth Freeman, Nath'l Shiverick, Ebenezer Jenkins, Barnabas Freeman, Joseph Doan, Enoch Hallett.

LETTER.

NEW FAINE, *Aug. 5, 1776.*

DEAR GENL.—

I have omitted writing to you through forgetfulness only, respecting a Review of your Brigade this fall—This fall is the time prescribed by Law for that tour of Duty, it was performed by me two years since—I think it but reasonable that the Brigadier Genl should at this time take it upon themselves—I wish you to confer with the commanding Officers as to the time—I issue the necessary Order.

I am Dear Genl with

Perfect Esteem

Yours

Genl Brownson.

ISAAC TICHENOR.

GIDEON BROWNSON

Brigadier Genl 5th Brigade

2d Div

Sunderland,

Vermont.

Sent by Mrs. Burdette.



EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

THE December number will contain a full account of the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Atlanta, together with the speeches made, and fully illustrated.

BOOK NOTICES.

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

Under this general title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of volumes, the first of which is now ready, and the aim of which is not only to present carefully-studied portraits of the most distinguished women of Colonial and Revolutionary times, but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public life of the people in successive periods of national development. The product thus includes a series of closely-connected narratives, vivid in color and of the highest social and historical value, of the manners and customs, the ways of life, and the modes of thought of the people of the Puritan, the Knickerbocker, and Cavalier sections of the country from the days of the earliest Colonists down to the middle of the present century. In the painting of these scenes use has been freely made of documents usually ignored as trivial by the historians or the biographer—old letters, wills, inventories, bills, etc., from which have been gleaned many curious and interesting details of the daily life of the women of Colonial and Revolutionary days. In addition to these, diaries, memoirs, autobiographies—in fact, all sources have been drawn upon for material to add to the truthfulness and attractiveness of the picture.

In carrying out this project, special pains have been taken to select as the subjects of the volumes representative women who will be accepted at once as types of the best that their age had to offer, and whose careers throw light upon the social customs of their day. Thus, Puritan England under James I is graphically depicted in Mrs. Earle's "Margaret Winthrop," the heroine

of which did not come to New England until some years after her husband, the governor. In striking contrast with the hardships which Winthrop and his followers endured in the second quarter of the seventeenth century in New England is the lavish hospitality extended later by the landed gentry of Virginia, as shown in the lives of Martha Washington and of "Dolly" Madison: while the official and kindred functions over which these ladies presided in Philadelphia, New York, and Washington form a brilliant chapter in the history of American social life. The part leading Boston women played in the patriotic movement culminating in the Revolution is indicated in Miss Brown's life of Mercy Otis Warren, while various aspects of Knickerbocker life, both the town life that centered in Bowling Green and the manor life of the valley of the Hudson, will receive adequate treatment. The authors of the volumes thus far announced are writers who have made special studies of the field of Colonial and Revolutionary manners and customs, and who will be recognized as peculiarly competent to treat of these themes.

The publishers have endeavored to give the volumes a rich and handsome dress,—crimson linen, with gold lettering on the sides and backs, gilt tops, flat backs and rough edges: with a special quality of paper, and with exceptionally painstaking presswork. Each volume will have a frontispiece portrait or facsimile reproduction.

Now ready, Margaret Winthrop (wife of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts). By Alice Morse Earle, author of "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," etc., etc. With facsimile reproduction. 12mo., gilt top, rough edges, flat back, \$1.25.

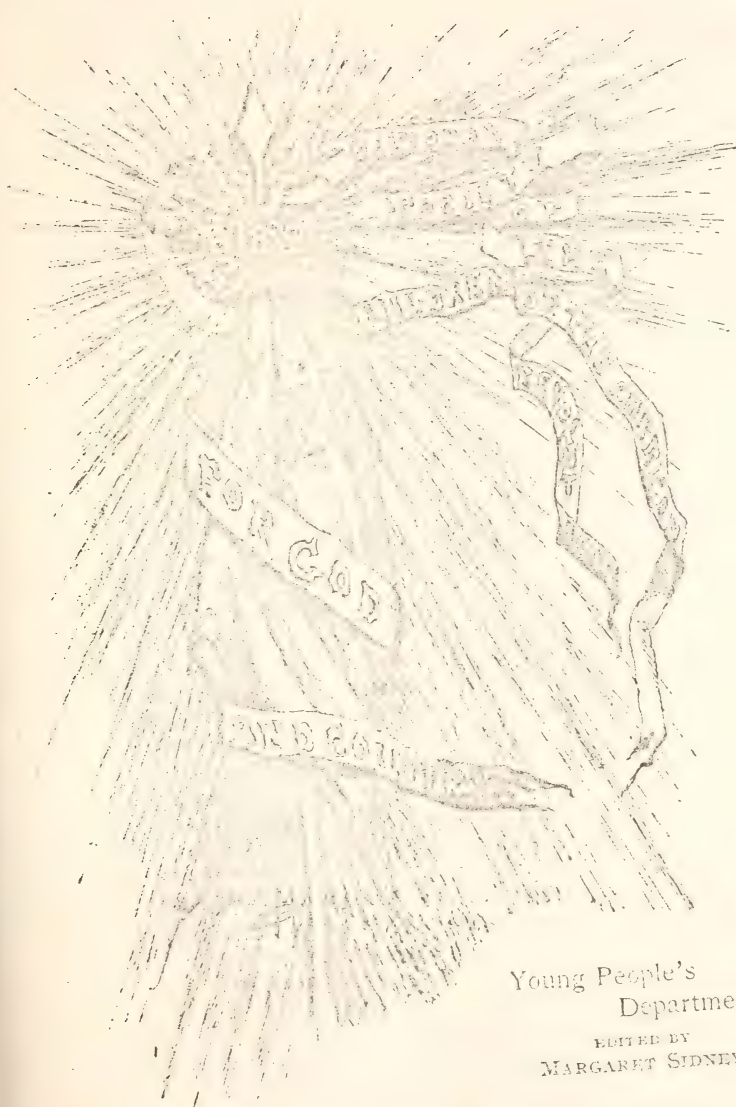
The daughter of Sir John Tyndal, a man of character and influence in Essex County, England, Margaret Winthrop forms a theme of uncommon attractiveness for Mrs. Earle's book. Manor life in England in the time of the first Stuart King, especially that which reflected the Puritan spirit of the day, is graphically painted; and a suggestive contrast is presented between the manners and customs of Puritan England as they affected the country housewife and lady of the manor, and those

of Massachusetts in their relation to the wife of the governor of the Colony. Mrs. Barle's genius for constructing vivid pictures from materials that would have no meaning or value to most biographers is conspicuously shown in this entertaining book. In the lack of an existing portrait of Margaret Winthrop, the frontispiece is a facsimile reproduction of a beautifully written letter from Margaret Winthrop to her husband.

QUARTERDECK & FOR'SLE. By Molly Elliot Seawell, author of "Paul Jones," "Midshipman Paulding," "Little Jarvis," etc. 272 pp. Illustrated with five pictures by George Gibbs. \$1.25. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.

Miss Seawell has done a notable work for the young people of our country in her excellent stories of naval exploits. They are of the kind that cause the reader, no matter whether young or old, to thrill with pride and patriotism at the deeds of daring of the heroes of our Navy. The present volume contains two exceptionally interesting stories of our Navy, written for boys, but which will be of equal interest to girls as well as older readers. The first story tells of how a young fellow, who hated study and had never been made to go to school, learned the lesson of self-control, and by a series of disgraceful failures to pass his examinations for Annapolis learned by experience that the important things of this world are accomplished only by the hardest kind of work. The success which came to him afterwards shows how thoroughly and well this lesson was learned. The second story deals with a famous incident of the English occupation of Newport, Rhode Island, during the Revolutionary War, when General Prescott was captured in his own house by a handful of Americans. An important part in this incident was taken by a boy. What he did and how he did it is fully told in the story. His service in the young American Navy is the natural result of his love for the sea and his ardent patriotism.

Notwithstanding Miss Seawell's assertion that "all men possess genius in some form, and no woman has ever possessed it in any form," and "that the power to create is entirely lacking in women," she has the courage to keep trying, and, in my judgment, with marked success.



Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

MAY ARDNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

WE have so many contributions this month that it is impossible to get them all in. We must first take those that have been waiting so long for publication, and we will do our best to keep up with the times, and be fully alive with fresh items. Meantime let all young people send on reports from Societies, and questions and answers for the Question Box.

A VISIT TO WAYSIDE.

BY FRANCES RACON HAMLIN, CHAPLAIN NATIONAL SOCIETY.
CHILDREN OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THERE are few homes in New England around which cluster more of interest than Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts, the present home of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the President General of the Children of the American Revolution.

The house itself is a study, having been begun in colonial days, and added to by the successive owners that have from time to time occupied it. It is situated under a ledge to protect it from the cold northern exposure, upon the thoroughfare that leads out of old Concord; and along which the bold rider came tearing, over one hundred years ago, in his midnight ride, to warn the town of impending danger.

We are not informed just what part the occupants of this house had in the actual struggle of the Revolution. We only know that they could not have witnessed the thrilling scene enacted before its very doors without an active sympathy with the issues at stake, and we must pass this part of its history by, with a sigh, that we know so little!

While this revolutionary period of its history gives it a halo as a *house*, its more recent occupants sanctify it as a *monument*, and it is possible that the interest of the present generation in it is most aroused by the love and admiration given to them.

The first interest centers in the fact of its being the home of Bronson Alcott and his illustrious daughter; then came Hawthorne, who built into it his thoughts and his visions, and whose daughter, Rose, sold it to Daniel Lothrop, the husband of its present occupant.

The world knows all about the Alcotts, and Hawthornes, and is constantly paying its homage to them, and the publisher, Daniel Lothrop, who almost created the children's literature of the present day, and whose

life-work was first to originate, then to enlarge and improve it, she receives that tribute of praise and appreciation which little children, and their lovers, must ever give to one who has been so greatly their benefactor. Mrs. Lothrop, as Margaret Sidney, has long been known to the children through her books for them, and now she is to be much more widely known as the President of the Children of the American Revolution.

"The Daughters" would have thought that they had chosen well could they have been at Wayside on the 17th of July.

The visitors to the Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston, six thousand of the n. paid a visit to old Concord. Some three hundred came on bicycles. Fifty or sixty gaiters had been provided to show the visitors the places of interest dear to every true American.

Mrs. Lothrop gave them the crowning pleasure of the day, by opening her house to them. The Concord Society of the Children of the American Revolution, the first organized, were invited to come to the grounds at ten o'clock. The visiting Junior Endeavorers were invited to join these children. The lawn is laid out in the form of an amphitheater, with a background of evergreen as thick as the native forest. Here the children were ranged around the semi-circular piazza, with hundreds of the senior Christian Endeavorers listening to their exercises. Each child held a little flag, and the whole Society had previously learned America and several other of our patriotic songs. They waved their flags and sang their songs before and after the speakers, which Mrs. Lothrop had provided for the occasion.

Mrs. Lothrop began the exercise by first telling the children why she had called them together, and bidding them do all in their power to welcome the visitors, who were to come and go that day, and introducing to them the Chaplain of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Tennis S. Hamlin, of Washington, who was her guest for the occasion. The little ones waved their flags in acknowledgement of the introduction, and in love and loyalty to their President. Rev. Dr. Hamlin led them in prayer, and then the Chaplain was honored by being asked to make the first address. In a few brief sentences she congratulated them upon their organization, and explained what it really meant. That it was not only that they, who were descendants of the patriots, and who had inherited their right to belong to the organization, should be true lovers of America, but that they should be instrumental in teaching true patriotism to other children, whose fathers had found here a home in "The Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave." This was followed by addresses from Rev. Mr. Tewksbury, of Concord, whose little daughter is the direct descendant of Miles Standish, and the youngest child in the Concord Society; Rev. G. R. Alden, Dr. Tennis S. Hamlin, of Washington, and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Lexington, Massachusetts, who was one of the founders of Roberts College, Constantinople. In the address of the latter he gave an account of a walk he took when a boy

of nineteen. It had been his patriotic ambition to walk from Boston to Concord, over the same route taken by the British on the night before the battle of Concord.

His walk was very tiresome and exhaustive, and when he reached the end, "he had great sympathy" for the British soldiers, who not only "had to walk it before the battle," but "were driven back over it the *very day* on the run!" He said, one could not imagine how everybody hated the British in his boyhood, which was well in the early part of the century, as he is now eighty-five.

In the meantime the hymn written for the Children of the American Revolution had been sung. After the benediction, Mrs. Lothrop invited the Society to each take a Junior Endeavorer and help them to the refreshments she had provided for them on the lawn.

The delegates from the Christian Endeavor Convention had been gradually coming, and the hostess and her guests hastened to receive them, shaking the hand of each as they passed in line. Only thirty at a time could go into the tower, Hawthorne's study, two flights up, which was built by him, and used as his study. The house had been thrown open from kitchen to "tower," so no idle moments were spent by these modern Pilgrims.

Thousands passed through the house that day, and as each name was given, and the place of residence, you were convinced that such an infusion of patriotism had never been given before, for every State in the Union was represented, and nearly every town.

It was hard to tell which claimed most interest, the writers and poets who had lived in Concord, and passed away, the historic houses and incidents, or the living poet who received them. Often one would hear, "Are you really Margaret Sidney?" It was delightful to see the joy expressed by these young people in seeing one who had written so much for them, and who by her hospitality was uniting patriotism and Christianity in its broadest sense.

Mrs. Lothrop is giving up cherished plans for herself and her little daughter to organize the Children of the American Revolution. If given the hearty coöperation of the "Daughters," she will bring about some very practical results, as she feels it a duty put upon her conscience, to waken people to the necessity of educating the young in patriotic lines. She has won for herself, by this one day of unselfish hospitality, the gratitude of the "Christian Endeavor Convention of '55," who came to Boston sixty thousand strong, and which has for one of its objects good citizenship, which is only another word for patriotism. By thus bringing the Christian and civic organizations together, she has illustrated in a very practical way what it is to live for "God and native land." The writer, in closing, can make no better wish for the Daughters than a day at Concord, nor for the Children than a day at Wayside, and an hour with its hospitable patriotic mistress.

EXERCISES

IN CONNECTION WITH THE PLACING OF A TABLET ON THE
TREE UNDER WHICH WHITFIELD PREACHED.

ON Tuesday, September 3, the two Societies of the Children of the American Revolution, the William Latham, Jr., of Stonington, and the Samuel Ward, of Westerly, Rhode Island, held most interesting and impressive exercises in connection with the placing of a tablet under the "Whitfield Tree." This has always been unmarked; it stands midway between Stonington and Westerly on the old "Post Road."

The day was perfect, and all the public spirited people of the vicinity turned out to do honor to the occasion and to the Children of the American Revolution.

Judge Wheeler wrote the inscription, which was of wood and painted under the supervision of Orlando Smith, Jr., historian of the Westerly Society.

It commemorates the preaching of Rev. George Whitfield under the tree in 1747, when the concourse was so great that the throng could not get into the church.

Rev. Mr. Burrows, of the Road Church, Stonington; Rev. Mr. Woodrow, of Westerly; Judge Wheeler, Miss Grace Wheeler, who wrote an original poem for the occasion, and many others, took part in the exercises. A greeting by telegraph was received and read from Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the President of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, and the children sang patriotic songs with great earnestness and enjoyment. It was a most important and beautiful occasion.

[We hope to hear of many historic spots marked by our societies. Do not wait to do the work in marble and bronze, but set about it at once.—
Ed.]

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *July 10, 1895.*

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

On Bunker Hill Day steps were taken to form a Society of the Children of the American Revolution at the Force School.

More than thirty enthusiastic boys and girls responded to the call for a meeting, and after Mrs. Alexander, Vice President of the National Society in Washington, had explained the plan and purpose of the Society, it was decided to organize at once.

Accordingly Mrs. Breckinridge (wife of General Joseph Cabell Breckinridge), was chosen President, and Miss Fairley, teacher of the eighth grade, Vice President.

Other officers elected from members of the Society were as follows:

Recording Secretary, Lucy Hayes Breckinridge; Corresponding Secre-

tury, Marjorie Benton; Registrar, Elsie Pearce; Treasurer, Scott Dudley Breckinridge.

It was decided to name the Society, the first formed in the District of Columbia, "The National Capital Society of the Children of the American Revolution."

The desire of the Society being to go to work at once, a meeting was called for the following Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Alexander, and although only three days intervened between the organization of the Society and this meeting, so great was the enthusiasm of the children, that a most delightful programme was carried out.

Miss Louise Starkweather, who won the medal awarded last winter by the Sons of the American Revolution for the best essay on some subject connected with the Revolution, and competed for by all pupils in the school of Washington who desired, was present and read her most delightful essay on "The Situation of the American Forces at Trenton."

An original story, a true incident of the Revolution, written by Helen Hayden Hayes, a member of the "Capital" Society, entitled, "Circumstances Alter Cases," was also read, while several shorter contributions, notably a well written story of the Flag, by Elsie Pearce; a reading, by Miss Mary Randolph Bell, and a recitation, by Miss Le Breton, helped to pass a delightful evening.

The next meeting was held June 28, at the home of General Breckinridge, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Parke Hutchinson read the Declaration of Independence. Miss Hawes' stirring "Liberty Song" was played by Mrs. Breckinridge, and it was decided to learn it at once to sing at future meetings.

Plans for the summer were discussed and work laid out. It was also decided that the Society should attend in a body the Fourth of July celebration by the Sons and Daughters at the Washington Monument.

Then after enjoying cake and lemonade the meeting adjourned to meet again October 17, at the Force School.

General Breckinridge was present at the organization and at both meetings held and greatly aided the officers of the Society by his wise and practical suggestions.

The organization is already a most delightful one and the enthusiasm of the children and their willingness to work refreshing to see. As an illustration of this: At the last meeting a question was asked which one of the boys, a bright little fellow of twelve, could not answer. His reply was "I do not know, but I will go to the Capitol Library to-morrow and find out;" and this spirit is characteristic of each member of the Society.

But ought we not to expect great things from children who have, as have three of our members the Recording Secretary and her brothers, by direct descent the blood of nine distinguished officers of the Revolution flowing in their veins?

The watchword of our Society shall be Macaulay's famous saying: "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

FRANCIS S. FAIRLEY,

Vice President National Capital Society, C. A. R.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Sept. 1, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the organization of our Society of Children of the American Revolution on August 22. We have enrolled the names of twenty children, all of whom are lineal descendants of Revolutionary ancestors. The meeting was called for 3 p. m. Although the afternoon was intensely warm the children enjoyed themselves very much. We sang several patriotic songs. I read them your letter in the July Magazine, and told them that you were the lady who wrote the Five Little Peppers, and they were well acquainted with you at once. We have not elected our officers yet, but will do so at our next meeting, which will be on the third Friday in September. It is our intention to have our meetings twice a month, but on account of the annual reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic, which meets in our city the second week in September, we have deferred our meeting until the 19th of September. I gave the children the questions in the July and August Magazine to answer, and requested them to return the answers to the Magazine. After partaking of sherbet and cake, the little folks were invited to go out on the lawn, where they remained until 7 p. m., when they returned to their homes. Any suggestions from you will be most acceptable. I expect to return to my home in Louisville by the 15th of September.

Sincerely and truly yours,

1823 Baxter Avenue.

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE.

THE regular meeting of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will take place in the Bill Memorial Library on September 6, at 2.30 p. m.

After the usual business has been transacted the Chapter will receive and entertain the local Societies of the Children of the American Revolution in Fort Griswold at 3.45.

Groton, August 24, 1895.

PROGRAMME.

Celebration by the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Groton and Stonington, at Fort Griswold, September 6, 1895, at 3.45 p. m.

1. Music—"Star Spangled Banner."
2. Address--Welcome to the Children of the American Revolution.
3. Introductions--by C. A. R. in their Order of Organization: First The "Thomas Starr," of Eastern Point. President, Miss Susan Meech. Second. The "Thomas Avery," of "Poquonoc." President, Miss Addie

Thomas. Third. The "Jonathan Brooks," of New London. President, Mrs. Frank H. Arms. Fourth. The "Colonel Ledyard," of Groton. President, Miss M. Jane Avery. Fifth. The "William Latham, Jr." (Powder Monkey), of Stonington. President, Mrs. F. B. Noyes. Sixth. The "Samuel Ward," of Westerly. President, Miss Julia D. Smith.

4. Chorus.—The National Hymn of the Children of the American Revolution.

5. Paper—"Colonel Ledyard," by Assistant Historian A. W. B. Chapter, Miss J. E. Smith.

6. Hymn—"For Home and Country," dedicated to Daughters of the American Revolution.

7. Address—By the Hon. Edgar M. Warner, of Putnam.

8. Solo and Chorus—"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."

9. March—"Yankee Doodle." Salute, "Old Glory."

DEAR MRS LOTHROP:

Enclosed you will find a copy of the piece told by one of my little children, Priscilla Dixon Loper. The child is only eight years old, and she read it very prettily.

Trusting that we may meet again sometime,

Yours cordially,

H. E. NOYES,

President Wm. Latham, Jr., The Little Powder Monkey, Society.

Stonington, Conn., August 19.

My grandfather was almost nine years old on August 9, 1814, when the British came to destroy Stonington. The ships came near the harbor about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the admiral sent word to the people that they must get all the women and children out of the village, as they were going to fire cannon at the houses, and burn Stonington. Then my grandfather was sent with his little brother and sister up to their cousin, Charles H. Phelps (my great-grandfather) stayed in the village to help fight the British.

When my grandfather and the party he was with landed from the boat they had brought the valuable furniture away in, up to Lambert's Cove, they were at the big rock, on the "Old Post Road." The road was filled with people who were getting out of danger. My grandfather joined the crowd, and as it was dark he followed the man he heard walking in front of him. Suddenly he heard a whizzing noise and everything lighted up, and right in front of his face he saw a big picture of himself, and he thought he was dead, and in the other world. Then he heard a crash, the man in front of him having thrown down a big looking glass he was carrying on his back when the shell that made the search light sank in the mud.

My grandfather told me just what I have said to you about the battle of Stonington.

PRISCILLA DIXON LOPEL.

Aged 8 years. Stonington, Conn.

William Latham, Jr., Society, Stonington, Conn.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

Who originated the phrase "Not worth a Continental," and what does it mean?

MARY LEE MANN.

Washington, D. C.

Why were the British called "Red Coats?"

M. THERESA BURNHAM DODGE,

Billerica, Mass.

Who said "Millions for defence but not one cent for tribute?"

RACHEL TUCKER,

Billerica, Mass.

It is said by some people that Hawthorne's "Old Stone Face" represented historical characters. Is this so? And who are Mr. Gathergold, Mr. Stony Phiz and Ernest?

THERON J. DAMON,

Old North Bridge Society, Concord, Massachusetts.



IN MEMORIAM.

MILDRED MADDOX.

THERE is genuine sympathy expressed by the many friends of Mrs. Virginia Knox Maddox over the death of her pretty and promising daughter, Miss Mildred Maddox. She passed away at Los Gatos on Friday last, the victim of a very severe cold, having attained the age of only nineteen years. She had everything in the world to live for, including a charming home, a devoted mother, and a pleasant abundance of the goods of this world. Some three years ago, while attending school in San Francisco, Miss Maddox was attacked by anemia, and, with the hope of checking the disease, she was sent to Norwood Institute, Washington, where, under the influence of the colder climate, she improved rapidly. Thinking to complete the cure, her mother took her to New York where she was placed as a pupil in the institution of the Sister of the Church, an Episcopal order, and there it seemed as if she had quite recovered, until last spring a severe cold undid all the previous good, fastening pleurisy and other complications on her system. Miss Maddox promised a charming womanhood. She was a pretty, amiable and singularly unselfish girl, and she bore the sufferings incident to her illness with a degree of patience as rare as it was beautiful.

MRS. ELIZABETH LITTLE TOPP.

MRS. ELIZABETH LITTLE TOPP, wife of the late Colonel Robertson Topp, of Memphis, Tennessee, died at her home, June 4, 1895. She was an honorary member of Dolly Madison Chapter in Memphis, and two of her daughters, Mrs. Wm. Farrington and Mrs. I. McD. Massey, are among our most active members. Her ancestry was distinguished, both in

Colonial and Revolutionary history. The record of her lineage will be found in the October number, 1893, of the *AMERICAN MONTHLY*, going back as far as Robert II. King of Scotland. Her husband, Colonel Robertson Topp, was one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of West Tennessee. Mrs. Topp resided in Memphis for nearly sixty years, and her beautiful home was the center of social life in the city. In her death one of the links uniting the Memphis of to-day with that of the past is broken, and there is general sorrow in the community. She was an earnest member of Calvary Episcopal Church. She leaves a large family and a host of friends who mourn her loss. Mrs. Topp was a woman who took an active interest in current events and she was especially anxious for the perpetuation of the records of American history in the work undertaken by the Daughters of the American Revolution. While extreme age and ill-health prevented her often participating in our deliberations, she was one of the oldest, ablest, and most intellectual representatives of ante bellum aristocracy. Let us keep in fresh remembrance her virtues and excellencies.

Therefore, be it resolved, that our Chapter extend to her bereaved family our condolence and heartfelt sympathy.

Verily, of her it might be said: "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

M. R. M.

MISS HARRIET CARTER.

MISS HARRIET CARTER, a member of the Crawford County Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, died of typhoid fever at Atlantic City, August 16, 1895. Miss Carter was a great-granddaughter of James Sullivan, Governor of Massachusetts. He was a brother of General John Sullivan and was very prominent during the Revolution, subsequently holding many positions of trust. Miss Carter was a graduate of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and had for eleven years been connected with the *Chautauquan Magazine*, published at Meadville, as one of its editors. She was a woman admirable in all her relations to society and life, and will be greatly missed.

MRS. HOPE POTTER [MUNRO] WALKER.

A second time the Bristol Chapter is called upon to mourn the death of an early and esteemed member. Mrs. Hope Potter Walker, who entered upon the heavenly life August 17, 1895, was the daughter of Hezekiah Munro and Elizabeth Bradford Fales, his wife, of Bristol, Rhode Island, and granddaughter of Nathaniel Fales and Elizabeth Bradford, his wife. Nathaniel Fales, her maternal grandfather, served as a private in the Rhode Island Land Militia during the Revolutionary War. He was also Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Bristol County, being annually elected to the same office for the years 1776, 1777, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, and was Deputy for the years 1777, 1778, 1781, 1782, 1783. She was also the granddaughter of Hezekiah Munro and Hopestill Potter, his wife. Her greatuncle, Colonel Simeon Potter, of Bristol, Rhode Island, was a volunteer at the burning of the Gaspee, in Providence River, June 10, 1772. He was a loyal patriot, a man of wealth and commanding presence, and rendered efficient service to his native town at the time of the bombardment of Bristol by the British, October 7, 1778. Mrs. Walker was born June, 1810, and was the widow of Gilbert Walker, whom she married April 24, 1831. Possessing unusual force of character and intelligence, united with a firm Christian faith, made perfect through severe trials, she lived to a good old age respected and beloved, and dying bequeathed her ample means for the support of a Home for Aged Women in her native town of Bristol, Rhode Island, for which charity many will yet "arise and call her blessed."

ANNA LINDLEY CHURCHMAN.

MISS ANNA LINDLEY CHURCHMAN, daughter of Francis McClintock and Anna Churchman, and a descendant of Alexander McClintock, who died three days after the battle of Brandywine from wounds received there, was born April 20, 1865, and died July 29, 1895, after a short illness, of typhoid fever.

At a called meeting of the officers of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter to take action on her death, the following resolutions were offered and approved :

WHEREAS, Miss Anna L. Churchman, a member of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has endeared herself to our Society by reason of her many lovable qualities :

And *Resolved*, She has been suddenly taken from among us, we desire to preserve in some permanent form an expression of the great loss which we have sustained. Miss Churchman (was so) unobtrusive in her goodness, of such a retiring disposition, that only those who know her best realized how completely her life was given up to others. She was so sweet and gentle that we felt as she passed by "that something beautiful had gone that way." Her example is one that we should strive to emulate. We will miss her kindly sympathy in all our future meetings. She was a worthy descendant of brave ancestors, and in a quiet way performed her part in life's battle with clearness of spiritual vision, earnestness of purpose, high sincerity, and nobility of spirit : Therefore be it

Resolved, That this inadequate tribute be spread on the minutes of our Society, and that a copy of the same be sent to Miss Churchman's family.

It was ordered that with the copy of the resolutions a large bouquet of lilies, tied with blue and white ribbons, be sent (as an expression of sympathy) to the house on the day of the funeral.

MRS. IDA ELIOT [SELLECK] SNIVELY.

[This notice has been delayed by the personal bereavements of Mrs. Anne Law Hubbell, Historian of Philadelphia Chapter.]

Mrs. IDA ELIOT [SELLECK] SNIVELY entered into rest January 24, 1895, at her home, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She was the wife of the Rev. Summerfield E. Snively, M. D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and daughter of Alfred De Forest and Ruth Margaret Selleck, late of New York City.

Mrs. Snively was an enthusiastic member of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, although suddenly called to her eternal rest less than a year after her admission to the Society ; but she did honor to the memory of her Revolutionary ancestry, three of her great-grandfathers having fought in the cause for liberty. In the accompanying extract from a note addressed by her husband to the ladies of our Chapter, in recognition of the resolutions of sympathy

passed by them, on receiving notice of her unexpected death, he adds his testimony to the deep interest she felt in promoting the historical researches of the Society.

MAY, 4, 1895.

MRS. M. C. THORNTON,

Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, &c.

DEAR MADAM. Please express to the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution my earnest appreciation of their kind and sympathetic action. Mrs. Snively was a most devoted member of the organization, and greatly interested in everything appertaining to its success. * * * * * Mrs. Snively's last appearance in public was the reading of a historical paper before your Order. With renewed thanks for your kind thoughts,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

S. E. SNIVELY.

The meeting to which allusion is made in the note was just four days prior to her decease.

[REDACTED]





OFFICIAL.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL, D. A. P.

FROM JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1895.

June 1, 1895, cash on hand,	\$1,435 00
Initiation fees (2500) and annual dues (\$1493),	\$2,112 00
Stationery and blanks,	31 45
Interest on Government bond,	75 00
Souvenir spoons,	20 50
	<hr/>
	2,683 95
Sale of one thousand dollar bond,	1,157 00
	<hr/>
Total,	\$1,827 11

DISBURSEMENTS.

Lincage Book.

Expense, \$544.59; less receipts, \$8.00, \$536 59

Directory.

Expense, \$621.90; less receipts, \$41.00, 580 90

Magazine Account.

For June, July, August, and September: Expense,

\$1,099.79; less receipts, \$609.15, 490 64

Current Expenses.

Office rent for four months,	\$348 00
Salary of curator from May 20,	260 00
Incidental office expenses,	35 00
Flag and pole,	6 30
Office furniture,	14 00
Stamped envelopes for office use,	22 00
Advertising and press clippings,	11 95
Clerk and postage for issuing back certificates,	60 00
Clerk for Secretaries General from May 3,	246 45
Clerk for Registrar General from May 15,	135 00
Clerk for Treasurer General from May 22,	120 00
Engraving certificates,	168 00

Engrossing certificates and charters,	\$133 45	
Postage for issuing two thousand certificates,	125 00	
Printing five thousand application blanks,	60 00	
Printing constitution, list of officers, &c.,	118 25	
Mailing tubes and seals for charters,	13 30	
Binding application papers	27 00	
Postage and incidentals for active officers,	145 25	
Stamping stationery for active officers,	30 50	
Postage for State Regents,	8 40	
Stamping stationery for State Regents,	31 25	
	-----	2,112 50
		3,720 43
Balance, cash on hand October 1,		1,168 65

		\$4,829 11

PERMANENT FUND.

Cash on hand in bank June 1, 1895,	\$275 30
Interest on Government bond, on note, and in funds in bank,	\$58 05
Charters,	65 00
Rosettes, \$72.38, less expenses, \$41,	31 58

LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Mary K. Hancock, through Venango County Chapter,	\$12 50
Miss Mary E. Hancock, through Venango County Chapter,	12 50
Miss Ella C. Hancock, through Venango County Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. W. R. Warren, through Western Reserve Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. Eliza W. Eaton, through Louisa St. Clair Chapter,	12 50
Miss Emma T. Smith, through Saratoga Chapter,	12 50
Mrs. J. F. Mauphin, through Great Bridge Chapter,	12 50
Miss Richardson, Lime Rock, Connecticut,	25 00
Mrs. Reuben Tyler, Wyoming, Ohio,	25 00

	137 50

	292 13

Cash on hand, October 1, 1895,	\$565 49
--	----------

Respectfully submitted.

 BELL M. DRAPER,
Treasurer General

October 3, 1895.

Since the 1st of June second notices have been sent to all delinquent members at large, 1,149 letters have been mailed, and the regular work of the Treasurer General is up to date. She regrets to state that owing to the unexpected magnitude of the work, the new record books are not yet quite completed; but takes this opportunity to thank the Chapter Treasurers each and all for their kindly interest and valuable assistance; also the clerks in the office, and especially the clerk of the Secretaries General, without whose voluntary aid it would have been impossible to carry forward the work during the absence of the Treasurer General in August.

Realizing that while the current expenses of the Society continue month after month, the greater portion of the annual dues is received in January and February, the chairman of the Finance Committee, at the request of the Treasurer General recommended, and was authorized to invest most of the current fund in United States Government bonds, until such time as it should be needed, thereby gaining interest on money otherwise lying idle in the bank, and at the same time relieving the Treasurer General from responsibility. The wisdom of this action is proved by the fact that \$150 have already been received in interest, the first time since the establishment of the Society that interest has been received on the *current* funds, and thus far it has been necessary to cash only one of the bonds to meet current expenses.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COLONIAL DAMES AND GOODWIVES.

By ALICE MORSE EARLE, editor of "The Diary of a Boston School Girl of 1771." 1 vol., 12mo. \$1.50.

Contents: Consorts and Reliefs; Women of Anims; Double Treasures; and Naughty Women; Boston Neighbors; A Fearful Female Traveler; Two Colonial Adventuresses; The Universal Friend; Biographical Literary Manners; Amusements and Accomplishments; Daughters of Liberty; A Revolutionary Housewife; Domestic Industries.

This is another valuable sheet from the pen of Mrs. Earle, an cultivated and great intelligence and admirable skill. It deals with characteristic features of the times, especially those which related to the woman.

Sold by booksellers. Sent postpaid by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Vol. 1 of the Third Series. Price, \$5.00.

Ready for Delivery.

Central Pennsylvania Biographical and Genealogical History to be found nowhere else. Address,

M. W. McALARNEN,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Atlanta Exposition.

Atlanta Exposition.

S. A. L. SEABOARD AIR LINE S. A. L.

OPERATES

THE ATLANTA SPECIAL

SOLID

PULLMAN VESTIBULE TRAIN

TO

ATLANTA

Montgomery, Mobile, Macon, Jacksonville, Raleigh, NEW ORLEANS

The only Vestibule Train to the South without EXTRA CHARGE.

Leaves Washington daily 8.40 P. M. Arrives Atlanta 4.09 P. M.

THE S. A. L. EXPRESS

DAILY EXPRESS TRAIN TO

ATLANTA

Macon, Athens, Pensacola, Augusta, Mobile, Thomasville, NEW ORLEANS.

SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT.

Leaves Washington daily 4.30 A. M. Arrives Atlanta 5.20 A. M.

Secure Tickets to Atlanta Exposition

VIA

SEABOARD AIR LINE

ROUND TRIP RATES FROM WASHINGTON:

\$14.00. Tickets sold Tuesdays and Thursdays. LIMITED TO 10 DAYS.

\$19.25. Tickets sold daily. LIMITED TO 20 DAYS.

\$26.25. Tickets sold daily. LIMITED TO JANUARY 7TH, 1896.

Tickets by this Line, known as "S. A. L." (Seaboard Air Line), are sold by all principal Ticket Agents in the United States

FOR INFORMATION, TIME TABLES AND RESERVATION IN SLEEPING CARS APPLY TO

ROBERT A. PARKE, General Agent,

S. E. District, WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. ST. JOHN,
Vice-President.

H. W. B. GLOVER,
Traffic Mgr.

T. J. ANDERSON,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.

"Likely to prove of special interest to those women who as Colonial Daughters or as Daughters of the American Revolution are studying the social and patriotic aspects of the early periods of our history."—*Brooklyn Life*.

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

UNDER this general title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of volumes (the first of which is now ready), the aim of which is not only to present carefully-studied portraits of the most distinguished women of Colonial and Revolutionary times, but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public, life of the people in successive periods of national development. The project thus includes a series of closely connected narratives, vivid in color and of the highest social and historical value, of the manners and customs, the ways of life, and the modes of thought of the people of the Puritan, the Quickerbocker and Cavalier sections of the country from the days of the earliest colonists down to the middle of the present century, and is consequently of special interest to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Now Ready :

MARGARET WINTHROP (wife of Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts). By ALICE MORSE EARLE, author of "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," etc., etc. With Facsimile Reproduction. 12 mo. gilt top, rough edges, flat back, \$1.25.

"The volume is history, romance, biography combined. Mrs. Earle has already done some excellent work, but her Margaret Winthrop is her best and can hardly fail to become a classic."—*Boston Advertiser*.

"It is to be hoped that the whole series will reach the standard of excellence fixed by the initial volume. In some 350 pages Mrs. Earle has condensed the outcome of an immense amount of work."—*New York Sun*.

"This series gives us a fascinating description and account of the old-time woman. We advise all those who are watching for desirable holiday gifts for girls to keep their eyes open for this series."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

In Preparation :

MARTHA WASHINGTON (wife of George Washington). By ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON, author of "Through Colonial Doorways," and "Colonial Days and Dames." With portrait.

DOROTHY PAYNE MADISON (wife of James Madison). By MAUD WILDER GOODWIN, author of the "Colonial Cavalier," etc. With Portrait.

MERCY OTIS WARREN (sister of James Otis). By ALICE BROWN, author of "Agnes Surriage," in "Three Heroines of New England Romance," and "Meadow Grass: Tales of New England Life." With Portrait.

ELIZA LUCAS PINCKNEY (wife of Chief Justice Pinckney). By HARRIOTT HORRY RAVENEL, great-great-granddaughter of Mrs. Pinckney. With Portrait.

Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers,
153-157 Fifth Ave., - - - - New York.

Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine.

Devoted to History, Genealogy, Heraldry, Revolutionary War Records, Notes and Queries, etc., etc. \$2 per annum.

Putnam's Ancestral Charts

For recording ancestry. No limit. A complete set of forms devised by a practical genealogist. \$1.50.

Genealogical Investigations

Conducted at home or abroad. Reliable correspondents and personal experience abroad. Letters of inquiry *with stamps enclosed* welcome.

EBEN PUTNAM, SALEM, MASS.

The American Monthly Magazine.

Terms of Subscription: One Year, \$1.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Remittances should be made to the order of the business manager, by means of money orders, checks, or registered letters.

For Sale at All Leading Book Stores.

Office: Washington Loan and Trust Building, 9th and F Sts. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Miss ILLIAN LOCKWOOD, Business Manager.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REGISTER

PRICE \$3 PER YEAR.

And Monthly Gazette of the Patriotic Hereditary Societies of the United States.

BESIDES containing the freshest news of all the Patriotic Societies, this magazine also contains much general historical matter, contributed by the brightest of American historians, illustrated wherever necessary. It is conducted in a spirited manner, and on the lines followed by the long established popular monthlies. You may send us for publication historical sketches and unpublished historical documents. We pay for all articles when printed. We wish to cultivate and foster a taste for individual research into the unpublished history of the United States, and the part, however modest, performed by our patriotic ancestors in founding and building up the Greatest of Nations.

N. B. Don't give us something true that is not new; nor something new that is not true.

Send for sample copy.

For Sale on all News Stands.

Historical Register Publishing Co.,
120 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIRECTORY.

Every name appearing under this Directory can be vouched for as being worthy of confidence.

Any one paying \$2 can have their names inserted in this Directory and the Magazine for one year.

HISTORIC HOMES OF WASHINGTON.

A new edition.

By the author, Mary S. Lockwood.

For sale at

DECKER'S AND BRENTANO'S.

THE WARDS OF MT. VERNON.

A Story of the Revolution.

By MARY STUART SMITH.

Price, 50 Cents in cloth; 25 Cents in paper.

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING CO.,

43-47 East 10th street, New York.

SIMON LYON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR OF CLAIMS AND PATENTS.

KELLOGG BUILDING,

1416 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CYRUS BUSSEY,

ATTORNEY,

Departmental and Congressional Practice.

KELLOGG BUILDING

1416 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HARRISBURG PUBLISHING CO.,

HARRISBURG, PA.

Printers of the American Monthly Magazine, and

General Book and Job Printers and Binders.

THE JERUS LANSBURGH

FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.

The Risk, New York Avenue

Between 13th and 14th streets

Offers extraordinary inducements to cash and time buyers.

IRVING T. COLE,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Investments and Collections. 41-42

Married to.

44-46 Starr-Bryd Building,

Seattle, Washington.

LOANS, COLLECTIONS, ESTATE,
PROPERTY EIGHT AND SOLD.

F. F. VROGEMAN,

BANKER AND BROKER.

Room 21, Kellogg Building,

1416 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DANIEL L. M. PEIXOTTO,

GENERAL

INSURANCE AGENT,

Ames Building.

1416 G.

Telephone 27.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

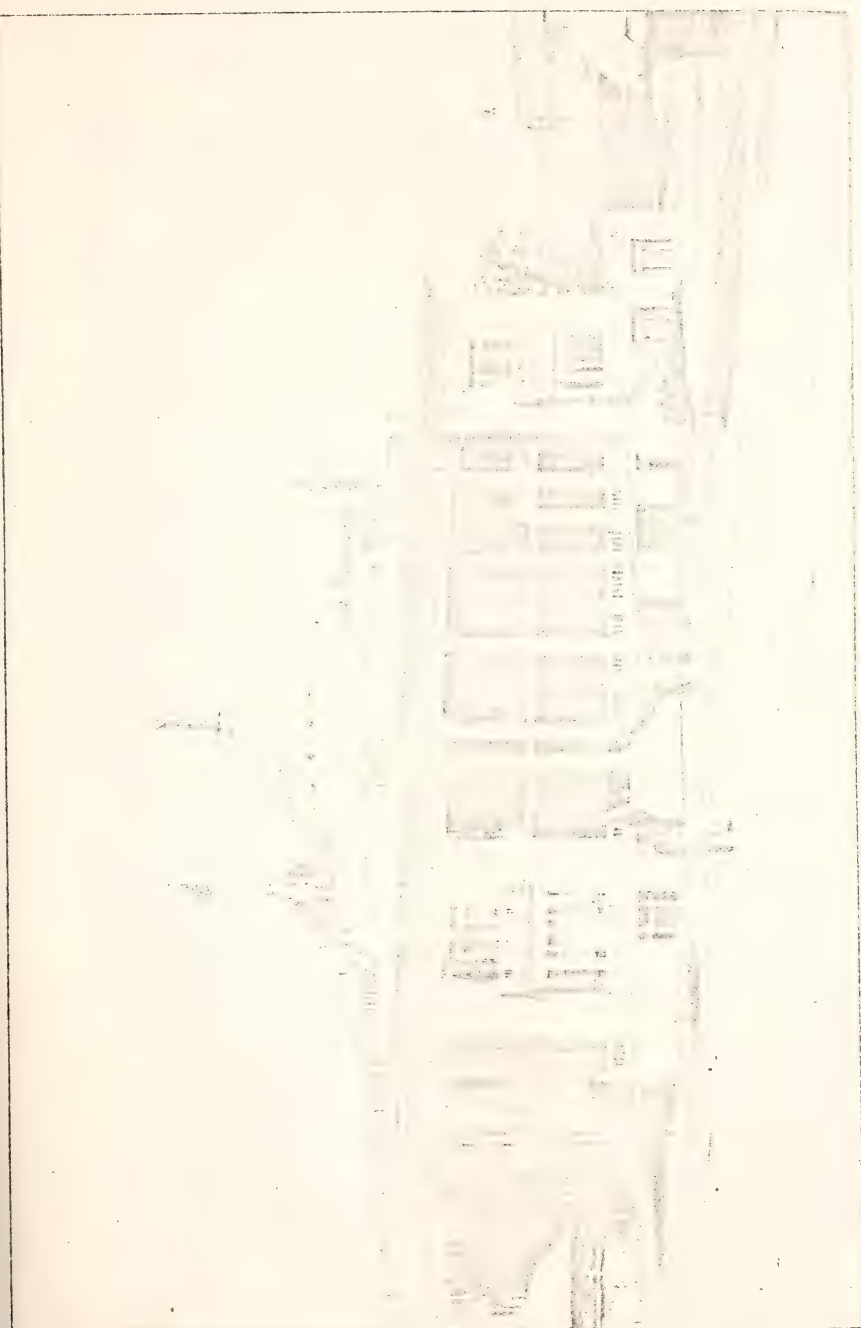
EDITED BY WM. H. EGLE, M. D.,

Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Historical, Genealogical and Topographical.

First and Second Series just published.

ADDRESS, HARRISBURG PUBLISHING CO.
Harrisburg, Pa.



Wheatley, N. H., 1880. (See also Vol. VII, p. 22.)

American Monthly Magazine

VOL. VII. WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER, 1895. NO. 6.

THE DAUGHTERS AT ATLANTA.

SINCE the organization of this Society there has not been a better representation of its membership, nor a more enthusiastic assemblage than came together in the assembly room of the Woman's Building at the Cotton States Exposition, October 18th and 19th, 1895.

The programme as published was fully carried out by principals or alternates, with the exception of our President General, who was unavoidably detained, to her deep regret, as well as to the regret of all those present.

To a gratifying extent the women on the programme labored faithfully and intelligently carry out the trust imposed upon them, as a careful reading of the papers given, which are to follow, will testify.

The women from the North, South, East, and West were there in harmonious and cordial relations, unitedly and enthusiastically working for the cause they hold so dear.

This introduction would not be complete without acknowledgment of cordial welcome and open hospitality extended to the members of this Society by the Woman's Board and ladies

Atlanta. They were days full of sweet memories; not only as there given a stronger impetus to the great movement of stirring patriotism and love of country, but the shuttle that carried the thread of new friendships and closer relationships. It weave a fabric that will always contain the story in outline of those golden days when we came into closer touch with the intelligent and thoughtful women of the South, who have seen their opportunity and have crystallized out of the shad-

ows of the past and the sunshine of the now virtues of heart and brain, and erected a memorial of their courage, their power, and strength which will add luster to the glory of this great Republic.

This is not the time or place to say all that is in our heart to say of the Exposition, but if any one asks, will it pay to go to Atlanta? we answer, yes. You will not see the World's Fair, but you will see what is more to every American, what a section of your own country can do: and it is something of which every American can be proud.

Eminent men on the jury of awards, in a public endorsement of the Exposition, had the following to say of the Woman's Building:

"Women have made most important contributions to this Exposition. The Woman's Building, designed by a woman, is entitled, in the opinion of one of our most highly qualified judges, to a place next to the highest among all the constructions of Piedmont Park. The illustrations of woman's work are attractive and suggestive. The services rendered by women in collecting and exhibiting papers, relics, mementoes pertinent to Colonial and Revolutionary history, promote a spirit of patriotism, a love of our social institutions, and the preservation of records hitherto overlooked and neglected. There is here a rare opportunity to see many original documents and portraits. The educational and charitable work is excellent, and in all departments of embroidery and other branches of decorative art the exhibits of the Woman's Building are unsurpassed."

It was the indomitable courage, perseverance, and energy of these women that first raised the money for their building, and secondly, knew no such word as fail when they set out on a certain line for exhibits.

The woman's patent exhibit is a good example. For the first time in the history of our Government there is a Government exhibit of woman's patents in the Woman's Building. It did not get there without energetic effort.

For the first time they have an exhibit covering the whole history of lace making from the Smithsonian, the collection of Professor Wilson. This exhibit will be generously illustrated

in the December *Cosmopolitan*, showing the uniqueness and value of the exhibit.

The Congresses have been up to high water mark, and the assembly room, in which most of them are held, was ideal in appointment and decoration. The details of this building have been so often given to the public it does not need repeating here, but we can say that the interest of the public seemed to center in the Woman's Building: the crowd was always found there.

We rejoice in the opportunity given us to join with them in their triumph. We have brought home with us a grateful remembrance of their proffered courtesies, their beautiful city, the wonderful creations within the Exposition gates which their skill, industry, and enterprise have produced.

All honor is due to the "Gate City" and its generous hearted people!

M. S. L.

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN CONGRESS

IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING,
OCTOBER 18, 1895.

MRS. GORDON'S WELCOME.

AFTER delightful music from the Mexican orchestra, Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, chairman of Woman's Congresses, and prominently associated with the Daughters of the American Revolution, made an appropriate address of welcome, and introducing Mrs. William Dickson, Regent of the Atlanta Chapter, said:

"The significance of the union of the great body of women known as the Daughters of the American Revolution cannot be overestimated. From every section of our country America's daughters have enrolled their names until our organization is known around the world and is loved and honored by every member. The knowledge that our ancestors were united by common interests, that their hopes and fears and patriotism were one and the same in loyal intensity, is a great and beautiful influence which has swept aside all sec-

tional barriers and forever buried the bitter differences which came so near wrecking us in the strife of civil war. We stand a loyal, loving band of united sisters, holding and cherishing the dear traditions of our forefathers, reaching out and moving onward and upward in all the true interests of humanity, and filling the hearts of our children and friends with the fearlessness and faith and the enthusiasm of a great and beautiful purpose. As chairman of the Woman's Congresses of the International and Cotton States Exposition, and as a loyal member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it gives me great pleasure to greet you, our visiting Chapters, and to extend to you the courtesies and freedom of our city. What we are, we show you; what we have, is yours. And now, allow me the happiness of introducing to you the Regent of our Atlanta Chapter, Mrs. William Dickson, whose far-reaching interest and wide-spreading influence has made her name a lasting power."

To Mrs. Dickson may be attributed much of the success due the organization in Atlanta. She has taken unselfish interest in everything pertaining to its success, and the social features of the meeting here have all been under her special direction. She is a woman of ability and strong character, and her interest in an undertaking assures its success. Mrs. Dickson, in her address introducing Mrs. Morgan, said:

MRS. DICKSON'S WELCOME.

"*Ladies:*—As Regent of the Atlanta Chapter it is my pleasing duty to welcome to Atlanta and to Georgia the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution. The names which are used in the scription of the organization assembled here themselves stir the heart and strike upon the ear with the exhilaration of a trumpet blast. Involuntarily, the mind is aroused and memory sweeps us backward to the time in the history of our Republic when the woodsman's axe first began to ring out in our forests in clearing the path for a wonderful—almost miraculous—development; to the grand elder day when the strong and healthful bodies of the daughters of America were clad in sober domestics, and the dames of a rising and mighty nation were busied with the coarse fabrics

which were slowly evolved from the drowsy fireside looms. Atlanta is new and daring; but Georgia is old, very old, and staid and dignified. One hundred and sixty-five years ago our then royal master, King George II of England, granted his letters patent for 'the settling of the Colony of Georgia,' and from that date until this, either as a royal Colony or a sovereign State, Georgia has been making giant strides in the direction of intellectual, social, and commercial greatness, with the present prophesy of a destiny which it were difficult to find proper words to prefigure. To-day Georgia is loyal, peaceful, prosperous. Her factories are vocal with the hum of flying wheels and her fields are white with snowy cotton.

"Georgia is and always has been American to the heart's core. She had far less reason for dissatisfaction, fewer grievances by far to complain of, than any of the original thirteen Colonies, but when her sister Colonies, which were more accessible to England and more exposed to the arrogance and rapacity of a foreign master, raised the cry of oppression and public distress, Georgia was among the first to strike hands in a defensive union, and her soldiers among the boldest in striking blows for American Independence. The blood of her sons 'stains the sweet scenery' of every battlefield which Americans have fought. The hatred of oppression and the generous love of freedom which inspired her heart in the days of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge still characterize her people, intensified only by years of experience of the true worth of liberty. Ah, with what pleasure Georgia contemplated the union of States and with what ardent joy she settled herself in her queenly seat as one of the States of the United States of America. How much she loved and still loves our national traditions, the memory of past achievements, the footprints, so numerous now, which mark the stately step springs of liberty on these shores. How much she loves the old flag, the stars and stripes which now wrap in their folds so much of human glory, and with what enthusiasm and sincerity she can to-day cry out in the voice of one of her peerless sons, 'Flag of the Union, wave on, wave ever!' In the midst of these buildings filled with the evidences of her industry and thrift, of her intellect and taste, of her peace and contentment, she proudly

invokes the natural sentiment and unhesitatingly invites the confidence and affection of the people of all the States, of all patriotic Americans whose homes and whose strivings are bound in by our two oceans.

"She welcomes with pride and pleasure the distinguished ladies in whose veins flow the blood of our founders, of the patriotic Colonists, and the American soldiers who bared their breasts and freely yielded up their lives to establish the Nation and make possible the glory and happiness of this era.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, to this venerable soil, and to the homes and hearts of Georgians."

MRS. MORGAN'S ADDRESS.

*Madam President General, Members of the National Board
Daughters of the American Revolution:—*



MRS. S. B. C. MORGAN,
State Regent of Georgia.

Pardon me that I pause so long before bidding you welcome to our State; it is not that ordinary words of greeting fail me, but because I realize with a deep sense of my inability to meet the requirements, that on such an occasion, in such presence, only one form of expression is fitting and appropriate and that—the best! But, however lamely and impotently the words

drag along from the tongue of the selected mouthpiece, believe me, the hearts of the Daughters in Georgia are glad with an exceeding joy at your coming and extend to you cordial, hospitable welcome, and give you the handclasp that tells of a recognized sisterhood, a community of interest, a catholic zeal for the common good, and a personal regard of a knowledge of individual worth and honorable ancestry. In the economy of our Society's progress I believe the proceedings and results of this day will bear an acknowledged influence; it will be a red letter day at least to us in Georgia.

Daughters of distant States, we have invited you to come to us that you might enter into the inner sanctuary of our hearts and homes; you have generously responded to that call, with

kindly interest, and, I am sure, reciprocal regard. With souls aglow, with pride in you as individuals and as members of an organization that is destined to become a great patriotic university, furnishing the best Americanizing influences to generations to come, we welcome you with open arms in our ranks, with an earnestness that must commend itself for the very honesty of its purpose.

Bless our dear old State! Her daughters never had a prouder day than this, when they meet within her borders: without regard to geographical boundary and without regard to preconceived idea or prejudice, "the descendants of the men and women of the Revolution, with their blood warm at our hearts, their names our proudest boast, their calm strength and unconscious grandeur of life the grandest ensemble among mortal men," the light of whose splendid deeds is shining down upon us to-day, illuminating our faces, strengthening our hearts, and drawing us, with magnetic force, close together as we meet in the utmost good fellowship and peace, proclaiming our common heritage as American women in the grandest estate ever left by fathers to children. And it is our great object to-day to conserve the memory of these fathers, patriots pure and lofty, and to hand down on the "pages of poets and of sages" their story to evoke the admiration of all succeeding time.

The South, that has been so conspicuous in action, has written little history peculiarly its own. Many of you, who have kindly come to us to-day, are visitors for the first time to our Southland. We are anxious that you should know us at our best, that you should recognize every tie that binds us together as one people, to show you cause why you should love us. The want of appreciation of, and the necessity for the preservation of public records in the South, has been, and to a large extent still is, appalling.

Thomas Nelson Page, worthy son of a long line of illustrious ancestors, tells us why these records are sparse—that "proud, independent of dominant spirit, accustomed to lead and command, the Southerner recognized no tribunal that had power to pass upon his acts, recognized no necessity for records, when there was no one higher than himself to whose approval to submit them." So he went on regardless of time, content

to give personal, individual attention to the present, thinking not of fame or glory, content to consecrate himself to that immortal devotion to duty which embraced the best interest of our common country, knowing no South nor North nor East nor West.

In the light of subsequent events, the failure of the South to write books, to have a literature, was a grievous mistake, an injustice to itself and to posterity: for it has allowed the finger of time to blur from the memory of man much of its glory. But, like a palimpsest of old, it is not wholly erased—it is dimmed, and overwritten by legend and error and fiction pure and simple; but we have only to carefully dust away the pencilling of succeeding years and read plainly the imperishable truth written beneath.

We can but lightly touch upon a few of the services rendered by the South to our common country. I am sure it is in recognition of those services that you have come to us to-day. You are too true and courteous yourselves to ascribe the following summary to self-glorification as a section, but will only see the desire on our part to match our glories with yours, and to prove the beauty and value of the various precious stones which go to make up the splendor of the majestic arch of our Republic. The first Colony in America was planted in the South. The South issued the first proclamation that established the principle of freedom of conscience ever known to the world. It was a Southern Patrick Henry who struck the "Alarum bell" and sent forth the note of Liberty vibrating through the land to find an echo from the granite hills of the North to the sayonahs of the South.

It was a Southerner, Nelson, of Virginia, who wrote the "Bill of Rights," and had moved in the Congress a resolution that declared that we ought and had a right to be a free and independent people.

It was a Southerner, oh! Ye Daughters of the American Revolution, that wrote the Declaration of Independence. It was from the South that our immortal Washington went forth to lead our armies to victory. It was the same grand hero who, in time of peace, as our first President, led us to grander triumphs.

Southern intellect and Southern patriotism largely molded the Constitution, that instrument that has called forth the unqualified admiration of mankind, of which Gladstone said, "It was the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time from the brain and for the purposes of man."

The South furnished Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, and Taylor to the presidential chair. She gave the chief of chief justices, John Marshall, and his hardly less illustrious successor, Roger B. Taney. Louisiana, through Southern management and Southern finesse, instead of being a French Republic is to-day a bright star on the blue field of our country's flag. To the South it is due that Texas is not an independent government, but a tower of strength as a sister State.

In peace and in war, in the councils of the Nation and in the conflict of armies, the South has ever held a prominent place, ever ready to serve or command, devoting all that is best in her to the good of the whole: unselfish, altruistic, and liberty-loving since the first English foot was planted on American soil.

And we can add farther stress to the claim we make—that under all circumstances the South has contributed its full quota to your glory and success, for in the late Civil War your great commander, Ulysses S. Grant, your greater President, Abraham Lincoln, the successful captain of the army of the Cumberland, George H. Thomas, and the distinguished admiral that so often rode the crest of the wave to victory, Farragut, were all of Southern blood. Then do you not indeed feel that you tread on historic ground, ground rich in memories that are precious to you as to us, when you come to our Southland which so eagerly and lovingly greets you? And Georgia, founded by the noble and generous Oglethorpe, protected and fostered by that high souled old red man, Tomochechi, for whose good Whitfield and John and Charles Wesley labored so faithfully, which was so well served by Benjamin Franklin. That Colony which, while generously protected and kindly treated by the King, sprang to arms to protest against the wrongs perpetrated on the sister Colonies: which cried "shame!" shame!" in the face of the royal governor over the

Stamp Act because it bore heavily on the brothers northward. That Colony which though youngest of the thirteen sisters was fourth in point of time to sign the Constitution. Whose sons robbed the royal magazine at Savannah of its powder to send it to speak in no measured terms for liberty at the battle of Bunker Hill: the product of whose rice fields fed the poor at Boston, made needy by the closing of the port: whose soil has been honored by the footprints of Washington, Lafayette, Kosciusko; tradition says also Marshal Ney, of France, and the heroic Captain Rudolph. Whose liberties have been battled for by Mad Anthony Wayne, Light Horse Harry Lee, the dashing Pulaski, the gallant O'Estaing, and last, but not least, Nathaniel Greene whose ashes have found sepulture in the bosom of the State he so nobly and ably defended, and whose memory lives in the heart of every true Georgian. This Commonwealth bids you welcome! thrice welcome! and the greeting we extend you is schooled from its marble quarries: the magnolia with its white and fragrant flower bends in stately obeisance before you: the gray mosses twined around the stately oaks and swaying in the whispering winds: the songsters of the forests: and the music of the pines, all join in expressing gladness in your coming. The japonica, with its pure and spotless beauty, turns to you to show its serene joy in the hour. Georgia, from its cities, its green fields, its mountains and its valleys, from homes and hearts of its people bids you welcome! The State—it is yours!

At the conclusion of Mrs. Morgan's address, Mrs. Joseph Thompson made an address of welcome to the distinguished guests of the city, and in a charming way expressed her pleasure and happiness at welcoming them to Atlanta. Mrs. Thompson said:

MRS. THOMPSON'S FORMAL WELCOME.

*"Daughters of the American Revolution:—*This generation has inaugurated and is now carrying to successful issue a revolution as fundamental in its consequences to womankind as was the American Revolution to mankind. The latter was fought out at bayonet's point and to the music of the cannon's roar. But the inspiration of our revolution is to be found in

Mrs. Emma M. Thompson,
President Woman's Board, Atlanta Exposition.

the justice, intelligence, and love that Christian civilization has given to the world. Daughters of both revolutions are here—worthy of the ancestral blood that comes from Revolutionary sires and Colonial dames!

"The battling for political, religious, and personal rights has given to the world more than the realization of Plato's dream. This great Republic of the New World can only culminate in a grander and broader freedom of thought, action, and achievement for all her citizens, irrespective of sex. Thus clasping hands with you in your beautiful aspirations toward perpetuating the memory of this heroic past, we extend you tender welcome.

"Your excellent Order is but another of those now so numerous organizations looking toward a union of hearts and brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity, of which poets have sung and philosophers dreamed. 'That divine event toward which all creation tends,' when all shall move to victory under one banner, and that banner over them shall be love."

"Catching your inspiration as I stand here to-day, the representative of woman's part in this Exposition—in this hour of

hope's fairest fruition to me--aglow with aspirations of future usefulness. I rejoice to feel that in my ancestry are united both North and South. Born and reared beneath these sunny skies--treasuring the traditions, history, and civilization of the old and new South, yet I trace with pride ancestral rooting in old Plymouth Rock. I rejoice to see you here, and thank you in the name of the Woman's Board for the contribution you make us of your sacred and valued relics, Revolutionary and Colonial. We have a beautiful home in which they may be displayed to great advantage and where they will have protection commensurate to their priceless value. They will interest all who see them and tell their story to the young and old, awakening renewed interest in the history of our country, ever suggesting the vast debt we owe for the blessing of freedom and kindling anew the fires of patriotism.

"May I be permitted to remark on the broadening and nationalizing effect of your organization. How, even in the present growing spirit of fraternity between the sections of this country, it still further cements the ties formerly sundered by civil strife, and binds together its members in bonds of love--for it knows no North, no South, no East nor West. In every town and hamlet, from ocean to ocean, in humble cottage as in gorgeous palace, are to be found the descendants of the sires of the Revolution who alike find membership and companionship in your distinguished Order.

"Thus do you subserve your high purposes in reviving through all sources the names and the fame of the patriots of the Revolution, and giving to all in accord with the spirit and genius of our free institutions the honor such lineage confers. Thus will you further increase your numbers until yours will indeed be a grand army, enlisted under proud banners and for worthy and exalted purposes.

"Again, ladies, I bid you welcome, and express the hope that you may find your visit so agreeable as not to be soon forgotten, while to us it will ever be a pleasant and abiding memory."

“OUR HISTORY.”

[Paper of Miss Eugenia Washington, read at the Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at Atlanta, Georgia, in the Woman's Building, Cotton States Exposition, by Miss J. E. H. Richards, Friday, October 18, 1895. Introduction by Miss Janet E. H. Richards.]

INTRODUCTION.

Madam Chairman, Colonial Dames, and Daughters of the American Revolution:



MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON,
Honorary Vice President General.

—As many of you are perhaps aware, our honored fellow-member, Miss Eugenia Washington, whose paper I am about to read you, has been suffering for several months past from a serious affliction of the eyes, which by order of her oculist has rendered complete rest imperative, and made it necessary that she should seek the aid of an amanuensis in preparing her paper for this Congress. Having requested me to

assist her in this task, she has furnished me with all the data, and under her supervision, and at times dictation, and with the approval of the chairman of your Committee on Programme, this paper has been prepared.

In reviewing the early history of great movements it is often discovered that from negligence in keeping first records, and failure to realize their importance in the beginning, many facts are forgotten or confused, and important links are often alto-

gether dropped, which seriously interfere with accuracy and embarrass the would-be historian when the hour arrives wherein it is deemed desirable to compile, say, an article for one of the great encyclopedias, giving, for example, an authentic sketch of the origin and development of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution! Before it is too late, therefore, to gather up these early threads, it has been thought advisable by your Committee on Programme to direct that such a paper be written for this Congress, giving in detail all the facts pertaining to the origin and first development of our Society, together with a brief statement of its present status.

In dealing with this most interesting and important subject I may be permitted to say, as Miss Washington's collaborator, and as a charter member of the Society, familiar with its early history, that certainly no one could have been chosen from the entire ranks of its membership better fitted both by personal participation and untiring interest for the task of preparing a complete, accurate, and impartial history of the organization from the very hour of its birth than Miss Washington.

In going over the data with her I have been repeatedly impressed with her spirit of fairness, and her earnest desire to do justice in every particular to each one bearing any part, however trivial, in the initial work of establishing the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

On the 11th of this month, as you doubtless remember, we celebrate our fifth official birthday, having enjoyed, as will be seen, five months of unofficial infancy, so to speak, before attaining to the dignity of full and formal baptism. Since that date we have, as a Society, enjoyed an era of unprecedented growth, having, in spite of unavoidable obstacles and temporary storms, prospered beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. To-day our membership list includes 10,300 names--as many as the combined memberships of the two societies of the "Sons" (though both of these societies were in the field several years before us). Regents, who are doing active service, have been appointed in forty-five States and Territories, having at work under them three hundred Chapter Regents. Our rolls include the descendants of the best and most honored names on the pages of our national history, while the records of thousands

of humbler heroes, before unhonored and unstung, have been brought to light and carefully filed with the application papers of their patriotic descendants.

So strong and vital is the interest felt from Maine to Florida, and from Florida to the Pacific, in the development of the Society, that on four successive occasions delegates and national officers have journeyed from the most remote sections of our broad land to attend the Annual Congress of the Daughters, held during the week of February 22d, at the Nation's capital. And to-day you find us again assembled in this beautiful capital of the fair Southland, in response to the invitations sent us by the patriotic Daughters of Atlanta, who have arranged this Congress as one of the educational features of their magnificent Exposition.

In view of so proud a record the question that naturally interests us as Daughters of the American Revolution is to discover to whom belongs, in point of time, the honor of first thinking of the Society, and to whom is due the credit of helping it through its "first summer"—that precarious period of feeble infancy—and bringing it safely to the font (already a sturdy and thriving child) on that 11th of October, 1890.

To this task we have addressed ourselves, endeavoring to condense in a twenty minutes' paper the most important of these interesting facts. In tracing the origin of new ideas, you have, perhaps, remarked that it is frequently the case that the thought has sprung into being, spontaneously as it were, from the brains of several kindred spirits, often widely separated and unknown to one another, at almost the same time. This is true in part of the origin of our Society. The time, it seems, was ripe for such a movement, and no less than four or five patriotic women, it appears, were moved in different ways, and within a few weeks of one another to contribute to its development.

The circumstances which directly gave rise to the movement may be traced to the Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, held at Louisville, Kentucky, on April 30, 1890. Already the formation of the two societies of the "Sons" had rekindled that patriotic flame which was destined to spread abroad throughout our land and illumine with patriotic fire the

hearts and minds of thousands of Americans of Revolutionary lineage, both men and women, but which as yet had not resulted in the formation of our own beloved Society.

At the Congress of the Sons—already referred to, at Louisville, in the spring of 1890, the question of admitting women to the lists of membership had arisen, and unfortunately for the Sons (as the event proved), but most fortunately for the Daughters, the vote was adverse to their admission. The *Washington Post* of the next morning, May 1, gave a full account of the defeat of the ladies at Louisville, all of which was read by Miss Eugenia Washington and filled her with a certain indignation—and at the same time stimulated in her a desire to organize an independent society of women, to be known as the "Daughters of the American Revolution."

ADDRESS OF MISS WASHINGTON.

Taking the *Post* with me on the evening of May 1, 1890, I called upon Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, who was then a guest of Mrs. Colonel English, the widow of an army officer, living at 1907 N street in Washington, and was, as I then supposed, a lineal descendant of John Adams, second President of the United States. The fact that Mrs. Darling was proved afterwards to be the descendant of a cousin of John Adams, and also that she left our Society later under unpleasant circumstances, does not in the least affect these facts, nor deprive her of her just share of participation in the incidents I am about to relate.

My first question upon meeting Mrs. Darling on that May evening, 1890, was, "Have you seen and read the *Post* of this morning?" She replied, "Yes." We then began to discuss the subject, and I said, "Mrs. Darling, why can't we form a Society of our own?" To which she enthusiastically replied, "That is a capital idea! Let's do it! You will be a president; I, vice president—Washington and Adams!" She then remarked, "I am invited to lunch at General Wright's (a Son of the American Revolution) to-morrow, and I will then talk to him about our organizing a Society of the Daughters." With this agreement we parted.

A few evenings later Mrs. Darling called to see me, and I

immediately asked, "What did General Wright say?" She replied, "He says don't organize the Daughters yet-- wait till the Sons meet again in February, and see what they will do then toward admitting ladies to their Society." To which I instantly replied, "No, we won't wait. We will do it without asking General Wright or the 'Sons' either." To this Mrs. Darling agreed, but added, "I do not think the summer a good time to organize a society, as so many people leave the city early for the summer resorts. So let us wait till October, that would be the very time to organize."

As Mrs. Darling was about to leave the city herself to spend the summer at Culpeper, Virginia, I agreed to defer further action till her return the last of September, when we planned to take the matter up again and formally organize the Society. During the summer months, so great was our interest in the matter that we kept up a correspondence on the all-absorbing subject, many letters being exchanged.

In the meantime, unknown to me, as I was then unknown to her, another patriotic woman at Washington was aroused it seems by the action of the "Sons" at a subsequent meeting held in Washington in June (confirming the Louisville decision excluding ladies from their Society), and on July 13 she published in the *Washington Post* a stirring article on the bravery and patriotism of a woman of the Revolution, entitled "Women Worthy of Honor," giving the story of Hannah Arnett. The writer of this brilliant article was the chairman of your Committee on Programme to-day and the editor of our Magazine, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood. [Applause.]

Referring to the "exclusion act" of the Sons, Mrs. Lockwood asked in this article, Why and on what ground could such action be taken in a Society organized to commemorate a conflict in which women had borne so heroic and prominent a part? "Why do men and women (she wrote) band themselves to commemorate a one-sided heroism?"

Among those who read this forceful article was Mr. William O. McDowell, of Newark, New Jersey, who, fourteen months previous had assisted in organizing the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at New York.

This gentleman, it appears, had from the first favored the admission of women to the Society of the Sons, and failing in that, had for some time contemplated issuing a call to the patriotic women of the land having the blood of Revolutionary heroes in their veins, offering to assist them in forming a woman's society.

Upon reading Mrs. Lockwood's article Mr. McDowell was stimulated anew to the carrying out of his original design, and immediately wrote to the *Washington Post* a letter embodying his idea, and concluding with a formal "Call for the Organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

This was published in the *Post* of July 27, eight days after Mrs. Lockwood's article.

As it afterwards transpired, five Washington women, each unknown to the rest, responded to this call of Mr. McDowell. These ladies were Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. Hannah McL. Wolff, Mrs. Louise Knowlton Brown, Mrs. Mary Morris Halliwell, and myself (Miss Eugenia Washington).

In a few days Mr. McDowell replied to Miss Desha, who, in her letter, had asked the practical question, "Tell us how to go about it?" suggesting that a meeting be called at once of the five ladies who had written to him, for the purpose of preliminary organization, the election of officers, etc., and that arrangements be made for a grand meeting to be held on Columbus Day, namely, October 11, 1890.

He enclosed the names and addresses of the ladies referred to, and acting upon his suggestion Miss Desha at once notified the rest of us (then all unknown to one another), and on invitation of Mrs. Louise Knowlton Brown, our first meeting was held at her residence on K street. The date of this meeting, as near as I can recall, was about July 25. Several other ladies known to be of Revolutionary lineage were notified by Miss Desha, including Mrs. Lockwood, who replied expressing interest, but regretting inability to be present owing to her exacting duties as a member of the Board of Lady Managers for the World's Fair. Five were present, namely: Mrs. Brown, our hostess, Miss Desha, Mrs. Hannah Wolff, Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, and myself. The seven who were notified and did not come were: Miss Alice Meikelham, Mrs. Issa Desha Brack-

inridge, Miss S. P. Breckinridge, Miss Virginia S. Grigsby, Mrs. Elizabeth Guion Pierson, Mrs. Catharine Madeira, and Miss Sallie Norvell. Mrs. Darling, it will be remembered, was still absent at Culpeper, Virginia, and knew nothing of the above proceedings till informed of them by letter from me.

Quite a general discussion of the subject in hand ensued at this meeting at Mrs. Brown's, but owing to the small attendance we decided to defer any formal action till fall, when "everyone" would be back in town again, and I remember speaking of Mrs. Darling and telling of our talks on the subject of the Society in the previous May, and saying that she would be useful to help us organize upon her return from Virginia. Miss Desha was requested to write at once and inform Mr. McDowell that we had decided to postpone action for the present. The story of the remainder of our work during July, August, and September of that year is accurately told by Miss Desha in her little pamphlet on the origin of the Society, published in 1891--the gist of which is given by Mrs. Walworth in an article in the *AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE* for July, 1893, entitled, "The Origin of the National Society." The facts are briefly these: In reply to Miss Desha's letter reporting on the adjournment till fall, agreed upon at Mrs. Brown's, Mr. McDowell wrote under date of July 30, 1890, strongly urging that another meeting be called at once, sending at the same time a number of "application blanks" of the Sons, a full plan of organization, a proposed constitution, and a handsome new blank book for the constitution when amended and accepted by the Daughters.

As a further indication of interest and good-fellowship Mr. McDowell enclosed an application for membership and a check for his initiation fee and annual dues. These are preserved among the archives of the Society. Upon receipt of this letter and accompanying papers it was decided by the ladies to hold another meeting and organize at once. This meeting was called to meet in Mrs. Walworth's apartment at the Langham, on August 9. Owing to the inclement weather and continued absence from the city of many notified, there were but three ladies present, namely: Mrs. Walworth, Miss Desha, and myself.

After waiting more than an hour, hoping that others would

arrive, we decided that rather than delay the matter further we would go forward with the work of organization, and in order to make a beginning name a list of officers at once.

And right here, in the light of the present size and importance of our Society, in case anyone should feel inclined to criticize or call in question this action on the part of three women, let it be remembered that then there was no society: that this was literally the first definite step toward calling an organization into existence. This work, therefore, could certainly not be regarded as a usurpation of the duties or prerogatives of anyone, since no one else responded to the call sent out by Miss Desha, our acting secretary, to every woman of Revolutionary lineage known to us in the city. And not only were these written notices sent, but in several instances personal interviews were held with those whom we specially hoped would be present to help us with the work of organization. I remember myself of going through the heat of a July evening after office to persuade one lady to attend—who after all, failed us. We three women therefore went to work and agreed upon the following points: First and most important, that the Society in Washington should be the National Society: that in order to make a beginning, and a good beginning, we would request Mrs. Benjamin Harrison to be our President and Mrs. Levi P. Morton our Treasurer.

Our Board of Management we named as follows: Mrs. Mary Orr Earle, Mrs. Hannah McL. Wolff, Mrs. Flora Adams Darling, Mrs. Louise Knowlton Brown, Miss S. P. Breckinridge, Miss Virginia Shelby Grisby, and Miss Mary Desha.

Mrs. Walworth agreed to act as Secretary and I as Registrar.

Miss Desha, Mrs. Walworth and myself went to work at once. Notices of their appointment were sent at once to all the ladies named, and formal notes of acceptance were received from Miss S. P. Breckinridge, Miss Virginia Grisby, Mrs. Earle (who promised to send application blanks among her friends in South Carolina), and Mrs. Darling. Mrs. Harrison and her niece, Mrs. Dimmick, signified their intention of becoming members as soon as they could consult Mrs. Harrison's aged father, Dr. Scott, who could inform them of the services of their Revolutionary ancestors. The result of this appoint

ment you all know. Mrs. Harrison was our honored first President, serving us from her formal election on October 11, 1890, till her lamented death in October, 1892.

From Mrs. Darling, still at Culpeper, we received a note of acceptance, dated August 30, in which she said, in part:

"I thank you for suggesting my name as one of the Board of Managers, which I accept. * * * I really have no aspirations or qualifications for any office of responsibility, and wish others more qualified to fill the offices, but if there is a position for which I am qualified it is that of Historian. * * * I am glad to become a member of the Washington Society. As our Society is the first, let it be made the Mother House, and State Societies regard us as the head.

Sincerely,

FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

Letters were written to friends of known Revolutionary descent in Virginia, Kentucky, and South Carolina, and the application blanks sent by Mr. McDowell, with the word "Sons" scratched out and "Daughters" written above, were distributed among many ladies in Washington, pending the publication of our own blanks of application.

A letter requesting her to join the Society was also written to Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, of New York who replied under date of August 22, 1890: "My own people fought and bled in the War of Independence, and my daughters are eligible through their father's family."

From all of which it will be seen that this little meeting of three ladies held at the Langham on August 9 was not without appreciable results.

In order to give further impetus to the movement and bring in new members, a notice was published in the *Washington Post* of August 18, written by Miss Desha, and headed "Daughters of the American Revolution: A Movement to Perpetuate the Memory of a Heroic Period." This notice went on to state the purposes and objects of the Society: that eligibility consisted in being "lineally descended from an ancestor who assisted in establishing American Independence either as a military or naval officer," etc., and concluding with the words, "It is most earnestly requested that those women eligible for membership will send their names to Miss Eugenia Washington, Registrar, 813 Thirteenth street, Washington, D. C."

To this notice many replies were received, and additional

strength was thereby imparted to the movement, this notice being copied in papers all over the country.

We next set about considering the constitution sent us by Mr. McDowell, and revising it to meet the needs of the Society of the Daughters. This constitution as revised was first submitted to the Society at the meeting of October 11 following.

Next, in order to learn what changes we should make in our application blanks, which we were about to have printed, Miss Desha and I went, in the latter part of August, to see Mr. Howard A. Clark, Assistant Registrar of the Sons of the American Revolution, who very kindly devoted almost the entire morning to us, advising us how to avoid the mistakes made by the "Sons" in the preliminary steps of organization and helping us draw up an application blank suitable for the needs of a National Society.

On September 18 our first three hundred application blanks, Daughters of the American Revolution, were printed, and also the following small circular, which we enclosed in every letter we sent out:

NAME: Daughters of the American Revolution.

OBJECTS: To perpetuate the memory and spirit of the women and men of the Revolutionary period.

To collect and preserve historical and biographical records, documents, and relics, and to obtain portraits of eminent American women.

Initiation; \$1. Annual, \$2. Life membership, \$25.

For myself I can truthfully say I spent hours—nay, days of time in distributing the new application blanks, copying the above circular before we had any printed, and writing explanatory letters.

As to the expense attending the printing of these first documents, I may add that, being a Society as yet without a bank account, all costs were met by the private purses of the three organizers.

Notices were also put in all the papers stating that I was Registrar and all applications for membership be sent to me, and preparations for a large meeting were being made.

In fact Mrs. Walworth was already negotiating for the use of the Arlington hotel for regular meetings, when, to our great surprise, came the following letter from Mrs. Darling, who

had meantime returned to the city, and who wrote thus on October 7 to Miss Desha:

STRATHMORE ARMS,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *October 7th, 1890.*

MY DEAR MISS DESHA:

Mr. McDowell will be with me at this hotel to organize the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, October 11, 2 p. m. It is our joint request that you accept the office of president of the Board of Managers of the Society. We know of no one better equipped to fill the position than yourself, and trust you will be pleased to accept.

Sincerely,

FLORA ADAMS DARLING.

A somewhat similar letter was written to Mrs. Walworth.

For myself, instead of writing, Mrs. Darling came to my house to see me on the evening of October 8, and told me of her intentions with regard to the proposed meeting of October 11. Seeing that her idea was that this would be the first meeting for real organization, I informed her fully of what we had already accomplished, and assured her that no reorganization was necessary, but suggested that we simply go on from the point already reached.

This I could the more readily do, being the one who had first consulted with her upon the subject of the Society the previous May, and having also written her full accounts of our proceedings during the summer. I also reminded her of her letter of acceptance of a place on the Board of Managers, dated August 30.

When we parted, therefore, Mrs. Darling seemed to concur in all I said, and added—"Well, then, we'll simply have a larger meeting and begin on a larger scale. Elect more officers and effect a more complete organization."

With this understanding, and with no idea that she designed undoing what had already been accomplished, we parted.

Meantime, unknown to me, Mrs. Walworth and Miss Desha, though greatly amazed and somewhat chagrined that the matter be thus unceremoniously taken out of their hands, had finally decided, after a long consultation, "that it was more important for the Society to be started on its broader career than that we be recognized as leaders."

The reason I was not included in this consultation was that

I happened to be out of town on important business the very day it was held.

The ladies sent for me, and not knowing I would return the next day concluded to act as already stated without me. Had I been present I should have strongly advised against any compromise.

As it was, Miss Desha at once sent to Mrs. Darling the original copy of the constitution, which we had revised, the application blanks we had had printed, and other papers relating to the work. She, however, wrote Mrs. Darling with reference to being President of the Board of Managers, that she could accept no position herself until the women who had already accepted places on the Executive Board were provided for, and she enclosed the name and address of each one.

Mrs. Walworth also wrote Mrs. Darling, in the interests of parliamentary procedure, that "as a preliminary organization had already been made it will be necessary to dissolve that in proper form and with due notice to the ladies taking part in it."

In reply to these letters Mrs. Darling wrote Miss Desha on October 8, "The papers just arrived; I shall be glad to see you Friday. * * * I want to confer with the originators and understand the work, so as to have no conflict. * * * I cannot be on the Board of Managers, nor hold any office unless Historian of the Order. * * * Your Board of Managers is all to be desired, and will all have places on the new Board excepting myself. I wish you would see me Thursday night for consultation, can you not? For you are the true head and must continue. You notify the ladies to be here Saturday to meet Mr. McDowell, and to formally organize and confirm the temporary officers chosen." * * * In explanation of Mrs. Darling's statements concerning Mr. McDowell's coöperation with her at this time, it should be said that she had entered into a correspondence with Mr. McDowell during the summer, unknown to the rest of us, and had evidently led him to understand that she was the leader and organizer of the entire movement.

Without fully understanding the state of things, therefore, and certainly without intentional discourtesy to the rest of us, Mr. McDowell had written Mrs. Darling advising her to call the

meeting, already talked of among ourselves, for October 11. The meeting took place, as proposed, at the Strathmore Arms, the home of Mrs. Lockwood, on Saturday afternoon, October 11, 1890, and the formal organization of the Society is officially dated from that day.

Eleven ladies and four gentlemen were present, all of whom signed the first formal draught of organization in the following order: Miss Harania Washington, Mrs. F. A. Darling, Mrs. E. H. Walworth, Mrs. M. M. Hallowell, Miss Susan Reviere Hetzel, Mrs. Margaret Hetzel, Mrs. Mary V. E. Cabell, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, Mrs. Alice Morrow Clark, Mrs. Ada P. Kimberly, Miss Mary Desha, Prof. G. B. Goode, Prof. W. C. Winlock, Mr. Wm. O. McDowell, and Mr. Wilson L. Gill.

On motion of Mrs. William D. Cabell, Mr. McDowell acted as chairman of the meeting, and Miss Desha was elected secretary *pro tem.* on my motion.

The constitution, which we had already considered and revised in September, was submitted and adopted, subject to further revision by a committee consisting of Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Cabell, and Miss Desha.

The formal election of officers was next proceeded with, a list corresponding with those of the "Sons" being accepted and filled.

The appointment of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison as President, already made by the three organizers at the meeting of August 9, was confirmed by a unanimous vote, her application papers having been sent her by myself as early as August 11.

In evidence of Mrs. Harrison's interest in the Society from the very first, it may be stated here that she had called in person at Mrs. Lockwood's (where this meeting was held) on the very morning of the meeting, and shown her papers (which I sent her August 11, and which she had meantime made out) to Mrs. Lockwood, and indicated her willingness (if elected) to accept the office of President.

To return to the proceedings of the meeting: The office of Vice President in Charge of Organization was next instituted and Mrs. Darling was elected to fill this office and accepted. A list of seven Vice Presidents General was next elected including Mrs. David Porter, Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Henry V. Boynton,

Mrs. General Greely, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. G. Brown Goode, and Mrs. William C. Winlock.

Mrs. Walworth's appointment as Secretary General was confirmed by election, and Mrs. William O. Earle was elected as a Second Secretary General. Mrs. Marshall MacDonald was elected Treasurer General, and my appointment as Registry General was confirmed, and Mrs. Howard A. Clark was elected as Second Registrar. The office of Historian General was next filled by the election of Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, and Miss Clara Barton was elected Surgeon General. Other offices filled were as follows: Chaplain General, Mrs. Tennie S. Hamlin; Executive Committee, Miss Mary Desha, Mrs. William D. Cabell, Mrs. E. H. Walworth, Mrs. Marshall MacDonald, Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, Miss Eugenia Washington, and Mrs. Hetzel.

An Advisory Board of the six following gentlemen was elected: Chairman, Prof. G. Brown Goode (President of the Sons of the American Revolution), Prof. W. C. Winlock, Mr. William O. McDowell, General H. V. Boynton, General Marcus J. Wright, and Mr. W. L. Gill.

A committee on insignia and seal was next appointed, and a motion was carried that the election of the first National Board of Management be deferred to an adjourned meeting to be held at the residence of Mrs. Cabell, on October 18,—just five years ago this very day!

This, ladies, is in brief a statement of the business accomplished at the meeting of October 11, 1890. A satisfactory and promising showing, as all will agree, but it must be remembered that such full and prompt organization could not have been effected save for the preliminary thought and labor given to the cause by those of us who had worked so continuously during the three preceding summer months.

It will also be noted that every officer here mentioned was duly elected by the vote of all present, no one being appointed by the act of any one member, and no one being vested with special authority greater than another. For further details concerning the history of the Society after this time we refer you to the records on file at Washington, many of which have been published in the *AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE*.

My task has been simply to give an accurate and connected

account of the preliminary work done during the summer of 1890 by those of us who have been sometimes spoken of as "the original organizers," and to clear away any confusion which may still exist in certain quarters as to the part borne in this work by Mrs. Darling. With justice to all and ill-feeling toward none, I have simply essayed to give a plain and unvarnished statement of facts, amply supported by documentary evidence, as the question is still so often asked, "What part had Mrs. Darling in organizing the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution?"

That she was the first woman whose aid I invoked to form the Society as early as May, 1890, that she was absent in Culpeper from June till October, and that I kept her fully informed of our work during the summer of that year, and valued her interest and hoped for her coöperation upon her return in the fall, is all true: but that she had any active share in the work prior to October 11, 1890, or that on that occasion she was vested with any special authority, is incorrect. As to her services from that date to the time of her resignation in the summer of 1891, that does not concern us here. My task has been to relate simply the story of preliminary organization carried on during the summer of 1890.

Another statement of historic interest which should be made here relates to the appointment of State Regents, the question having been raised as to the exact time when these offices were created and filled.

As will be noticed from the list of officers elected at the meeting of October 11, 1890, there was no mention made either of State or Chapter Regents, nor were such offices mentioned in the first constitution of the Society, known as the "Constitution of 1890."

The necessity for creating such offices first presented itself in the following winter and spring, as the work of State organization progressed: the first regular and official appointment of State Regents being made in April, 1891, and included the five following names: Mrs. Nathaniel Hogg, State Regent for Pennsylvania; Miss Louise MacAllister for New York; Mrs. Joshua Wilbour for Rhode Island; Mrs. deB. Randolph Keim for Connecticut; and Mrs. William Wirt Henry for Virginia.

When the vexed question of division arose later (upon Mrs. Darling's withdrawal from the Daughters of the American Revolution and her formation of a second Society), and a "General Conference of Regents and National Officers" was called in Washington for October 7th following, a large and gratifying attendance of both State and Chapter Regents responded. Mrs. Julia K. Hogg, Regent of Pennsylvania, having written in advance of the conference declaring her allegiance to the National Society, which was followed by letters from a large number of Regents, who accepted the action of the National Board.

At the meeting of the National Board of Management on October 7 the President General again presided. Mrs. H. V. Boynton was elected to fill the office of Vice President in Charge of Organization of Chapters. Mrs. A. Leo Knott, and Mrs. John W. Foster continuing to assist her as a committee. Mrs. Boynton, as chairman of the Committee on Organization, reported a complete list of honorary and active State Regents and Chapter Regents appointed to date. She also reported that the committee has addressed a letter to each Regent asking whether she desired to continue in office, acting in accord with the Society as organized October 11, 1890, and stated that the committee has received response from a large number of Regents who have accepted the action of the National Board and are in full harmony with it, and have signified their wish to retain their position as Regents.

Having safely weathered the storms of our first year, we were duly incorporated the "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution," under the laws of Congress on June 8, 1891, the signers of the act of incorporation being: Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, Mrs. Henrietta Greely, Mrs. Sarah E. Goode, Mrs. Mary E. MacDonald, Mrs. Ellen V. E. Cabell, Mrs. Helen M. Boynton, Miss Eugenia Washington, and Miss Mary Desha.

This, then, ladies of the Congress, is my statement, carefully considered and prepared, of the inception and first year's work of our Society.

EUGENIA WASHINGTON.

COMMITTEE OF ONE.

BY DR. ANITA NEWCOMB MILES.

This talk was an extemporaneous one on the subject of

what each Daughters can do by constituting herself a "committee of one" to promote the objects of the Society. The following is an abstract of what was said:

In the present enthusiasm for organization we are apt to overlook the fact that joining a society is not the end but only the beginning of the work which subscribing to its principles implies. A society is not a living being. It accomplishes nothing more than the sum of



DR. ANITA NEWCOMB MILES
Surgeon-General.

what its individual members achieve. Some of the Daughters do admirable and extensive administrative work, especially the active National Officers, but the National Society was not organized for the sole purpose of showing how well administrative work can be done by women.

What, then, can a single member do when she appoints herself a committee of one to promote our objects? Some have studied history, investigated and written on historical subjects, compiled genealogies or prepared biographies, collected and preserved relics and manuscripts, marked historic spots, etc. There are many other possibilities, but only a few suggestions regarding libraries will be made here. If your town has no

public library, see that one is established. If there is one, obtain for it donations of books relating to American history, biography, and genealogy. Works on special epochs and places should be included, as well as Bancroft and other standards. Put them on a shelf or shelves labeled "Daughters of the American Revolution Historical Library."

Another possibility is the cataloging of home libraries. A Daughter forms a committee of one, procures a small output for a card catalogue and studies catalogue methods. She then records all historical books belonging to Daughters or their friends, noting which may be borrowed and which consulted at the owner's house. When this is done her Chapter has at its command an unexpectedly large library which can be utilized through the medium of this card catalogue. The advantage of such a resource is too apparent to need comment.

The value and strength of our Society lies not in its thousands of members but in the number of its workers. If each and every member performed her share in promoting our objects, what might we not accomplish! The Daughters of the American Revolution lead all patriotic organizations in numbers; may they also lead in achievements.



OUR MAGAZINE.

ADDRESS BY MRS. MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

Madam President and Ladies:—I come before you to represent "Our Magazine."

In other words, I am a "drummer" for the AMERICAN MONTHLY. Daughters of the American Revolution.

I once heard of a Sunday-school teacher who asked a little boy this question: "Willie, would you rather be as wise as Solomon, as great as Julius Caesar, as rich as Croesus, as eloquent as Demosthenes, as tall as Goliath, or as good as the prophet Elijah?" Willie's answer was: "I'd rather be a drummer boy in a brass band."

MARY S. LOCKWOOD,

Editor AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Friends, I sympathize with Willie. I rather enjoy being a drummer, and I would not object to a brass band accompaniment.

To bring this subject before you, and that you may not wander in mind, I will talk from a text. In the Old Version of the Bible, the one most of us were brought up on, in the sixty-eighth Psalm, eleventh verse, we find these words, "The Lord gave his word, and great was the company who published it."

In the New Version or revised edition, which is pronounced to be most ably translated by learned men, it reads, "The

Lord gave his word, and the women who published it are a great host!"

There are two points that we must not lose sight of. In the days of good old David—there were some other good old men, too, in those days—the women were chosen by the Lord to disseminate and publish his word. We cannot fail to recognize that a new man as well as a new woman has appeared in the nineteenth century—one that is willing to translate the Scriptures truthfully if it does take away something of man's glory.

Now, if women for reason—and there must have been one—were chosen to publish the truth, after a succession of victories on behalf of the people for the redemption of Israel, is it not in keeping for women in this nineteenth century to publish and disseminate the truth of history for the victories of our fathers on behalf of this people?

Why should you be deaf when you should hear, and why should you be dumb when you should speak?

When the question is asked why this waste of precious ointment, do not forget the answer: What these women have done shall be for a memorial!

In that October afternoon, 1890, when a handful of women gathered in Washington and took the first step toward this grand organization there was no Society, no Chapters, no President, no officers, no money, no AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, but before the golden sun had set in that golden afternoon we had a Society, with a President and officers, eleven members, and thirty-three dollars in the treasury.

That was the beginning! The months passed, and with them came new members. We had one small room for headquarters, where all the work of the officers was accomplished. That is where the Registrar worked night and day, to make your calling and election sure. There the Secretaries kept you in touch with the work of the Board.

Then came our Continental Congresses, and with a membership of ten thousand to the one small room continued accessions have had to be made until we now occupy six rooms, and they are regular bee hives. This does not include the editorial room, which is in the editor's home.

There came a day when the cry went up for some medium to put our outposts in communication with headquarters.

We have told this often, that it costs no more to the Society to publish our Magazine with the official matter than it would to publish our proceedings alone, and we have gained this, Georgia is put in touch with New York, and Maine with California, the gulfs with the lakes, the Atlantic with the sunset sea. As one of our number has said, "it is the historical mill to which all the grists of tradition or memorials of Revolutionary days can be brought, and its grinding will brighten our conception of that most glorious period of history:" yes, and more: I have noted with infinite pleasure how some graceful writer of the Southland will give us glimpses of ancestral homes in the Northland, while some other from the old Granite State will give us the tender, beautiful lights and shades that floated over the Old Dominion in the days we love to honor.

If our Magazine served no other purpose than to knit loving hearts together it must and ought to live. We do believe that this will be one potent factor in our Society that will dissipate the lamentable differences of the past, and they will be swept away like the dance of the clouds of yesternight, which the west wind scattered like withered leaves: and this is not all, it will help to unify this Society into having one common cause—America for Americans. By American I mean any man or woman who puts the Old World and its prejudices behind them, and takes upon them the oath of a broad democracy and a pure patriotism.

Shall we allow all that we have so vigorously worked for and won to pass out of our hands? Is there a State or a Chapter that wants the curtain to fall, and cover up the work and the progress that is being made by the Society, and which is from month to month published in the Magazine?

Is there a society so well equipped as the Daughters of the American Revolution to carry on and publish a patriotic historical magazine? It is proof of the ground we have covered to look upon the publications that have sprung up since we have set the example. Let them multiply, we welcome them all; but can we afford to hand over what we have planted to others to reap the harvest?

We are beginning at the root of the matter by taking in the children. They have their share in the pages of the Magazine. We have often been advised to have a children's department in the Magazine. The time did not seem ripe until the National Society organized the Children's Society. The added interest shown in the Magazine by this new departure, in subscriptions and congratulatory letters, show that we have made no mistake.

Not long since two men (American born) were in the cable car passing Washington Circle in this city, when one asked whose statue it was in the center; when told that it was General Washington, they asked if he was a general in the last war!! Not either of them had ever before heard of the "Father of his Country." We expect to ply the children through the pages of the Magazine so full of George Washington, Lord Cornwallis, Pilgrim Fathers, Bunker Hill, Yankee Doodle, Fourth of July, and "Old Glory" that every boy will wish he was a drummer boy in a brass band to give vent to his patriotism and love of country; and every girl in the industries, in education, in literature, science and art, will bring her richest gifts of intellect to glorify our great Republic.

We can look forward to the day, and that not so far off, when, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, homes will be dotted, and it will matter not whether they are on the great American Plains or on Rocky Mountains-- wherever bees hum, birds sing, and children laugh, echoes of a happy home life-- there we will find "Children of the American Revolution,"

who will become familiar with their country's history and glory in the pages of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

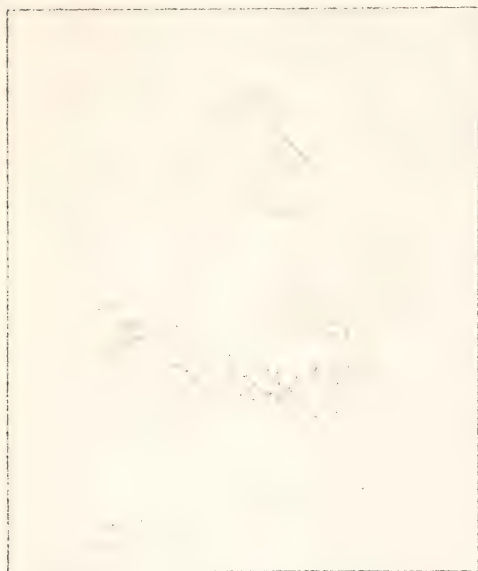


MRS. DONALD McLEAN.
Regent New York Chapter.

We have been unable to secure a copy of the eloquent speech made by Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, on the subject of "Patriotism," which was extemporaneous, and was not taken down by the stenographer.

ADDRESS BY MRS. LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON.

I AM honored by being invited—with other ladies—to repre-



MRS. LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON,
Honorary President General.

sent the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, gathered to-day in this new Mecca of the new South. Nor need I say that it gives me pleasure once again to meet you, with many of whom I have held sweet counsel in days gone by.

It is with more than ordinary pleasure that I greet you, remembering that it was my privilege to sign

the certificates of membership to the National Society of more than five thousand "Daughters." You will pardon, then, the maternal pride with which I look upon the representatives of some of my numerous family.

There can be no more fitting time than this to congratulate you upon the high character and success of your national, state, and local officers. To

"You that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power, or brains, or birth
Could give the warrior kings of old,"

is given the sacred duty of carrying to happy completion the noble work so auspiciously begun by your first President General.

The land is rife with organizations of every kind and character for the elevation and promotion of women; but the Daughters of the American Revolution are working especially for the future welfare of our country. The beneficent effect of the National Society we of this day will not know. Our children will reap the harvest.

This day we not only celebrate the surrender of the haughty Cornwallis, and the close of the Seven Years' War, but note an epoch in this land—where the sun shines brightest, the breezes are the balmiest—the home alike of brave men and fair women.

Having broken with the past, it has entered, as we believe, upon a new era of prosperity and power. In our beloved land there is no patriotic heart that does not thrill with the echo of departed woes, as events follow fast, the one upon another, which tell in unmistakable terms of buried animosities and of an "indivisible union of indestructible States."

In that silent city, which stands a little beyond the "maddening crowd" that surges in and out of that great metropolis on the lake, there rests a granite shaft above the quiet graves of those who fell by the wayside, far from home and friends.

On that memorable morning, May 30, 1895, earnest women and heroic men united heart and hand and with fervent prayer and quiet tear dedicated a monument on northern soil to the Confederate dead.

I rejoice that in the home of my adoption such things can be. All honor to the generous men and women who bowed their heads in reverence while Southerners shed quiet tears over their loved and lost.

Less than a month ago the soldiers who stood face to face during the late war were right royally welcomed to the city of Louisville. You are all doubtless familiar with that masterful speech of the noted journalist, Henry Watterson, on that occasion. However, I beg your indulgence while I read the closing sentences of that address:

"The Union, with its system of statehoods still intact survives; and with it a power and glory among men surpassing the dreams of the fathers of the Republic. You and I may fold our arms and go to sleep, leaving to younger men to hold and

defend a property ten fold greater than that received by us, its ownership unclouded and its title deeds recorded in heaven."

The scene that followed this beggars description. The hoary-headed warriors and the gray haired women clasped hands and once more alienated hearts beat as one and the chasm forever closed—as we trust—that divided a now united people.

Again, at Chattanooga the battle-scarred veterans and men of national repute, representatives of the blue and of the gray, united in accepting and dedicating the blood-bought battlefield as a national park; and there, together, blended their voices in praise and thanksgiving.

Turning for a moment from the present to the past we find that James Oglethorpe, a philanthropic member of Parliament, conceived the idea of seeking asylum for the small debtor class of England on the new continent. He obtained a charter from George II in 1732, and in his honor called the new colony Georgia.

The next year Oglethorpe, with his first company of emigrants, reached the savannah and selected a site for a city. Greatly encouraged, Oglethorpe returned to England and sent out a company of Scotch mountaineers, who settled at Darien. He returned in 1736, accompanied by John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley's hope was to convert the Indians and make Georgia a religious Colony; but failing in that within two years he returned to England. Whitfield also spent several years in the Colony, and established at Savannah an orphan asylum. In spite of all Oglethorpe's efforts the Colony did not prosper except in the Moravian settlements. In 1752 the trustees resigned their charter to the King. The liberties of the people were then extended and the cession of Florida to the English rendered the future secure and nothing remained to retard the prosperity of Georgia.

It was not until a month had elapsed that the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charlotte, North Carolina. "The people immediately met, declared themselves free from all allegiance to the King, and promised to defend the independence thus asserted with their lives and fortunes. This was the first proposal to throw off the British yoke. Their countrymen at the North were in arms merely for the rights to which, as

British subjects, they believed themselves entitled. The people of Mecklenburg were, however, the first to declare in favor of complete independence." Bancroft tells us that "on the 21st day of July, 1775, Franklin, who, twenty-one years before, had reported a plan of union of provinces, submitted an outline for confederating the Colonies in one nation. His scheme aimed at a real, ever enduring union, and it contained the two great elements of American political life--the domestic power of the several States and the limited sovereignty of the central government. The proposition of Franklin was, for the time, put aside; the future confederacy was not to number fewer members than thirteen; for news now came that Georgia was no more the "defaulting link in the American chain." On the 4th of July it had met in Provincial Congress, and on the 6th had adhered to all the measures of resistance."

The story of the Revolution, of Cowpens, Guilford Court House, King's Mountain, Eutaw Springs, and the terms of capitulation at Yorktown in the old historic Morehouse (still standing) are all too familiar to need further mention. Quackenbos, from whom I have largely quoted, pays this beautiful tribute to the women of the Revolution.

"The noble efforts of the women of our country must not be forgotten. Wishing to do all in their power for the holy cause, they organized societies and made up large quantities of clothing with their own hands for the suffering soldiers. Particularly was this done in Philadelphia, where Dr. Franklin's daughter and wife of General Joseph Reed took a prominent part in the movement. No less than \$7,500 worth of clothing was thus contributed. Many a needed and ragged soldier invoked a blessing on the tender-hearted women of the dear land for which he fought, when he was enabled, through their labors, to exchange his tattered garments for a warm and comfortable suit."

But what of the future? No doubt questions of as grave import will be presented to the coming generations as those which confronted our fathers. Does it not behoove us to "speak forth the words of truth and soberness?" "America, the heir of all the ages," has, and will rear a race of women

that shall prove that Emerson's oft-repeated saying, "America, thy name is opportunity," has not escaped them unheeded.

In the language of one whose words are worthy of repetition, may I not exhort you:

"Faithfulness in the past has given you privileged times in which to live. The work is to go on. The triumphs of faith and righteousness are to be carried forward, down the course of years. We know not what God

From out whose hand

The centuries fall like grains of sand.

may bring to the realization of those who live a hundred years to come. But we know that if you act your part well, your life will bear its contributions to human welfare, and help to ripen some fruit sweet to human taste and lovely in the eyes of God. Duty done reaches in its effect down the ages and into eternity. Neither the prizes of life nor its usefulness are attained by accident. Faithfulness is, under God, the fountain of success. Humble though that success shall be, it will be precious. It is by the services of millions, thus faithful, that righteousness becomes triumphant, and the world is made better. You can live your life but once; and God has given you the high privilege of going forth into it in these earnest days, that you may receive and be blessed by the affluent results which, under his providence, have come out of past endeavor, and, in nobly doing your whole duty, may add some strength to the holy movements which are working out the divine desire on earth.

"And in all this, not in the full glare of public life, but in the shade of that gentler, albeit-higher, "sphere" for which the training and culture of a century's experience here have tended to better fit you."



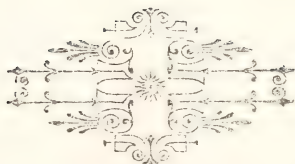
Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, of Rhode Island, who had been ap-



MRS. JOSHUA WILBOUR,
Honorary Vice President General.

pointed by the Committee on Programme to read a paper on "Colonial Hall" before the Congress, having announced her inability to attend the session, Mrs. Kain, who had just returned from Europe was selected by the committee to take the place of Mrs. Wilbour, and presented the following paper.

[Mrs. Wilbour's paper will appear in the January number of the Magazine.]



THE CONTINENTAL HALL.

ADDRESS OF MRS. DEB. RANDOLPH KEIM.

In September of the present year (1895), on the anniversary

of the second landing of General Lafayette in the United States, I took an entire afternoon in Paris (France) to find the grave of that self-sacrificing lover of liberty. My motive in making that excursion was the desire to plant with my own hands an American flag inscribed from the "Daughters of the American Revolution." It was also then, for the first time that I fully realized how wise

MRS. DEB. RANDOLPH KEIM,
Vice President General.

we as a Society had been in choosing our title, "Daughters of the American Revolution." You will see strong reasons for loving more than ever that word "American" in our name when I tell you that Lafayette lies buried in a private plot of ground in the garden of a convent, and that next adjoining, in an enclosed field, stands a stone marking the spot where during the French Revolution of 1789 nearly two thousand guillotined victims of Robespierre were thrown indiscriminately into a pit.†

I was told by the caretaker of that small cemetery that I was the sixth American she had ever admitted within those sacred precincts. I naturally wondered what kind of Amer-

icans had been going to Paris during the past quarter of a century, of whom only six had found time enough in the giddy capital to do reverence to the ashes of the man whom our own Washington had loved and trusted as if he were a son, and but for whom the success of the war for American Independence might have been protracted even beyond the unparalleled prowess and endurance of our fathers and mothers.

It was that young French nobleman, Marquis de Lafayette, who really secured for the struggling American States the alliance of the French King, with his ships and troops which rendered such timely aid at the crisis of our resolute conflict with all the then power of Great Britain.

I found standing over the grave of that friend of American liberty a metal marker, set by a Son of the American Revolution from Boston (Captain Nathan Appleton), also some flowers placed there a few weeks before by an enthusiastic Daughter from my own native State, Connecticut.

I was proud as an officer of a National Society representing the American Revolution to plant an American flag over the slab which marked the resting place of one of the noblest characters in the American Revolutionary history.

Our American Revolution was fought to establish the profoundest principles which appeal to man's heart, human liberty and representative government, administered on constitutional lines.

That was the liberty for which Lafayette forsook his alluring surroundings in France, and even at first encountered the displeasure of his king and family.

The French Revolution originated in an upheaval of crime and cruelty. It was lead by regicides and executioners until the great Napoleon restored order out of anarchy, and went forward at the head of the warlike battalions of France, until, as if by magic, he reared one of the most brilliant superstructures of Imperial Government witnessed, while it lasted, in modern times.

It might be asked what has this to do with my subject: "Our Continental Hall?"

I came away from the grave of Lafayette strengthened in an earnest determination, called forth a long time before in the

presence of the home and tomb of Washington, where Lafayette himself first went as a guest while Washington lived, and as well at the graves of my own Revolutionary ancestors, never to rest until the foundation stones of a Memorial and Continental Hall had been laid at Washington.

This hall should commemorate not only the doctrine of a "Government of the people, by the people," which was the underlying motive of our fathers and mothers in the struggle for Independence, but one in which might be preserved against destruction by fire, neglect or indifference the treasured relics of the "times which tried men's souls," and women's, too, although their trials were grievously overlooked until we "Daughters," about one hundred and ten years later, began to resurrect systematically an important part of the war for American Independence, the share of our mothers in that eventful epoch in the world's history.

A depository of such relics, sanctified by the heroic and self-sacrificing devotion of the men and women of the American Revolution, in the hands of a Society of the Nation's scope and numbers of that to which we belong becomes an obligation as well as a trust.

It matters not what these relics are, whether associated with the hardships of campaign or the dangers of battle, the perilous functions of state or general government in rebellion against a tyrannical king, or endeared by the personal services in war, industry, or domestic life of the men and women of the period which we commemorate.

Such tangible memories of "our" past should be brought together as far as possible in an enduring building of our own, where the world may see them.

How often have persons, men and women, unallied to the civic, military, industrial or domestic services which contributed to make us a Nation, been incorporated by marriage into families of the Revolutionary era, looked with sneering indifference upon such treasured relics and have allowed them to become lost or destroyed.

In such a memorial hall we can also safely preserve our archives, the now unwritten history which you, my "Sister Daughters," are rescuing from oblivion, and in other ways carry

out the purposes of our Society as set forth in our constitution. Look at the wonderful collection of Colonial and Revolutionary relics, teeming with the memories of the public and private lives, struggles, and sufferings of our ancestors, which your patience and skill, ladies of the Exposition and "Daughters," have brought together, and now shall we fail to offer for the safety of such invaluable articles permanent storage in our beautiful Washington in a suitable fireproof building? And how well, ladies of the South, you are fitted to aid in forwarding this great work is shown by the splendid success you have made of your share in this marvelous architectural and illustrative creation of the arts of peace and the memories of the past.

At a meeting of the committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution of the Continental Hall, of which I have the honor of being a member, held in New York, June 18, 1894, I had the pleasure of submitting "An Official Review of the Proceedings of the Continental Congress, the National Board of Management, and the previous committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution, respecting the erection of a Continental Hall at Washington."

One edition of this paper was issued through the Society press and doubtless may have reached many of you. The paper covered in a chronological way the history of the project, as far as we had gone, down to that time. Since then, in the regular financial economy of the Society, a small fund has been accumulating, but no systematic movement has yet been reached to place the enterprise in the direct line toward accomplishment. At the same time, however, the subject is being talked over, and we are daily becoming more familiar with the details of the work we shall have in hand when it begins.

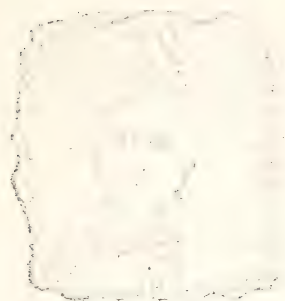
I shall not here take up your time with details, further than to say that the advisability and necessity of a National "Home" was apparent to every "Daughter" who was associated with the administration of affairs from the beginning.

Mrs. J. H. Mathes courteously gave her time to Mrs. James B. Clark, State Regent of Texas, her alternate, whose paper, on "The Influence of Patriotic Societies," was read by Mrs. Samuel M. Welch.



THE INFLUENCE OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

ADDRESS OF MRS. JAMES B. CLARK, OF TEXAS.



MRS. JAMES B. CLARK,
State Regent of Texas.

THE growth and multiplication of patriotic societies mark the closing quarter of this century in so striking a manner that it will be interesting and may be profitable to inquire into their origin and seek to know more of their aims and the work they have already accomplished. In this way only can we estimate their influence, either present or prospective, correctly.

With the exception of the Society of the Cincinnati, all the societies commemorative of Colonial or Revolutionary times have been organized since the close of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. The exhibit of relics at this Exposition awakened a dormant sentiment in the minds and hearts of many who saw these historical mementoes carelessly, it may have been, and then for the first time realized that they too had a personal interest as lineal descendants of the men who had borne arms, and of the women who had spun flax and molded bullets in that misty olden time. Rusty flintlocks, long discarded for the Remington and Winchester, were furnished up and given the place of honor in manorial hall or cottage parlor; the wheel, long exiled to the attic regions, was recalled from banishment and found itself the idolon of a modern cult, but strangely out of place amid the luxurious appointments of a *fin de siècle* mansion. Deeds of valor and traditions of romantic interest were revived in song and story, and many causes, apparently slight, when combined were strong enough to give impetus to the patriotic movement.

The Sons of the Revolution have the honor of precedence in this movement. They were first organized in California in 1876. Then other societies followed in quickening succession until at the present time we have representatives of every epoch of

our national history: Descendants of the Pilgrims, Colonial Dames, Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, with Daughters of both denominations. Sons of 1812, Aztecs, Daughters of the Cincinnati, and others of like character, which it would be tedious to enumerate. Of all these we shall only refer to the original Society of the Cincinnati and to our own noble Order, the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Society of the Cincinnati alone dates back to the War of the Revolution, and has a history of vivid interest even in those eventful days. Before the birth of our National Constitution, the army that for eight years had borne the brunt of battle, and remained faithful to its duty through privations and sufferings severe enough to have appalled less courageous souls, was refused by Congress any relief, either present compensation or a future provision for wants increasing as the years should bring the decrepitude of age or the helplessness of wounds. When memorial and appeal had been made in vain, and the feeling of uneasiness and discontent had become more intense, and even threatening in its character, a call was issued for a meeting of officers at the quarters of Baron Steuben. At the first meeting, May 10, 1783, a committee was appointed to draft the articles upon which the organization was afterwards based. The committee consisted of Major General Knox, Brigadier General Hand, Brigadier General Huntington, and Captain Shaw, and the report drawn up by them was adopted at the next meeting, May 13, 1783. General Washington was chosen president, General Knox secretary, General McDougal treasurer. Each member contributed a month's salary to the society fund, and pledged his sacred honor to assist any brother soldier or soldier's family that might need such help. The utmost devotion to country was expressed, and the determination to return, as Cincinnatus had done, to the duties of citizenship and the employments of daily life so soon as the army should be disbanded.

But no sooner were they well organized and their affairs in prosperous condition, the honors of membership and the insignia of the order more eagerly sought and more highly prized by the officers of the army, than a fury of opposition

was aroused and charges preferred against the Society, which seem to us too unfounded to have been seriously entertained by even the prejudiced, the ignorant, or envious classes. It was affirmed that the object of the Cincinnati was to establish an hereditary aristocracy in the country so lately emancipated from the thralldom of kingly tyranny, and to raise up a privileged class to hold the offices, and to rule by virtue of descent from military patriots.

This paper war was waged so fiercely against the Society that it was disbanded in several of the States, and in others has maintained a very quiet and unobtrusive existence until the recent revival of patriotic feelings. Now the possessor of one of the original eagles is blessed among Americans.

Among the original members of the Cincinnati were the most distinguished of the French officers who fought so gallantly for our country's freedom, to whose memory we owe a debt that has never been paid even in thought by most of us. Some of them were decorated with the eagle of the Cincinnati by Washington himself, and they prized this evidence of distinction even more highly than the American officers, wearing the Order on ceremonious occasions side by side with the Cross of St. Louis. The badge was designed by Major l'Enfant, and the original medals were made in Paris. The fate of these French members of the Cincinnati is recorded in the most painfully tragic and glorious episodes of the darkest chapter of modern history, in writing of which the most moderate pen drips with life-blood, and in reading the soul thrills with sympathetic horror. Many, nearly all, of the gallant French members perished amid the lurid scenes of the French Revolution, in which so many crimes were committed in the name of that liberty which hovered like a beneficent spirit over our infant Nation and has showered blessings upon us with open hands.

We should make an honor roll of these gallant French gentlemen, we Daughters of the American Revolution, and see to it that their names are cherished among the immortal ones "that were not born to die." Lamartine, in his *Histoire des Girondins*, tells of a mob of Marseillais that entered Paris in 1792, dragging with them a number of suspected prisoners.

At the front of this mob, its leader, was one Fournier, and at the tail of his horse dangled a collar composed of Eagles of the Cincinnati and Crosses of St. Louis, torn from the noble victims of his ignoble rage. These prisoners were massacred without trial, or any semblance of justice, in the streets of the capital of la belle France, for whose honor or safety any one of them would have proudly died.

This reference to the history of the eldest, the only venerable one of our patriotic societies, is not so irrelevant as it may seem. We see from it what estimate was placed upon the influence of such an organization by its opponents, among whom the talented and erratic Judge Adams Burke was by no means the most formidable. Men like John Adams and Jay warmly denounced it. The Comte de Mirabeau wrote several hundred pages against it, while Lafayette expressed his warm approval, especially of the hereditary clause. While we think that the peril to our republican institutions from this obnoxious clause was greatly magnified, we do not think that these opponents of the order overestimated its influence.

The perpetuity of our Government, the safety of our institutions, depend upon the sentiment with which they are regarded by the majority of our citizens and the fidelity with which the principles are cherished upon which our liberties are based. And here is our mission: to cultivate this sentiment, to illustrate this fidelity. If we, Daughters of the American Revolution, are true to the precious trust bequeathed us by our fathers; if we hold our country's liberties sacred as our own honor; if we love its mountains and valleys, its cities and wildernesses, its mighty pulsating arteries of commerce, its thought-centers where great teachers unfold the beauty and utility of poetry, philosophy, religion, and science; if we regard all these things that make our country with a passionate devotion which counts lifelong service a duty, and sacrifice a pleasure; if we so live and teach these vital lessons to the children growing up around us, then may we look to the past with pride, and to the future with confidence. For what limit has been placed to woman's influence? And if that influence is given in unrestricted measure to a patriotic society, who can presume to

estimate its value as a factor in American life, and in the direction of American thought?

It was a woman—so the Bible tells us—who took leaven and placed it in a measure of meal, until the whole was leavened. So must we work with the leaven of patriotism. We want, we need the whole mass of our population to be leavened; our own sons and daughters, who, perhaps, are dazzled by foreign splendors, or unduly impressed by the imposing antiquities of the Old World: our literary men who find our land so new, our social conditions so crude, that there is no background here for their work as artists, and they must expatriate themselves, or die of this *rudis que indigesta moles*: our great institutions of learning, which devote more time and thought to the history and literature of every other nation than to our own, that they may take pride in holding up our own heroes and statesmen for the reverence and imitation of the youth of our native land.

Last, and by no means least, we need to concentrate all these forces, these influences and leavening powers upon the foreign element in our midst. Bred under oligarchies, crouching under despotisms, rebellious against righteous law, conspiring against rightful authority, mistaking license for liberty, assassination for justice, and its own hate for the anathema of the Almighty, anarchy "rears its horrid front," unabashed by myriad frowns, and threatens the ruin in a moment of all that we have builded in two centuries and a half.

How can we teach its advocates reverence for law, respect for others' rights? How indoctrinate them with the political truth which makes us free indeed? Of some, already grown old in Old World thought and Old World ways, we must despair. But these men, who would solve social problems by exploding dynamite, leave us their children for a legacy, and it is in the schools that we must influence them. Very commendable efforts in this direction have already been made by the placing of Washington's portrait in the city schools of several cities, by the display of the national flag on school buildings, and the singing of patriotic songs by school children. But unless the right instruction goes with these symbols there is danger of a

degeneration of patriotism into a mere idolism, as among ignorant worshippers the image is mistaken for the deity it symbolizes. We need teachers whose lips have been touched by the live coal from the very altar fires of Liberty, whose hearts have been melted by the fervor of patriotic devotion, and whose minds have been illumined by the vision of the glory and beneficence of our country's mission as the Evangel of man's rights among the oppressed nations of the earth. Such teachers could form the susceptible minds of children as the sculptor or potter fashions the plastic clay, or play upon their hearts as the master-musician draws what chords he will from the obedient instrument.

Daughters of the American Revolution, where shall we find teachers of this mold?

Seeing this ever-widening future before our noble Order, this illimitable scope for their energies, and the divine beatitude of their well-directed influence, it seems hardly possible we should stoop from our high estate or change our lofty aims for selfish purposes. There has been no evidence of a tendency to build up an aristocratic organization, to exclude from membership those less favored of fortune, or less prominent in society. It is well. We are not a clique, nor a coterie, we are not exclusive. As Marion Harland once beautifully expressed the spirit of social beneficence: "The flowers upon the upper stems, heavily freighted with dew, bend meekly and thus scatter showers of blessing upon those beneath them." We need the coöperation of all true American women to carry out our patriotic plans, and to make the birthday of our National Society a day to be remembered with benediction by all lovers of home and country *esto perpetua*.



THE INFLUENCE OF PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES.

PAPER BY MRS. J. HARVEY MATHES.

"When a deed is done for freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from east to west."—LOWELL.


So the greatness and glory of our mighty Nation has been touched by the electric spark of national and state pride.

A few earnest workers not many years ago banded themselves together by the bond of a worthy purpose. Their aim was to elevate American citizenship and institutions, and finally to restore patriotism to the American people.

The results have far outstripped their expectations.

The benign spirit Patriotism, without whose presence the mightiest empires of the earth have crumbled into dust, has returned into our midst. She trims away the brambles which had overgrown the paths our forefathers trod, pointing out to us their straightforward and simple course. A flood of warm sunlight falls across our path, shining with the pure radiance that men saw when the world was young. Noble personages move before us, the great and the good of brave olden days, men who were statesmen and heroes: women, too, who could dare and suffer in freedom's cause.

The knowledge that they are our ancestors cannot fail to inspire us with the right kind of family pride. American patriotic societies have been accused of attempting to establish an aristocracy on American soil. The pride in lineage which they inspire is not characterized by complacency in the achievements of our ancestors. It partakes of that generous and noble enthusiasm which animated each member of the Highland clan, which made of the humblest mountaineer as well as



MRS. J. HARVEY MATHES,
State Regent of Tennessee.

of the proudest, noble and ardent patriot. At the words "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the American heart should beat as responsively as does that of a Scotchman over those stirring lines, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

If our vast, heterogeneous Nation survives, it must be sustained by the vitalizing breath of an intelligent and reverent Americanism. Our future depends upon it as surely as "the soul makes the world it lives in." Orators have said this in Fourth of July orations until their words have seemed truisms—they cannot be too strongly emphasized. Children must be taught to honor the founders of our liberties, to celebrate State and National festivals, to understand thoroughly the principles on which our institutions are based, and to learn the requirements of a useful citizenship. In this connection we observe the beautiful influence emanating from the Children of the American Revolution.

Through the inspiration of one noble woman, Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, sweet young children are singing our anthems of freedom and waving the starry banner over all the land. They have twice the enthusiasm of the older people, and such a band of patriotic young Americans we will soon have, who are being educated to pure Americanism and will recruit the ranks of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. Tennessee has joined heartily in this work, and we have begun to form our Societies. Our children are already greatly interested and are observing historic days, and have from the first taken the greatest interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution, often securing duplicate papers from their mammas to keep until they arrive at eligibility age. And now this grand Society of the Children of the American Revolution comes in just at the right time to give them a means to express their enthusiasm and loyalty.

The hope of our future race depends on bringing the children up true to the principles of their forefathers and a full understanding of our American institutions.

Chairs of American history have been endowed through the influence of our "Daughters of the American Revolution." As a Tennessean I take pride in the fact that our State Chapters influenced the last General Assembly to make an appro-

priation of \$5,000 per annum for a chair of American history in the Peabody Normal College at Nashville. The valuable work being accomplished in an historical line by American patriotic societies can hardly be overestimated. The AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the faithful and efficient organ of the Daughters of the American Revolution, reaches every State and Territory in the Union and has an influence upon many minds beyond the circle of ten thousand or more members.

It has rescued from oblivion many valuable facts in Colonial and Revolutionary history and are stringing them as pearls on living pages and has accorded honor where it was due to hero and heroine, and by this tribute of respect has stimulated high endeavors in others.

So far has the attitude of the press changed that items of news concerning patriotic societies are now eagerly sought for; while the promulgation of patriotism is a motive strong enough to sustain flourishing periodicals. The good work is still going on. The ultimate result cannot be foreseen: the good seed sown will bring forth a more bounteous harvest than any one may foretell, it will fructify and be gathered in long after the population of this country runs up into the hundreds of millions.

Look at the beautiful and splendid structure, the Woman's Colonial Building. It was constructed by means of money raised through the energy and talent of the patriotic women of Atlanta, designed by a woman, and filled entirely with the work of women. When our Louie M. Gordon came as a messenger "from the land of magnolias and sunshine" to our last Continental Congress last year and asked our coöperation, what was it that touched our hearts and brought us into the work? What brings us here to-day? The bond of sisterly sympathy and the inspiration of the noblest of all organizations, the Daughters of the American Revolution. Here was formed the first Southern Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which first pointed out to us our rights through inheritance to the flag of the Union, and by so doing chased away spectres of sectional prejudice that have haunted our hearthstones a quarter of a century. May we go hence with deepened love for "home and country."

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ADDRESS BY MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP.

REALIZING the vastness of any subject that deals with the



development of youth and the slender thread of time allotted to it here, I yet approach it with gladness and a fervent desire to do all possible justice in its presentment before you who are equally interested in it with myself.

The history of our country's growth holds up to view several object lessons whose main teaching is the tremendous resources it possesses. Of the matchless wealth of her vast domain, teeming with inexhaustible vitality, every inch of the continent's length from shore to shore contributes its share to the result, this latest object

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,
President National Society of C. A. R.

lesson, the Exposition in your fair city, Atlanta.

Atlanta, beautiful city in a goodly land, and watched over by your hills, golden possibilities are yours, that looking down through the coming years, I can see gleaming now with promises. A fairer city than this shall arise and greet the eye: its walls shall girdle a vast metropolis, and beneficent prosperity shall make glad all the land. We are glad for its coming. Atlanta, you who have striven to do your part in preparing the

way and have labored so valiantly, are worthy of it all. The precious fruits of the land are here, the waving grain, and all manner of goodly store; the hidden recesses of the earth have yielded their treasures, and man's ingenuity and skill are eloquent. All that makes a great nation is here represented in its processes, an object lesson indeed, speaking of greater, grander fulfillment in the twentieth century.

The fathers, with prophetic eye, saw in a measure, and they builded well, and better than they knew. Because they periled all that men hold dear, and suffered unto death, looking for no reward beyond what can come from obedience to God, behold a land is theirs in the daydawn of whose consummate glory and strength and greatness we, their children's children, are standing.

The watchfire of their devoted service to God and country, kindled on old Plymouth Hill, never to go out, but to leap with arms of flame, carrying the torch of liberty to other mountain tops, is still burning, and the grandest work that we, O women, who look and long for noble endeavor, can do is to wait upon that fire, and count it a most precious thing to keep it ever pure and bright.

We call it patriotism, this beacon fire that flames aloft, and finds responsive gleam in the heart of man, making him willing to die for his country, and to bless God that he has a life to give to her.

On land or swelling sea,
I could live or die for thee,
Emblem of my liberty!

We have all things spread before us here in this Exposition as symbols of the greatness of our country to study and to admire. I bring before it her glory and her strength—the children and the youth of America!

Better than riches of land or sea; than golden metropolis, or mart of commerce; more glorious than the crown of a monarch, or the diadem of a prince, is the American boy and the American girl, true product of a country whose air is freedom, and whose song is liberty! I bring them to you this day, the American girl and boy, and I bring with them for your consideration that noble and most magnetic factor toward their best development, a pure and exalted patriotism.

It is said that the first martyr of the American Revolution was a boy of eleven years. The story is pathetic and dramatic, and concerns two boys, Christopher Gore who was wounded, but lived to become the Governor of Massachusetts, and for whom Gore Hall, that contains Harvard College Library, was named. The other boy, Christopher Snyder, was wounded unto death, but his little life speaks now, eloquent with unyielding inspiration.

The circumstances were these, to quote from the speech of Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., on the Fourth of July in the Old South Meeting House: Notwithstanding all the prohibitory measures employed to keep the Boston shopkeepers from selling articles on which tribute was paid into the British treasury, some continued to sell them to the Tories, and the righteous indignation of the long suffering people waxed strong. This was shared by the boys of the town, and a month or two before the Revolution it broke bounds, and a procession of some five hundred persons was formed, a long pole was prepared with appropriate inscription, surmounted by a carved head, a and wooden hand swinging around pointed to the execrated shop.

The shopkeeper, beside himself with anger, fired into the crowd, and the two boys fell, little Christopher never to rise again. They picked up his body and carried it, followed by the five hundred other boys to the Liberty Tree, on Washington street, opposite Boylston, near where its symbol in brown-stone carving can now be seen on the facade of a large brick block. On the day of the funeral of Christopher Snyder the stores of Boston town were closed, the bells on the churches were tolled, and a company of fifteen hundred people followed him to the grave.

There were many other young people besides these two boys who served their country in her perilous crisis, but many of them are buried in history. The work by the children and youth of our day and generation is to find and to honor them.

In addressing you on the subject of the Children of the American Revolution there are many practical questions to be definitely answered, concisely and accurately, so that parents and all those interested in the development of children and

youth may understand the basis on which this Society is formed, its methods, and its aims.

I. The most important of these questions is, of what practical use is this Society to young people? In other words, is it essential to their well-being?

If required to put the answer into one sentence, the reply would be: It is essential to their well-being, because membership in it involves a personal responsibility to love and to understand one's own country.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that it was a stroke of genius in the author of "America" to write "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," instead of "Our Country," and this felicitous choice of a word has made the national hymn the expression of personal devotion to one's native land, and has endeared it to every one alike.

This Society is also of strong practical use as a means by which American history can be taught to children and youth. To see that a child rightly studies the history of his country is, I think we will all agree, a duty imposed upon those who have the care and guidance of that child's mind. It may be said, and truthfully, that the public and private schools of our country are doing that work. They are doing fine work in this direction, and the highest praise should be theirs, but nothing can take the place of the personal, living influence of the home where these things are taught and loved, and where the child is expected to have a personal interest in them.

Battles stand out as landmarks of history and should be regarded as such. To young people who unthinkingly take the military and naval engagements of our two hundred and seventy years' progress as the whole of our history, and who are satisfied if they have a fair knowledge of dates and places of principal battles intermingled in that history, we would say: These are landmarks to a higher history that gives us the thought, the spirit, the purpose of the epochs in which they were fought. So shall we raise our young people from a study of carnage and blood to a study of the principles of our forefathers and the institutions they founded. And the War of the American Independence, grand as it is to the childish mind that sees only the battle and the victory, is grander yet when it stands

revealed in letters of living light as the magnificent result of God's purpose to set his people free, who first worshiped him in simplicity and truth, strong enough to make them suike unto the third and fourth generation hardships and privation, self-renunciation and death, looking forward to that glorious Independence sure to come at last, because God was with them.

II. Is there any other great good aimed at in the formation of this Society?

The responsibility thrown upon the young people by virtue of their ancestry, rightly emphasized by parents and guardians, the proper study of the principles and institutions that made this country what it has become—a home for all who desire civil and religious liberty, with equal rights for all—will tend to produce in the mind of the growing child the broad and beneficent desire to help upward and forward all other young people in the same way. It is just because they do belong to this Society that children can be invaluable to those not eligible to join.

The National Society, Children of the American Revolution, can help forward to patriotism and good citizenship not only those who are eligible to membership in it, but also those who are not eligible. Those who belong to it will not be true to their trusts as descendants of their broad-souled ancestors if they ever forget for a moment the many ways and means by which they can thus help forward those not eligible to membership in the Society, but yet who should be engaged in patriotic work and endeavor.

So will all children and youth march on, their ranks proclaiming a mighty and ever-increasing host of young patriots, if they set their faces steadily to the light that beams for those who work for God and country.

III. Is there any definite, practical work the Society can accomplish?

The Reading Circle, devoted to American history in its various forms, should be started in connection with the local Society, and under the auspices of that Society.

The historical trip is a valuable means to draw young people into work, having for its object the finding of local history, which is much better remembered by young people, because

discovered by themselves. The search for the boys and girls who helped forward the cause of Independence, who are now buried in history, is another incentive to our boys and girls to live lives worthy of them and "to do brave deeds, not dream them all day long."

When we reach this stage in which a child desires to be a good citizen we have gained an invaluable vantage ground in his education and a tremendous lever in our Society to use early upon the young people around us.

In short, there is no limit to the ways in which this Society can be used in wise and earnest hands to benefit the young people of our country. Once started, a local Society can enter upon any good work of broad and intelligent patriotism and good citizenship, even its youngest members entering into the prevailing spirit and enthusiasm.

IV. A practical question is: Does not all this thought and work interfere with the school work of our young people? or at least does not the extra work imposed upon them, prove too much for already overweighted young minds?

Let us look at the matter. Does a love for and a thought of home and mother and those things nearest and dearest to one make work any harder? Let a child have his own Society, his badge, his certificate, and all the other adjuncts that prove his patriotic fervor to be sincere, and he throws his whole heart into every bit of the patriotic work required of him at school. He does it all twice as well because his heart is in it. The lessons, the declamations of the words of heroes dead and gone are to him expressions of living realities, inspiring to present heroism. They are all used in the meetings of his own Society and require no extra work of him.

Moreover, the local Society teaches the young people confidence in debate and in recitation; and it gives them experience in the conduct of the Society affairs and a knowledge of fundamental parliamentary rules that will sometime be very valuable to them. How many of our finest statesmen, and those who have molded the best American thought, have laid the foundations of their success as inspirers of their countrymen in the old debating societies of the district school and the academy? This system of local Societies in every town

and village in the United States, if rightly managed, will become streams of strong and pure patriotism, that shall, like the rivers of our country, find their unimpeded and splendid way into every corner of our vast domains, until our dear native land shall be glorious in the beauty and the strength of her youth.

THE NATIONAL HYMN.

ADDRESS BY MISS JANET E. HOSMER RICHARDS.

MUCH as has been said and written on the subject of the National hymn, the last word has not yet been spoken, nor do I flatter myself I am about to utter it, though I have some very decided ideas of my own on the subject.



MISS JANET E. H. RICHARDS.

In the first place we find ourselves, with relation to this subject, between two horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, from the dissatisfied, the cry goes forth:

"We have no purely National hymn: none in which the tune at least is not a plagiarism. Who shall write us both words and music and give to our country a truly American hymn?"

On the other hand it is asserted that the trouble is we are suffering from an embarrassment of riches—that already we have too many so-called national hymns.

I hold in my hand a little pamphlet entitled "America's National Hymns," according to whose index we are possessed of no less than eleven such anthems. In addition to the familiar old favorites, "America," "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "Yankee Doodle," we have six newcomers, productions of modern growth, each one more commonplace than the last, and all aspiring to be known as *the* National hymn.

I have called this an "embarrassment of riches." This I think will be acknowledged when we recall the fact that we

do not even agree as yet among ourselves as to which of the first five is, *par excellence*, our National hymn; and worse still. I think it may be safely ventured that were this audience now requested to rise and sing anyone of these songs, we should find ourselves unable to proceed beyond the words of the first, or at most the second verse, without printed copies in our hands.

And this is but the natural result of the situation. A nation luxuriating in half a dozen national anthems surely cannot be expected to know any one of them well. What we really need, it would then appear, is subtraction and not addition. And now having presented the two sides of the dilemma, what is the solution?

The first complaint, as we have seen, is, "We have no hymn; who shall write it?"

And the second, "Pray let us have fewer so-called national hymns, and settle, rather, upon some one among our half dozen which shall be unmistakably known and accepted in the future as the American hymn."

In answer to the first demand I would say, with all due respect to those cherishing an opposite sentiment, that the idea of writing a national hymn to order in times of peace, without the inspiration of a nation's peril, or the fear of losing a people's liberty, seems to me as absurd as to suppose that the poet Bryant might have written *Thanatopsis* 'to order' as an obituary; or that Grey could have written his immortal *Blagy* as a funeral ode, in obedience to a royal mandate.

Fancy Rouget de Lisle, for example, composing the immortal '*Marseillaise*,' perhaps the most inspiring and famous of national hymns, without the inspiration of the French Revolution, the danger of losing the hard-won advantages already wrested by an oppressive people from a three years' struggle for liberty.

What less could have brought into being, in a single night, those ringing words set to that wonderful and martial air, the twin-product of a mighty inspiration, born of a passionate desire for a nation's freedom!

In recognition of the feeling alluded to and entertained in certain quarters that a new National hymn should be written,

you all know that an effort has been made in our Society Daughters of the American Revolution, to stimulate some one to the writing of such a hymn. Indeed, many of you doubtless remember an evening session of our Continental Congress, held last February in Washington, which was devoted to a musical programme, consisting entirely of songs aspiring to "fill the long-felt want" and perhaps give to America her long-expected National hymn.

In order to confer every advantage upon the occasion, you will remember that the aid and accompaniment of the Marine Band, perhaps the most famous and certainly one of the ablest bands in the country, was secured, and a chorus of trained voices rendered these selections in pleasing and finished style. And yet, with all deference to the composers of these songs, to the committee of "Daughters" who arranged this entertaining programme, and to the charming young ladies who rendered it, I think it may be safely affirmed that not one person present remembered a word of one of those productions, or recalled a line of the accompanying airs, half an hour after the audience dispersed.

And this is not surprising; it but proves my contention that without the inspiring occasion, the urgent *raison d'être*, it is impossible that a National anthem, destined to survive, should be born. Again I assert, that from the birth—those only of a nation's peril, expressed perhaps in the guise of a devoted and enthusiastic patriotism—the nation's anthems have come forth.

"To which then," you ask me, "of our several National hymns has such an occasion given birth?" I answer, "To one, and one only: which is itself the strongest argument for exalting it above the rest and crystallizing public sentiment in favor of choosing it as the National American hymn. I refer to the Star Spangled Banner!

You all know its history. How it was written by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812, or more accurately speaking, at the battle of North Point, near Baltimore, on September 12, 1814.

From the peril of a desperate occasion (the danger of renewed British domination), his inspiration sprang into being, and seizing barrel-head for a desk and on the blank-sheet of a

letter, with a piece of lead pencil. Francis Scott Key wrote those immortal words, at once an apostrophe to the flag and a summary of that battle, the peril and uncertainty of the night, the blessed triumph of the morning!

In the light of these thrilling events, which they were written to commemorate, how different seem these familiar lines:

"Oh, say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there!
Oh, say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"On the shore dimly seen, thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host, in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and wild war's desolation:
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may our heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us, a Nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just
And this be our motto "In God is our trust!"
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Daughters of the American Revolution! in this soul-stirring hymn we have embodied a sentiment which will serve all true Americans for all occasions.

In times of peace, dear flag, we hail thee! In time of danger, inspired by this anthem, we will gladly rally to thy defense and

shed our life's blood, if necessary, in order that we may proudly proclaim, after the heat and hardship of the struggle, "Our Flag is still there!"

And aided by the ring and rhythm of its inspiring air, sung if need be by marching armies, who shall be able to name the nation that shall overcome us?

Now friends, my appeal for the Star Spangled Banner is this: Let us, the Daughters of the American Revolution, accept and always recognize it as the National anthem, and if necessary let us petition the Congress of the United States to so recognize and designate it by special enactment, that henceforth it may be conceded to be, from among all rivals, the American National hymn.

And now, as a fitting apostrophe to our Nation's flag, a poetic epitome of its origin and destiny, I will, with your indulgence, conclude my remarks by reading three verses from Rodman Drake's beautiful "Ode to the Flag," a poem too little known, and in some instances almost forgotten:

" When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there ;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

" Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone
And line of war comes gleaming on.
Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death careering on the gale
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail.

" Flag of the free ! heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet
Where breathes the free, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner waving o'er us ! "



RUTH WYLLYS—OUR PATRONESS.

[To Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Hartford, Connecticut, Daughters of the American Revolution.]

RUTH WYLLYS, guardian to our Chapter given,
Was born in seventeen hundred forty-seven
Of noble line, whose ancestors had served
Their country long and well, nor have they swerved
From post of duty when grim danger neared,
Nor face of red man, nor the British feared,
But freely spent their fortune, time and health,
And risked their lives to guard our Commonwealth.

Their spacious mansion long was Hartford's pride,
On grounds declining to the river side,
And at its front, rare trees and flowers amid,
The stately oak the priceless charter hid ;
The mansion, family, and oak are gone,
The charter and their valiant deeds live on,
And history should never cease to praise
The name of Wyllys with those early days.

Then Ruth, our patroness, should have her meed,
If bearing record of no martial deed,
Yet by her acts of self-denial known,
Her loyalty to liberty was shown.
Sharing alike the home, and public place,
And tented field, with dignity and grace,
Winning in manner, and of mind serene,
Of gracious presence, in each varied scene.

The days that to her gave her threescore years
Were grand, historic—days of hopes and fears;
She saw the youthful Colonies arise
From their dependence, and with leaders wise,
Declare their freedom, and, with flag unfurled,
Give a free nation to a fettered world.
She knew the deep privations which it cost,
For these must be endured, or all be lost.

But all was won : then, with no compromise,
She saw the structure of the nation rise
From firm foundations with enraptured heart,
Yet all unwritten was her own brave part ;

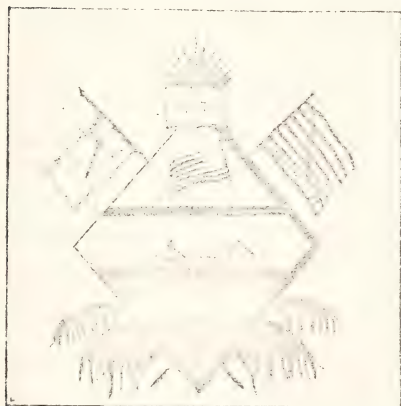
Her grave unmarked, its very spot unknown,
 And yet more precious than the costly stone,
 Is the fair memory of a well-spent life,
 A patriot mother, and heroic wife.

We fain would place a laurel wreath above
 Her grass grown grave our reverence to prove,
 But this denied, our tribute wreath we bring
 Of words of praise, thought's grateful offering,
 And here her name and lineage repeat,
 Where Daughters of the Revolution meet
 Their own ancestral garlands to entwine,
 And thus we leave it at her memory's shrine.

MRS. MARIETTA S. CARY.

HINTS FOR CHINA DECORATION.

SEEING a suggestion to china decorators in the November



number of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE I concluded I would send you a rough sketch in water colors of some work I did last July for our Chapter, the one we wish to call "The Old Glory Chapter" when it is fully organized. It is for a coat of arms for the Chapter, in fact I think every Chapter should have an historic emblem to preserve it, and keep it distinctive.

Ours I have painted and

framed and hung with the three coats of arms belonging to the family, but it is not exactly like the one I send you, as that is for china coloring, to be painted in a large round bread platter. Now for the explanation, the illuminated book is the open page of history, from whence we gather our inspiration and facts. It is also the crest. In shape it is a lozenge, showing it is for a woman. In the chief, above the dividing line of black (which is typical of mourning), is placed the point of honor, "the "Old Glory;" in the field below the

black line is the noted Carter's gin and cotton press, where the battle of Franklin was fought, with the year and day of the month. Below is the red field of battle, with the palms of peace laid upon it. The mantlings are our first flags.

Susie Gentry, my daughter, is Regent for Williamson County, and of course I am a member of her Chapter. Before a great while I intend to paint on a china tobacco box the "Knights of the Horse Shoe." I forgot to mention that on the bread platter there were thirteen evergreen festoons, tied with love knots of red, white, and blue (the edge of the platter is deep cream). The festoons are to commemorate the thirteen Colonies.

We gather many ideas from the Magazine and are delighted with it.

Wishing you much success in your undertaking,

I am very truly, MRS. MARTHA JONES GENTRY.

AN OLDEN TIME RELIC.

ONE of the choicest relics at Atlanta in the Colonial Exhibit of Connecticut is a sugar bowl, formerly the property of Captain Charles Bulkley, who was a lieutenant under Paul Jones, and the sugar bowl was a part of the booty carried off by the crew of Bon Homme Richard in one of their descents on the Scotch coast.

It bears the crest of the house of Selkirk, and was, without doubt, a piece of their family plate, captured when Jones and his merry men plundered the manor house of the Earl of Selkirk, on the river Dee. Most of the plate was afterwards restored by this chivalrous privateer to Sally Selkirk, but this particular piece had been separated from the set and could not be found.

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

THE President General, Mrs. Foster, desires us to call attention to the fact that at the meeting of the Committee on Revision of the Constitution, held on October 29 last, there were but six State Regents present, instead of twenty-five, which is a quorum, and consequently there was no business transacted. She now announces a call for the committee to meet on December 2 next, and trusts there will be a full attendance of the members.

IRONDEQUOIT CHAPTER.—At a meeting of this Chapter, at Rochester, New York, on the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown, 19th October, the Chapter Regent, Mrs. Caroline C. Little, was presented with hereditary life membership and gold star of the Mary Washington Monument Association by the Chapter. The Chapter voted to recommend that provision should be made by the Chapter to defray the traveling and other expenses of the State Regent.

TO THE EDITOR: We are going to Italy for the winter, expecting to sail on Wednesday, the 6th of November. Have not been able to attend meetings the past year. Wishing the Daughters of the American Revolution all success and happiness, I am ever faithfully yours.—SUSAN McCULLOCH.

RECEPTION TO MRS. N. B. HOGG, STATE REGENT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A charming reception to the State Regent of Pennsylvania was given by Mrs. Louis A. Scott, the Regent of the Colonel Hugh White Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at her home in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, September 21, 1895.

The spacious rooms, beautifully draped with the national

colors, were filled with the members of the Chapter, eager to meet their State Regent.

After the singing of America by the Chapter, Mrs. Hogg gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the aims and duties of the National Society and the special duties of each Chapter.

Mrs. Francis Jordan, the sister of the State Regent, added to the enjoyment of the afternoon by telling of the work of the Harrisburg Chapter.

Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess and enjoyed by her guests.

Colonel Hugh White Chapter numbers eighteen active, enthusiastic members, while others have their papers ready for approval.

A careful and thorough study of leading events in American history will occupy the attention of the Chapter during the coming year.--MRS. REECE W. PERKINS, *Historian*.

PITTSBURG CHAPTER elected on October 11, 1895, the following officers: Regent, Miss Matilda W. Denny; Vice Regent, Mrs. Ellie Guthrie Painter; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Felicia Ross Johnson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Henrietta Logan Scott; Treasurer, Miss Kate Cassett McKnight; Registrar, Miss Sidney Page; Historian, Mrs. Mary Cooley Bassett.

ONEIDA CHAPTER (Utica, N. Y.) adopted the anniversary of the battle of Oriskany as its Chapter Day, but as on August 16, the day the battle was fought, the Daughters could not conveniently assemble, they voted to celebrate Chapter Day this year on October 9th. One hundred and twenty-five invitations were sent out, to meet at the house of the Regent, Miss Willis E. Ford, which was gay with flags and beautiful flowers. Several members of the Wyltwick Chapter, of Kingston, were present, and other guests. All were gracefully received by Miss Ford, who introduced the State Regent, Miss Forsyth, who made a charming little address, which was followed by very interesting papers from members of the Oneida Chapter, descendants of those who fought at Oriskany. The Historian, Miss Proctor, read a paper entitled, "The cause and effect of the battle of

Oriskany," of such importance in the Revolutionary War. Miss Christian read an account of the heroic deeds of her ancestor, Lieutenant Zimmerman, with interesting bits of local history. Miss Smith told us of the bravery and patriotism of Nicholas Smith and John Bellinger, who fought against such fearful odds. Mrs. Walcott read a picturesque poem by Mrs. Watson, called, "Past and Present," describing the peculiarities and virtues of the grandmothers of the olden time contrasted with the daughters of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Pitcher read a stirring account of the battle of Oriskany, and historic facts of her ancestors and others, whose names are inscribed on the Oriskany monument. Miss Gertrude Herkimer Coxe gave us a delightful paper on General Herkimer, which we hope to see printed in full in the AMERICAN MONTHLY. Then "America" was played by the band, the members of the Chapter standing. This was followed by general conversation and refreshments—the ices were served in boxes with a picture of the Oriskany monument on dainty covers, to be kept as souvenirs.—A. H. S.

MARY CLAP WOOSTER CHAPTER.—At the annual meeting of this Chapter, held October 8, the following officers were elected: Regent, Mrs. Morris F. Tyler; Vice Regent, Mrs. Luzon B. Morris; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harriet S. Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Edward H. Jenkins; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Beebe; Registrar, Mrs. George F. Newcomb; Historian, Mrs. Virginia Curtis; Assistant Historian, Miss Idelina Darrow; Board of Management elected was, Mrs. Samuel Galpin, Mrs. Sarah T. Kinney, Mrs. N. A. M. Foote, and Mrs. Henry Champion. The Registrar, Mrs. George F. Newcomb, in her report, showed there was a membership of one hundred and seventeen, an increase of forty-six during the past year.

GENERAL JAMES WADSWORTH CHAPTER.—The following list of officers were elected at the annual meeting of the General James Wadsworth Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Middletown, Connecticut, held on October 11: Mrs. Ellen E. Coffin, Regent; Mrs. Henrietta A. Starks, Vice

Regent: Mrs. Emma A. Bailey, Secretary: Mrs. Helen B. Weeks, Treasurer: Mrs. Mary R. Wilcox, Registrar; Miss Jessie Ward, Vice Registrar.—EMMA A. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

CHICAGO, *October 19, 1895.*

TO THE EDITOR: Mrs. Phebe Deake Cleveland, of Springfield, Illinois, is the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier, and as such is the recipient of a beautiful souvenir spoon, presented by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Her father, Charles Deake, Esq., of New York, served for five years in the Revolutionary Army. Mrs. Cleveland is a charter member of the Chicago Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and its honorary life member. She is also an honorary life member of the National Society. Though eighty-five years of age Mrs. Cleveland retains a deep interest in the history and legislation of our country, and has her books for reference and study always near her. The following letter of acknowledgment has been received from Mrs. Cleveland by the State Regent of Illinois:

MY DEAR MRS. KERFOOT: I have received from the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution a lovely Souvenir Spoon. Please accept my thanks for the interest you took in sending for it for me. As I view it during the remainder of years left to me, I shall ever hold the donors in loving remembrance. It will also call to mind more vividly those brave patriots who devoted their lives to the cause of liberty, thus creating a Nation, which those who came after might enjoy. I remember many anecdotes which my father, "Esquire" Charles Deake, related to me of those times, and I am forced to feel that the War of the American Revolution was the greatest of all—both in privations and results, at least of any during my eighty-five years. With kind wishes for you, and for the Chicago Chapter, I am, yours sincerely,

MRS. PHEBE DEAKE CLEVELAND.

Springfield, Illinois, July twentieth, Eighteen Ninety-five.

DOUGLASS CHAPTER.—The one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis was given recognition by the patriotic women of Dallas in the organization of a local Chapter auxiliary to the National Daughters of the American Revolution. Prior to the business session Mrs. John L. Henry entertained a number of those whose applications had been recognized by the National Board at a complimentary dinner at

the Puckner Orphans' Home booth. Later others who were eligible came in and the Chapter was formed with sixteen charter members and nine applicants. The officers are as follows:

Mrs. J. L. (Cornelia J.) Henry, Regent; Mrs. A. D. (Miner S.) Clark, Vice Regent; Mrs. Gabrielle H. de Jarnette, Registrar; Miss Blanche Huley, Recording Secretary; Miss Reba Chandler, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. H. O. (Sallie W.) Samuels, Treasurer; Mrs. S. Isadore Miner, Historian; Mrs. C. L. (Grace) Seasholes, Praetor; Miss Helen Clark, Librarian.

Complimentary to the Regent of the Chapter the name chosen was the Douglass Chapter, for Jane Douglass-Downs, great-grandmother of Mrs. Henry. The membership of Douglass Chapter was limited to one hundred. An assessment of the membership was made to subscribe for the *American Historical Register* from its establishment (it has now issued fourteen numbers). The *Register* is the national organ of the various patriotic hereditary societies, and is now publishing the roster of the various colonial companies that served in the Revolution. In this way the local Chapter will obtain in its library the means whereby to trace the eligibility of applicants, as well as much information along historical, biographical, and genealogical lines.

There are several members in the city of the Sons of the American Revolution and many more who are eligible to membership. Some are affiliated with the National Order and others with Chapters in other cities. Mr. S. M. Finley, who is a member of the San Antonio Chapter, intends to organize a local Chapter in the near future.

The next celebration day of the Chapter is November 25, the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the evacuation of New York and the final removal of the British Army from American shores. It is the intention of the Chapter to have the anniversaries as they occur memorialized in appropriate historical papers and biographical sketches of the principal participants to be read at the meetings.

SARAH RIGGS HUMPHREYS CHAPTER elected the following officers for 1896 on October 11: Mrs. A. W. Phillips, Regent; Mrs. Jennie B. Sawyer, Vice Regent; Mrs. Maria W. Pinney,

Recording Secretary: Miss Emma D. Somers. Corresponding Secretary: Mrs. N. D. Baldwin. Treasurer: Miss M. Louise Birdseye. Registrar: Mrs. C. W. Shelton. Historian: Delegates to the Continental Congress of the National Society, Mrs. A. W. Phillips. Mrs. Maria W. Pinney, and Mrs. W. N. Sperry. Alternates, Mrs. G. H. Peck, Mrs. J. R. Mason, and Mrs. W. J. Miller.

GREYSOLON DU LUHT CHAPTER (Duluth, Minnesota).—Saturday, October 19, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, was the occasion of a most delightful gathering in Duluth. Since last spring efforts have been made to form a Daughters of the American Revolution Chapter, and through the untiring zeal of Mrs. Denison Billings Smith, Jr., and others the twelve necessary to organize were secured. Invitations had been extended to our State Regent and through her to the members of the St. Paul and Minneapolis Chapters to be present at the christening of the new Chapter. The State Regent being unable to attend, our guest of special honor was Mrs. Joseph E. MacWilliams, ex-Vice Regent and Recording Secretary of St. Paul Chapter, whose zeal and enthusiasm has inspired us in our work. At 11 o'clock the members met at the home of our Regent. The parlors were beautifully decorated with mountain ash berries and draped with silken flags. Standing under a chandelier which held thirteen flags and facing a flag-draped mantle where hung suspended an ancestral sword which had done duty at Lexington, these Daughters of the Revolution sang "America;" then, led by the Chaplain, Mrs. C. H. Patton, they joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. The name "Greysolon du Luht Chapter" was formally adopted. Greetings to the Chapter and an address by Mrs. MacWilliams followed. General discussion in regard to future work was then indulged in. At 1 o'clock the hostess led the way to the dining-room. The table was indeed a "thing of beauty." At each plate were American Beauty roses, a silken flag and satin favor bearing the insignia of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and dates October 19, 1781-1895, and the Chapter name, Greysolon du Luht. An elaborate luncheon was followed by toasts drunk to the "Daughters of

the Revolution," "Greysolon du Luhr Chapter," "The Day we Celebrate," "The Society of the Children of the Revolution," "Our Guests," "Our State Regent," "Our Chapter Regent," "Our Unofficial Members," "Our Absent Members." An original and humorous paper by one of our members was read. A cluster of American Beauties and luncheon favors with expressions of sympathy were sent our absent member, Mrs. May P. White, whose serious illness prevented her attendance. With thanks and congratulations to our brilliant hostess and Regent, who had done so much to make the day a memorable one, we departed. The list of officers for our Chapter is: Regent, Mrs. Denison Billings Smith; Vice Regent, Mrs. W. C. Winton; Chaplain, Mrs. C. H. Patton; Treasurer, Mrs. Julia M. Barnes.—FLORA MEADE DAREY, *Secretary*.

STAMFORD CHAPTER, organized less than one year ago, numbers now thirty-three members, with others coming in, so that we hope this winter to bring our number up to fifty. Our board of officers consists of: Regent, Mrs. Spencer C. Devan; Vice Regent, Mrs. John R. Tracy; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cornelia A. Huributt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Scofield; Treasurer, Mrs. N. R. Hart; Registrar, Mrs. A. G. Lawton; Historian, Miss Maria Lowrey Smith. Our monthly meetings have as yet been few in number. Many of our members are out of town in summer so that it seems advisable to discontinue our meetings from May till October. At our close in the spring, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe favored us with her genial presence, giving us an address on "Patriotism in Literature." We had arranged to give a reception to Mrs. Howe, but the recent death of her sister rendered it undesirable. This autumn we are fully organized and are formulating plans for work. There are some historic places in Stamford which we intend to mark with commemorative tablets. The house where Washington stopped over night, on his way to take command of the army in Boston, was pulled down some time ago to give place to a business block, but we shall perpetuate the site by suitable inscription. Our last meeting was made very pleasant by papers read on the patriotic services rendered during the Revolution by various counties in Connecticut.

This winter we propose taking up the course of Colonial and Revolutionary study suggested by the leaflets published by the Old South Church of Boston. The graves of Revolutionary soldiers are to be looked after, and we have also in consideration the offering of prizes in the high school for the best essay on the days of Seventy-six. We are anxious to arouse an honest pride in, and reverence for, those who assisted in founding the Republic, and at the same time foster a love for country that shall be strong enough to not only make the rising generation willing (if need be) to die for it, but what is more make them so live as to carry out in spirit and practice what the founders planned.—M. L. SMITH, *Historian*.

HARRISBURG CHAPTER.—An interesting and most successful entertainment was given under the auspices of the Harrisburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on October 18, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis; and the following account of it was given in a prominent city newspaper:

PRIZE WINNERS—PATRIOTIC ESSAYS READ AT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

It was Pennsylvania Day, par excellence, yesterday at the Harrisburg High School. The decorations, with the coat of arms of the State distinctly in evidence, were very handsome and elaborate. The essays and orations were all on Pennsylvania topics, teeming with patriotism, State pride, and loyalty. The Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Sons of the Revolution were each well represented. The occasion was honored by the presence of the State Regent of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Nathaniel B. Hegg, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, while over all presided, in his most happy, ready manner, the Governor of the State, Hon. D. H. Hastings, assisted by the popular principal of the High School, Mr. Landon.

The large, well-lighted audience room in the High School building is a magnificent one for such purposes, capable of comfortably seating a thousand people. Music, under the direction of the choir of the High School, was inspiring and excellently rendered, the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Red, White and Blue," and "America" ringing out as only hundreds of fresh young voices can sound them, the whole occasion making an afternoon long to be remembered. It is to be hoped that this is only the first of a yearly series of such entertainments so happily inaugurated yesterday by the Harrisburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The cash prize of the Harrisburg Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for the best essay on the part which Pennsylvania took in the Revolution, was won by Miss Anna Elizabeth Graybill, and the second prize, offered by President Hartman, was awarded to Miss Bertha Guiles Young. The first prize for boys, offered by Dr. Charles B. Fager, was won by Harry S. Zimmerman, whose subject was "Pennsylvania's Present Position as a State." Boyd Martin Oglesby won the second prize, offered by President Hartman, for his essay on "Pennsylvania in the Civil War." The prizes were presented to the young ladies by Governor Hastings, and Robert Snodgrass, Esq., made the presentation speech to the young men.

The community is to be felicitated that the Daughters of the American Revolution, whose members are the leaders of thought and culture in Harrisburg, have entered upon this work.

National history, both general and local, has an interest and value known but by the few, and when women such as those at the head of this Chapter put their hand to the plow they will not turn back, and the community and the Commonwealth will be the better for their efforts.

The committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution make the following report: "The members of the Harrisburg Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution desire to express the very sincere gratification they feel at the response that has been made by the girls of the graduating class of 1895 to the proposal for essays upon the theme, 'What part did Pennsylvania take in the American Revolution?' The compositions, seven in number, that have been handed the committee are all of marked excellence, displaying intellectual ability and a creditable amount of research into the history of Pennsylvania, with a strong sense of State pride, and an honorable zeal to preserve the memory of men and women of the Revolution, to rescue from forgetfulness their great sacrifices and to honor the debt we owe them.

"The committee has read with painstaking care every essay, and although differing slightly in opinion as to the literary merits, the majority, after due deliberation, has selected as most worthy the prizes offered the two which we will have the pleasure of hearing this afternoon.

"The committee wishes to signify in an emphatic manner the most hearty appreciation of each essay presented for examination. They feel sure that the young writers will not regret the hours spent in these historic studies, the results of which have been set forth in such warm colors with picturesque detail and pleasing effects, even though each contestant has not secured a prize. It is the knowledge gained by studies like these that makes us proud of our heritage as Daughters of the American Revolution and will make of us true patriots as long as our country lives and its flag waves over us."

GENERAL JAMES MITCHELL VARNUM CHAPTER was organized at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, October 21, 1895, by

Mrs. Thomas W. Chace, Chapter Regent, assisted by Miss Mary A. Greene, State Regent, and Miss Amelia S. Knight, Vice President General of the National Society.

East Greenwich is rich in Revolutionary memories, and it was not easy for the Chapter to choose a name from its wealth of distinguished citizens and heroes, among whom are numbered General Nathaniel Greene and his brilliant wife "Kittie Littlefield," Governor William Greene, Colonel Christopher Greene, the Hero of Red Bank, Eleanor Fry, who organized the Daughters of Liberty of East Greenwich in 1766, and many others. James Mitchell Varnum, brigadier general of the Rhode Island Line, member of Congress from Rhode Island, judge of the Northwest Territory of the United States, a brilliant soldier, able statesman, eloquent lawyer, and upright judge, was finally chosen for the special honor.

The historian of the Chapter, Miss Louise Bowen, a descendant of the hero of Red Bank (Colonel Christopher Greene) lives in the General Varnum house, a fine colonial mansion. The other officers are: Miss Anna J. Brown, Secretary and Registrar, Mrs. George E. Bailey, Treasurer.

The first act of the new Chapter was the unanimous adoption of a resolution heartily endorsing the effort now making to establish a National University in the city of Washington, and pledging its coöperation in this movement to the full extent of its power.—MARY ANNE GREENE, *State Regent*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CHAPTER.—At a meeting of this Chapter, held October 31, it was resolved, that whereas, Mrs. Mathes, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution for Tennessee, did most generously and gracefully wave her right to read her paper in favor of Mrs. James B. Clark, our State Regent, and for the many courtesies extended our delegate, Mrs. Thomas J. Groce, that a note of thanks from this Chapter be sent Mrs. Mathes, also the Atlanta Chapter, and Mrs. Lockwood, editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, that all members of the Daughters of the American Revolution may be informed of our appreciation of the courtesies and honors conferred on our Chapter and State.—Julia Washington Fou-

taine, Regent; Harriet Brooke Smith, Vice Regent; Clifford Loverin Groce, Historian; Bettie Ballinger, Secretary; Alice Q. Bruce, Registrar; Julia Gillison Harris, Treasurer.

VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER, of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, was fully organized and officers elected December 17, 1894. Causes beyond our control had kept it in an unsettled state for a year, though at the same time we had more applicants for membership than were needed for organization. We now number twenty-two, with many prospective names.

Some few papers have been read and more will be presented as our members better understand what is expected of them.

They have a great work before them—to gather up and preserve the traditions and incidents in this vicinity belonging to our Revolutionary period.

As I look from the window, near which I am writing, upon this snow covered landscape, I note where the Continental Army passed on its dreary march to Valley Forge; possibly through such a snow as now blocks our roads they may have left the footprints of their bare, bleeding feet, marching over the roads and fields upon which I gaze, passed the old "King of Prussia" Inn, and climbed the hills of Valley Forge, where the snow covered their camp as with a garment, while the army dug beneath it for the shelter of the earth which was to protect their log huts.

No battle was fought upon these hills, but the deeds which have made them famous belong to the history of our great Republic. "Here men prayed and starved, endured and died, for all the race of time."

Near us are colonial homes and churches, still in good preservation, where General Washington, his officers, and soldiers have been—forming part of the plain congregations in the churches, worshipping with them.

In Norristown, the county seat of Montgomery County, are several streets known by the names of noted generals of that day. There is a Washington, a Lafayette, a DeKalb, a Greene, and perhaps others that I do not at present recall.

The title of our Chapter and the story of that dreary winter

encampment are so well known that the Nation can never forget Valley Forge and the important part it had in securing our Independence.—ANNA MORRIS HOLSTEIN.

THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE CHAPTER, of Montpelier, Vermont, met October 17, at Mrs. J. C. Houghton's, to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Saratoga. Judge Carleton gave a very interesting account of the battle. Miss Phinney read a graphic description of the death and burial of General Frazer, and of the trials and adventures of the Baroness Reidstet and Lady Ackland; and Rev. A. N. Lewis read a paper entitled "Lafayette's Visit to Montpelier." Mrs. W. A. Briggs sang the Star Spangled Banner, and all passed an enjoyable evening.

DUBUQUE CHAPTER.—A very pleasant event occurred very recently at the residence of Mrs. D. N. Cooley, 1394 Locust street, at a regular meeting of the Dubuque Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Cooley, who instituted this Chapter several months ago, is an active worker and is deeply interested in an effort to institute Chapters where it can be done in this State, she being the State Regent of the Order. The programme included a very able historical paper on "Lexington and Concord," by Mrs. Horace Poole, and an essay by Mrs. Samantha Shoup. Then followed the address delivered by Mrs. Cooley when she presented the charter to the Chapter. She spoke as follows:

"It is with great pride and satisfaction that to-day I have the honor of presenting to this Chapter the charter of organization issued by the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The difficulties besetting all Chapter Regent's work in the formation of local Chapters in the Western States are much alike. Many of us in the West are eastern people whose traditions, records, and memories cluster around some seaboard State or are gathered in some New England settlement. The proofs of our descent from Revolutionary heroes have been to some of us, perhaps, but as a "tale that is told," a tradition handed down in family conversation or recorded but as reminiscences at family reunions or treasured up in the good reunions of our grandfathers and grandmothers.

Whatever records of our families we could recall were perhaps but the exasperating inexactness of time and place when some one of our ancestors lived and died. We have had no State records near at hand as our most favored members in the East, and much of our research has had to be through others who were willing to undertake the service of unearthing family records for us. Then, too, the National Society, which had its birth in Washington, and the center of its interest and influence in the East, has hardly yet had time to arouse in us the same earnestness and activity in our search for evidence and eligibility to the Society as has actuated those who more thoroughly understand and appreciate the honor and distinction of a claim to its membership. I mention these things that we may be proud to-day that Dubuque is so well represented among the thousands who have come forward with proven lineage to claim the title we so proudly hold of Daughters of the American Revolution. It is a source of gratification to me as your organizer and first Chapter Regent, that here in our city the interest in our work and Chapter is increasing, and that many are searching for records which will entitle them to the distinction of being Daughters of the American Revolution, which was so honorably won for us in the past by our noble, patriotic ancestors, who fought that we might enjoy to-day the liberty of this our beloved America.

"I prophesy for the Dubuque Chapter years of prosperity and helpful influence, and in presenting this charter to you it is with the hope that in you and your daughters who shall follow in your footsteps may be perpetuated the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, and may it ever be your earnest purpose to foster true patriotism and love of country.

"Joined together in a local Chapter, made a part of the State organization as a division in its work, working under the National Society as representative of an integral part of the great Union, let us not only keep but cultivate the spirit which should actuate us in making this Society a power for good in the uplifting of womanhood to the high place for which her qualities of mind and heart so eminently fit her.

"In this comparatively new State there are none of the his-

terical spots which in the Eastern States it is the object of our Society to require and protect, but the spirit which brought this Society into being, the purpose to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to encourage a deeper study and better knowledge of our country's history and to develop in us a better capacity for the duties and privileges of citizenship—these things are confined to no particular section of the United States, and the purpose of our Society is to develop them throughout the entire country by means of the various local Chapters. This spirit we must have and in whatever way it may be possible for us, to contribute our small share to these helpful influences of our time."

MINNEAPOLIS CHAPTER—On September 6, the classic East Side was the scene of an inspiring patriotic celebration, most fittingly held at the home of Mrs. Charlotte O. Van Cleve. The Daughters of the American Revolution celebrated the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the taking of Fort Griswold. Colonel Ledyard, who was in command that day, and who died a martyr's death on that bloody occasion, is the ancestor of the grand old woman who acted as hostess yesterday for the Daughters. The Van Cleve homestead was fittingly prepared to greet the patriotic ladies, who came, many of them, with their husbands, to lay a tribute on the shrine of the valiant soldier's memory. Old Glory was draped everywhere, the members sending flags to augment the number owned by Mrs. Van Cleve. The parlors were further decorated with great bowls of roses and vases of white asters and yellow golden rod. Over the mantel hung a large crayon drawing of the late General Van Cleve, who served in the Civil War with such honor. Roses were placed before it, a flag draped over it, and his sword displayed near at hand.

The afternoon was a golden September favor, fitted for an outdoor festival, and after a brief reception within doors the party adjourned to the lawn. Colonel Edgerton, of St. Paul, president of the Sons of Veterans of that city, and a most distinguished looking gentleman of the old-school type, took Mrs. Van Cleve on his arm and led the way, followed by about a hundred guests, many of whom were from the St. Paul Chap-

ter. The courtly old gentleman is a son of a soldier of the Revolution. His silvered hair and clean-cut face gave him an appearance not unlike the picture of General Washington. He wore about his neck a blue ribbon, from which hung the cross of the national Order. Mrs. Van Cleve, in a Quakerish gray silk gown, with kerchief of lace about her throat, with silvered curls drooping either side of her face from a quaint snell comb, was the type of all that is nobly grand and graciously strong in womanhood, and she smiled benignly at the Daughters from the little platform. She wore upon her breast the blue and gold national pin of the Daughters, which was given her yesterday morning by a group of her warmest friends.

A drapery of two large flags was hung on either side of the rostrum and behind it was a background of blue and white, the colors of the Order. On this were displayed the devices, "Ft. Griswold, Sept. 6, 1781," "Home and Country, 1805," "1776 and 1861." On a little table was placed a shield of red, white, and blue blossoms, which was sent for the occasion by the VanCleve school. Mrs. M. B. Lewis, Regent of the Minneapolis Chapter, called the assembly to order, and in accordance to the dainty blue and white programmes announced the singing of "America." The venerable Chaplain then led them in prayer, and her strong though quavering voice rang out fervently under the leafy canopy, bringing the feeling of reverence over all. Mrs. Jennie B. Goodwin read the historical paper. Her ancestor, Lieutenant Obadiah Perkins, was second in command at the taking of the old fort, and fourteen of his descendants were enlisted in the service of the Union in succeeding wars. She had a stirring and masterly paper and read it like a true daughter of such lineage. Miss Charlotte Hemmip Van Cleve, one of the last generation of that name, sang with more than her usual feeling and beauty the national song, "Columbia." The hostess then told the story of the taking of the fort as she remembered it being told to her at her mother's knee. She said that when the brave handful of Americans was overpowered by the British, the officer in charge of the enemies' troops asked, "Who commands this fort?" "I did," returned Colonel Ledyard, "but you do now," and he handed him his sword in token of surrender. Then one of

the most dastardly deeds of the Revolution was committed. The British officer seized the weapon and ran it through the loyal and brave heart of Colonel Ledyard. Mrs. Van Cleve declared she could not speak of it without a shudder, and told how it used to fire the children's hearts with patriotism to hear the story. She also told of the valor of the Seymours on that day and how one of them lost a leg defending a child of the colonel. She exhorted her listeners to be grateful to God for all he had done to bless the Nation, and to remember ever not only their duty to their country but to God, and to strive to hand down to their children a stainless name as these old heroes had done before them.

Colonel Edgerton gave a brief talk and was followed by Rev. Wm. M. Kincaid, who spoke of the local traditions connected with the place, his wife's great-grandfather being Lieutenant Avery, who was in the engagement. Doctor Kincaid spoke most entertainingly, having recently visited the old home at Groton, Connecticut, where the monument to Colonel Ledyard stands, and where the old fort is kept in a state of good repair. He thought this battle should be classed with Lexington, Concord, and Yorktown, for in no place was grander spirit of patriotism exhibited during the War of the Revolution. Miss Van Cleve sang the Star Spangled Banner, the guests joining in the refrain, and the outdoor session was adjourned for a social session within the house.

In the pleasant entrance hall the guests were offered frappe by Miss Grace Williams, and they passed into the drawing-rooms and dining-room to be offered a dainty luncheon. The table was laid with a white and blue effect, the blossom being white asters and blue cornflowers. Old fashioned silver candelabra held clusters of blue tapers and their light twinkled over old silver which was presented to General Van Cleve at Murfreesborough, Tennessee, for his valiant defense of the place in the Civil War. Over such interesting urns presided Miss Mary A. Van Cleve and Miss Sophie H. Williams. Miss Charlotte Hall, granddaughter of the hostess, who is recently come from her home in Hawaii to attend the university, presided over a beautiful cake which had the proud honor of hav-

ing been baked in the wedding dish of Mrs. Van Cleve, used first fifty-nine years ago.

Before the breaking up of the assembly a vote of thanks was returned to the St. Paul Sons of the Revolution for the gift to the Minneapolis Chapter of an elegant year book. Thanks were also voted to the committee having the programme in charge and to the hostess for her gracious entertainment. The Chapter also accepted an invitation extended to them to visit the celebration at Snelling of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone, which will occur September 10.

SARANAC CHAPTER.—On Friday, October 11, a reception was given to the Saranac Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution by the Regent, Mrs. Chauncey Stoddard. Her rooms, bright with the Chapter yellow and the folds of the Stars and Stripes, received about thirty of the Daughters. The occasion was the commemoration of the battle of Valcour, the first naval battle of the Revolution. The Historian, Mrs. Gamble, read an able paper giving a vivid history of the battle, a history which she had compiled with infinite pains from various authorities. Her work was illustrated by a map drawn for her by H. K. Averill. The paper in full will shortly be published.

After two charming songs by Miss Nichols, Mrs. Whittelsey read an account of William Gilliland, an early settler of the Champlain Valley, living at the time of the battle. The paper contained one or two of the letters which he wrote to Arnold, showing what he was suffering for the American cause. In virtue of his services several persons are members of the Saranac Chapter, and for that reason as well as for the intrinsic value of the history the account was peculiarly interesting.

The Saranac Chapter was especially favored on this anniversary by having with them the State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Miss Forsyth, of Kingston. They were very grateful for her words on the aim and work of the Society. One incident which she told of the first National Congress was particularly significant. This Congress was the first meeting since the Civil War where women of the North and South met together, inspired by motives of the purest patriotism. During the session a South Carolina woman presented to the

Society the original manuscript of the "Star Spangled Banner," and by her special request the presentation was made by a woman from Massachusetts. Miss Forsyth emphasized the fact that Chapters must not be exclusive, and encouraged the Saranac Chapter to enlarge its circles as rapidly as might be. After her talk, Miss Forsyth presented to the Chapter its charter and Miss Woodward made a graceful response in behalf of the Regent.

All of the exercises were characterized by an earnestness and enthusiasm which augurs well for the success of the Saranac Chapter--the pioneer Chapter of Northern New York.

ON account of the crowded condition of the Magazine the annual reports of States and Chapters are unavoidably left over until the January number.





MRS. SAMUEL STANTON.

[A sketch of the life of Mrs. Samuel Stanton and her ancestors. She is the granddaughter and daughter of Revolutionary veterans, and a member of the Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Mystic, Groton, and Stonington, Connecticut. Written and arranged by her daughter, Mrs. Harriette Stanton, of Stonington, Connecticut.]

1. THE first ancestor of whom we have any certain knowledge was Thomas Wheeler, born in 1602, and who, with his wife Mary, came from England to Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1635. He was made a freeman by the Massachusetts General Court in 1642. In 1664 he removed to Stonington, Connecticut, bringing one son with him. He located in the northern part of the town, where he had large tracts of land given him: he also made extensive purchases until he became the largest landholder in the township. His estate was divided into many fine farms, which became the ancestral homesteads of the various families descended from him. He took an active part in organizing the "town plat," and laying out the ministry land, and in building the new meetinghouse on Agreement Hill. He was one of the founders of the first church in 1674, and became a consistent and honored member thereof. He was made a freeman by the Connecticut General Court in 1669, and was elected selectman and deputy, and held other offices in the town. He died March 4 1686, aged eighty-four years. His son was:



MRS. SAMUEL STANTON.

2. Isaac Wheeler, born in 1646. He inherited the estate of his father. On May 24, 1683, he deeded to the town of Stonington a tract of two hundred and eighty acres, situated a little way south of Lantern Hill, for a Pequot reservation, taking five hundred acres of Colony land in payment. In 1685 he took up three hundred acres of this Colony land in the present town of Plainfield, and three hundred acres at Pachog, paying Oweneco £3 for his claims at Pachog. He was married on January 10, 1667, by Thomas Stanton, Commissioner, to Martha, daughter of Thomas and Dorothy Thompson Park, and granddaughter of Sir Robert Park, of Preston, England, who came to Weathersfield in 1640. He died January 5, 1712. Martha, his wife, died February 15, 1716, aged seventy years. They had a family of ten children, four sons and six daughters. The eldest son, Thomas, was killed by the Indians near Norwich, Connecticut, on December 25, 1691, when about twenty years of age and unmarried. The three remaining sons became the heads of large families. The second son was:

3. Isaac Wheeler, born August 6, 1673. He married, in 1698, Mary, daughter of Rev. Jeremiah Shepherd, of Lynn, Massachusetts, and a granddaughter of Rev. Thomas Shepherd, of Cambridge, who Dr. Eliot says "was one of the leading divines of New England." He built and occupied the homestead on Taugwonk Hill, where, in the west front room, "Madame Mary," as his wife was called, kept a store, taking in the surplus beef, pork, butter, cheese, wool, etc., of the country around, shipping the same by water to Boston, and going thither herself on horseback, accompanied by a slave on another horse, to dispose of the same and buy goods to bring back, returning the same way. These trips usually occupied two days each way. She was an accomplished business woman, and accumulated quite a fortune for the times in which she lived. She is said to have been a woman of fiery temper, and wore a rawhide whip slung from her belt with which she chastised her slaves when found off duty. Her mother was Mary Wainwright and her grandmother Margaret Lorodel, both of Irish extraction. He died January 25, 1739. Mary, his wife, died September 6, 1761. They had but two children. Their only son was:

4. Captain Thomas Wheeler, born February 15, 1700. He inherited his father's lands and his mother's money, and was accounted at the time of his death, in 1755, one of the richest farmers in Eastern Connecticut. He married, November 24, 1718, Mary Miner, daughter of Captain Ephraim, Jr., and Mary Sterns Miner, granddaughter of Captain Ephraim and Hannah Avery Miner, and great-granddaughter of Captain Thomas and Grace Palmer Miner, a descendant of Walter Palmer, Captain James Avery, Captain John Gallup, and Mrs. Margaret Lake, the first white woman at New London, Connecticut. He died October 23, 1755. Mary, his wife, died July 28, 1750. They had a family of eleven children. The second son was:

5. Isaac Wheeler, born February 12, 1724. He married, April 9, 1746, Bridget Noyes, daughter of Captain Thomas and Elizabeth Sanford Noyes, granddaughter of Rev. James Noyes, the first settled minister of Stonington, and one of the founders of Yale College, and Dorothy Stanton, his wife: great-granddaughter of Rev. James Noyes, of Newbury, Massachusetts, one of the most eminent men of his day, and whose father, Rev. William Noyes, was rector in the diocese of Salisbury, England, and who, in 1620, was appointed Attorney General to the King. Her mother, Elizabeth Sanford, was the daughter of Peleg Sanford, and granddaughter of William Coddington, both of whom were Colonial Governors of Rhode Island. He was accidentally drowned, in an ineffectual attempt to rescue his slave from a similar fate, on May 26, 1747, and his widow married for a second husband Deacon Joseph Denison. Their only child was:

6. Lieutenant Isaac Wheeler, born November 26, 1746. In 1755 he inherited by the will of his grandfather, Captain Thomas Wheeler, the old homestead of his great-grandparents, Isaac and Mary Shepherd Wheeler, and was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, Paul Wheeler. He was married on December 31, 1765, when only nineteen years of age, by Rev. Joseph Fish, of North Stonington, to Ruth Swan, daughter of Timothy and Mary Smith Swan, granddaughter of Captain John Swan, who removed from Haverhill, Massachusetts, to Stonington about 1709, and whose wife, Susanna, was twice taken captive by the Indians, and who killed an Indian with

her kitchen spit while defending her home in the attack on Haverhill, August 29, 1781, and a direct descendant of Richard Swan, an early settler of Rowley, Massachusetts. At the outbreak of the Revolution he enlisted, on May 9, 1775, as a private in Colonel David Waterbury's Regiment, the Fifth Connecticut, a member of the Eighth Company, under Captain Joseph Smith. This regiment was raised on first call for troops by act of Legislature, April-May, 1772. It was recruited mainly in Fairfield County and marched first to New York under General Wooster and with the First Regiment, and then to the Northern Department. He was at the siege of St. Johns in October and was discharged November 11, 1775. Term of service expired December, 1772. On account of sickness many men returned in October-November, 1775. He re-enlisted and in 1776 was stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, under the command of Colonel Harry Babcock. Here he took with him into service his two slaves, Enoch and Cæsar, and his eldest son, Isaac, as a fifer in his company. In 1777 he was in the Pennsylvania campaign and participated in the battle of Brandywine on September 11, 1777. He rose to the rank of lieutenant and was known as "Lieutenant Wheeler" to the day of his death in all the country round. He died December 31, 1831. Ruth, his wife, died December 6, 1834.

The interest which attaches to a story at first hand induces the writer to give the following reminiscences almost verbatim: Well do I remember my grandfather, Lieutenant Isaac Wheeler, and my visits to his house. His death occurred shortly after my marriage, and as there was a heavy fall of snow at the time we attended his funeral in sleighs. He died in the old homestead at Togwong and was buried in the burying place of his ancestors which was on his farm. He was a large, tall man of light complexion and with hair inclining to a sandy hue, very mild in manner, and greatly respected by all who knew him. As the head of a large family his home was ever well filled by children and grandchildren over whom he exercised a parental care. His eldest son:

7. Isaac Wheeler, Jr., born June 6, 1768, was my father. He had naturally a quick ear for music and was early trained to the use of the fife. In 1776 he accompanied his father to New-

port, Rhode Island, as a fifer in his company. I have often heard him relate his adventures in war times. While there he was very ill with camp fever and was brought on horseback to his home in Stonington on a pillow supported by the arms of his father. At this time they, father and son, received a furlough, of which the following is a true copy :

HEADQUARTERS, JAMESTOWN, *Mar 4 1777, 1776.*

Mr. Isaac Wheeler is permitted to go off this Island to return in twenty days from this date, his son Isaac likewise tht he is able to return into the service on account of his health.

CHRISTOPHER LIPPITT.

He recovered and returned to the service. He would relate with pleasure when an aged man how great was his desire for a uniform. He told his father that he was an officer, that he called out the men by his playing and must have a uniform, refusing to play until he could have one. His father took him to a first-class shoemaker in Newport and had a pair of high boots with red tops made for him, and he was told that was the uniform for boy fifers. His great joy in possessing the boots, which were far superior to any he had before seen made him very willing to resume his duties, and any hour afterwards found him ready and willing "to call the men together." He became a great favorite with the members of his father's company; they taught him to dance and to sing their camp songs which ever remained fresh in his memory, one of which I now recall :

"I have been beat and I have been banged
And all for desertion :
If ever I enlist for a soldier again
The devil may be my surgeon."

In December, 1776, Sir Peter Parker arrived off Newport with a fleet of seven ships of the line, four frigates, and seventy transports, containing an army of six thousand troops : the American force being small retreated. In this retreat my father was brought off the island on the back of Jim Freeman, an Indian of the Charlestown (Narragansett) tribe, who in after years made annual visits to our home in Stonington to see the boy he had preserved and for whom he cherished a devoted friendship. Near the close of the war, my father being, as he said, large and strong for his age, engaged in privateer

ing. The vessel he was in was taken by the English and the men put in irons and confined below. On account of his youth he was allowed to go about upon deck where he was much in the way of a young lieutenant, who was small in size but pompous in manner and addicted to drinking. Toward evening the lieutenant gave him a kick and with an oath ordered him as a rebel to get out of his way. This roused such a spirit in my father that he, to use his own words, "hauled off and knocked the young officer down." He was immediately seized and confined below with the assurance that he should be hung at yardarms the next morning. During the night they encountered and were retaken by a vessel of the French fleet under Count De Grasse, then approaching our shores for the aid of Washington. The English crew were transferred to the French vessel and a French crew put in their place. Not a soul remained on board that could speak the French language. In this condition they were carried into the Chesapeake Bay where matters were explained and he was released. Here he saw the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Virginia, and was discharged at the head of the Elk River in Maryland, about fifty miles south of Philadelphia. From this place he journeyed, footsore and weary, begging his bread by the way, and contracting fever in the lowlands of the Jerseys by sleeping out of doors and insufficient food, to his father's home in Stonington, where there was enough and to spare and servants to wait upon him. He attended private schools, where, under the teaching of the famous master Niles and others, he acquired a good education for that day, particularly in mathematics and grammar; he was also an excellent penman. He had a fine musical voice, and notwithstanding his great weight was a most beautiful dancer even when past middle age. After the close of the war my grandfather, Lieutenant Isaac Wheeler, received land warrants in payment for his services; he also bought up the claims of others and formed one of a company who took up their claims on the frontier, as it was then called, near Troy, New York. I remember the name of Henry Brink as one of the number who went out there.

My father went out with this company to look after his father's interest there. He remained in that vicinity for some-

time, and often related his adventures in that, to him, a new country, abounding in fish and game, and the diversion of life among the Dutch pioneers. My father inherited from his ancestors a great love of country, which was enlarged by a vivid remembrance of "the times that tried men's souls." He was a democrat of the Jeffersonian school of politics, from which he never swerved, firmly believing in the worth of an agricultural development of our country as the basis of all its commercial prosperity.

When I look back upon the scarcity of books and papers of his day as compared to the great abundance of this age, I often wonder at his knowledge and interest in all that pertained to this and other governments. He ever followed the accounts of the great armies, and all their battles fought in distant parts, making them the subject of daily conversation. He was a great admirer of Lord William Nelson, the great English naval hero, and named his youngest son after him. Though exempt from military duty, he was present at the attack on Stonington, in August, 1814. My father was a large, strong man, of athletic build, given to boxing, wrestling, and jumping, the manly sports of his day; never, after I remember him, weighing less than two hundred pounds, often two hundred and fifty and upward. He usually rode on horseback until late in life, and could mount a horse with the agility of a boy. He was a man of strong opinions, quick tempered, independent in expression, and perfectly fearless. He followed the profession of his ancestors, farming, and while personally superintending all details of his work, never injured his naturally vigorous constitution by manual labor. His death resulted from heart disease when wanting only a few days of eighty-eight years, was out among his cattle an hour before he died. His eldest sister, Mrs. Mary Hakes, lived to the age of ninety-six, and his brother, Charles P. Wheeler, died at ninety-three. He inherited the gun his father carried during the Revolution. It was an old-fashioned flint-lock with a very long barrel, and was known to us by the name of "Old Brandywine" on account of our grandfather having used it in that battle. My father being but a boy and a musician did not have one then. His brother, Noyes Wheeler, served several years on board a United States

man-of-war about the time of the last war with England, and his youngest brother, Charles P. Wheeler, although only nineteen years of age, served in the defense of Stonington in August, 1814, for which he received a pension. My father never applied for a pension until late in life, and then failed to obtain one by the default of the person he entrusted his papers to, who lost some of the most important ones. I remember his signing papers for a man by the name of Braman, from Rhode Island, who served with him and obtained a pension.

My father was twice married, first in March, 1790, to Hannah, daughter of Captain John Holmes, of North Stonington, by whom he had seven children. The eldest son, Isaac, born September 25, 1793, was a sergeant in Captain Denison Noyes' Company, Thirtieth Regiment of Connecticut Militia, in the attack on Stonington: he also served several years in the regular army on the frontier. My father married for a second wife, in March, 1810, Olive, daughter of Elnathan and Anne Lisson Burdick, of Hopkinton, Rhode Island, a descendant of Robert Burdick, who was one of the first proprietors of Westerly, Rhode Island: of Samuel Hubbard and Joseph Clarke, of Newport, and Thomas Reynolds, of North Kingston. I was the eldest of eleven children, and was born in the old Williams farmhouse, at Wequetequock in Stonington, on January 3, 1811. In 1813 the Williams family wishing to occupy their farm during the War of 1812-14, my father moved to the Peleg Denison farm, north of the Road Church, now owned by William C. Moss. We remained there seven years, and the impressions of the place and its surroundings are yet clear in my mind. All of the older residents of that locality, the Denisons, Wheelers, Gallups, Noyeses, Stantons, and Cops, have long since been gathered to their fathers. Here I attended school taught by Miss Hannah Turner, who beside the usual book lessons also taught knitting, sewing, and sampler work to the girls. I have the one now that I wrought at that time. In 1820 we returned to the Williams farm at Wequetequock, in which locality I have ever since remained, a period of seventy-five years. In 1841 my father built a new house on the homestead at Togwork and removed there the following year, where he afterwards resided until his death, which

took place May 17, 1856. Ojive, his wife, died December 1, 1873. This homestead is still in the possession of the family. I was married on December 29, 1831, to Samuel Stanton, jun., who was born October 15, 1807, and died March 21, 1889, after several years of failing health and partial helplessness, while he bore with cheerful resignation; a gentleman of the old school, honest and upright, and one in whose heart there was no guile. The Stantons of Stonington are a family of strong military record, having had representatives in all important engagements from 1637, when Thomas Stanton, 1st, was wounded in the Fairfield Swamp fight, down to the close of the Civil War in 1864.

My husband was a charter member of Company Ten, First Regiment, Connecticut Infantry Artillery, a company formed of the sons of the first families in the town, handsomely equipped and well drilled in military tactics. Under command of J. Warren Stanton they took part in the exercises at the laying of the cornerstone of the Groton Monument and were greatly commended for their fine appearance. His father, John Stanton, Jr., born 1766 and died 1838, served as musician in Captain Yeoman's company in the attack on Stonington in 1814. His grandfather, John Stanton, born 1736 and died 1819, served in the French and Revolutionary wars and was wounded with bullets nineteen times. He was in the Seventh Connecticut Regiment under Colonel Charles Webb in 1775, which was stationed at various points along the Sound until September 14, when, on requisition of General Washington, it was ordered to the Boston camps; here it was assigned to General Sullivan's brigade, on Winter Hill, at the left of the besieging line, and remained until expiration of term of service in December, 1775. In 1776 he was in the Fifth Battalion, Wadsworth's brigade, Colonel William Douglas, which was raised in July, 1776, to reinforce Washington's army at New York. Served in the city and on the Brooklyn front, being at the right of the line of works during the battle of Long Island, August 27; engaged in the retreat to New York, August 29 and 30; stationed with militia brigade under Colonel Douglas at Rip's Bay, Thirty-fourth street, on the East River, at the time of the enemy's attack on New York, September 15, and forced to retreat; at battle of White Plains,

October 28. Afterwards of the Right Connecticut Militia. Oliver Smith, lieutenant colonel, a member of Captain Joseph Boardman's company. He was known as Sergeant John Stanton, and always wore his uniform to the old Road church on Sabbath days to near the close of his life as I have been told by aged people who remembered seeing him there in that dress. This branch of the Stanton family were all born on the homestead grant of Thomas Stanton, the Indian interpreter, commissioner, and trader on Pawcatuck River, and which was passed from father to son down to the present time and is now owned by my husband's youngest brother, David W. Stanton.

After a long life I look back with interest to all that pertains to my family and my country's history, only regretting that no written account has been before made as so much that is important slips from the memory with the lapse of time.

Mrs. Stanton is now in her eighty-fifth year. Possessing a remarkably strong memory, her remembrances are particularly clear and reliable. She is a good conversationalist, and visits to her are greatly enjoyed. Her eyesight is good, wearing no spectacles to read or sew with. Her powers of locomotion are also good. Though never leaving home she walks about her house and yard in fair weather with the vigor of a much younger woman, and is happy to meet her friends at all times.



LETTER FROM SAMUEL GREEN TO HIS SON.

NEW HAVEN,

May 1, 1783.

MY DEAR SON—

Thursday last was observed as a day of festivity and rejoicing in this town, on receipt of indubitable testimony of the Most Important, Grand and Ever Memorable Event, the total cessation of Hostilities between Great Britain and these United States and the full acknowledgement of their Sovereignty and Independence.

Accordingly the Day with the Rising Sun, was ushered in by the discharge of 13 cannon, paraded on the Green for that purpose, under elegant silk colouns with the Coat of Arms of the United States, most ingeniously represented thereon, which was generously contributed upon the occasion by the Ladies of the town. At 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the inhabitants met in the brick Meeting-house for divine service, where was convened a very crowded assembly, the service was opened with an anthem, then a very pertinent prayer together with thanksgiving was made by the Rev. D. Styles, President of Yale College; After which was sang some lines, purposely composed for the occasion, by the singers of all the congregations in concert. Then followed a very ingenious Oration, spoken by Mr. Elizur Goodrich, one of the Tutors of the College: after which a very liberal collection was made for the poor of the town, to elevate their hearts for rejoicing. The service concluded with an anthem.

A number of respectable gentlemen of the town dined to-

gather at the Coffee-House, after dinner several patriotic toasts were drunk.

At 3 o'clock were discharged 13 cannon: at 4, twenty-one ditto: at 5, seven ditto: at 6, eighteen ditto: at 7 were displayed the fire works with rockets and so forth: at 9 o'clock a bon-fire on the Green concluded the diversions of the day. The whole affair was conducted with decorum and decency, uncommon for such occasions, without any unfortunate accident, a most pacific disposition and heartfelt joy was universally conspicuous and most emphatically expressed on the features of every countenance.

Written by Samuel Green of the *Connecticut Journal* Published near the College, New Haven.



EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

WE have been somewhat amused of late by occasional squibs in the papers reflecting upon the patriotic societies of America—classing them as fads or referring to them as those in search of the percolated blood of some Revolutionary ancestor. With a smile we always wonder if the writers have been tripped in their *perambulation*.

These writers must keep themselves in ignorance of the vital reasons for the being of these societies.

Must expressions of patriotic sentiments invite ridicule? When the grave of the soldier who fought for the independence of his country is no longer neglected and lost sight of under the weeds and tangleweed of the country graveyard, and a headstone is erected, and flowers made to blossom over it, that all who pass shall read anew the name of the man who helped to save our country, and in the tender care-taking have it impressed upon the looker-on that there is a heritage which the patriotic societies of this country will hold sacred, where can ridicule find a respectable entrance?

When the unwritten history of this goodly land is secured out of the almost forgotten treasure houses of Colonial and Revolutionary homes, whose garrets groan with the riches hidden in the old archives of the family, some of this silent work that is going on will confront the don't knows, and our country and its history will be that much the richer.

When the children of this Republic that have been enrolled into a patriotic society grow into manhood and womanhood, their love of country, their unbounded patriotism, will prove to be this country's right arm of defense in time of need. And we will prophesy more: that when the coming generation is called upon to sing a national hymn, we shall no longer be mortified by having to hand it over to our English cousins to carry through, and more, neither will we see the irreverent spectacle of everybody sitting in his or her seat when the Star

Spangled Banner is played. Not a respectable nation on earth but ours can be found which does not recognize its national hymns and pay them deference.

Another unique work, that shows the trend of thought of the day, is a Revolutionary Calendar, issued under the auspices of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

It is most exquisitely illustrated in the thirteen seals of the thirteen original States, by Jeannette Van Salisbury, in the New York School of Applied Design for Women. Upon each card is the year the Colony was settled and the year the Constitution was ratified.

Altogether it is one of the most artistic and beautiful calendars published, and does great credit to those who had it in charge. The price is one dollar.

Here is a little tribute to the searcher of an ancestor, that we cull from the New York *Tribune* :

"The search after ancestors inaugurated by the Daughters of the American Revolution and Colonial Dames has developed strange relationships. A very high and mighty personage, in tracing out the various descendants of a famous Revolutionary general, whose collateral descendant she was proud to declare herself, found that the direct descent ended in a poor charwoman whom she had been in the habit of employing by the day. It was a happy find for the latter, for her large hearted and generous connection, exemplifying the old adage that blood is thicker than water, proved a veritable Lady Bountiful to the family. She educated her children, found a promising opening for the son, and pensioned off her poor relation, whom the many reverses of health and fortune had quite broken down. It was a great good to arise from what many deem a useless fad."

Is not the searching after an ancestor after all bearing some good fruit?

From the *San Francisco Call* we find this bit of history. We publish it to call attention to it by the Sons of the American Revolution in San Francisco who are always full of good works!

An old bronze cannon of Spanish make lies on the beach at Alameda Point, half sunken in the sand. Its cumbersome carriage has been stolen or has rotted away. The tide buries it continually deeper, and soon, if left there to the effacement of the sea, it will be lost to sight and to memory. Yet this cannon was one of the two that rang out across the bay the first artillery salute that bay ever heard. This salvo was fired in September, 1776, precisely one hundred and nineteen years ago. It was to celebrate the completion of the Presidio, on which the soldiers of Moraga had been working nearly a year. Just beyond the point was anchored the ship *San Carlos*--first to enter between the pillared gates of San Francisco Bay--and her guns answered the uproar from the land.

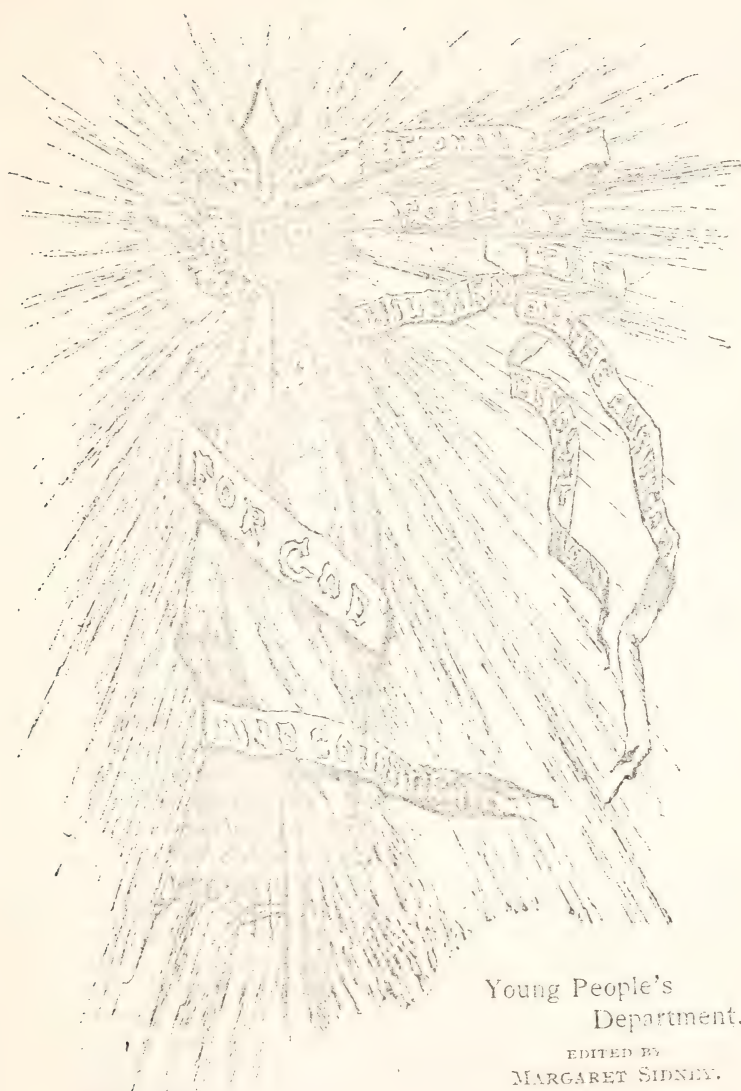
The *San Carlos* brought along with the supplies from Presidio at Monterey two cannons. These were placed on the ramparts of the western side. Later the *San Carlos* brought six more guns of larger caliber. These were for the Castillo De San Joaquin, and they now occupy prominent places at Fort Mason, where the old relics stand, pointing across the water like veterans in old dotage. They would be useless for defense, but they are martial and picturesque monuments of the old Spanish days. They are the marks of the foundation stone of San Francisco's history.

In the Presidio there is now only one piece of Spanish ordnance: Its companion is across the bay in a woodpile, where the high tide covers it. When and how the gun was taken from its old stand is a matter of speculation. It is thought, however, that several years ago Captain Zalinski, who was then evolving designs for his dynamite gun, had it taken from one of the forts to Alameda Point and used it for experimental purposes. Guns beside which it stood one hundred years ago now occupy places of honor. It is forgotten. The North Pacific Coast railroad runs within twenty feet of the place where it lies, and the labor of transferring it to the place from which it was taken would be very slight.

We have been told that the following incident occurred recently and it needs no comment: A party of New York men and women, who were entertaining an Englishman in town the other night, wound up the entertainment by singing. The lady at the piano played "America." The hostess ran to her in alarm and said, "Please don't play that: that man will discover that we don't know our national song. We Americans are always put in a ridiculous position when patriotic songs come up. Every foreigner knows his own, but none of us know ours." It was too late. The company caught the first bar and fell to singing. Everybody got as far as "Of thee I sing," and then the Americans began to replace the words with la-la-la and tum-te-tum. The Englishman sang straight ahead, and the hostess looked at him with amazement. "He is the only one present who knows the words," she said. She walked near him and listened. "Thank heaven, it isn't so. He is singing 'God Bless Her Majesty' to the tune."







Young People's
Department.

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.,

ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, AT THE MEETING HELD IN THE INTERESTS
OF THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN THE OLD SOUTH
MEETING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

THERE is an inspiration in the walls of this historic edifice felt by every true American who enters it. As I stand upon this platform I am reminded that if a straight line were drawn from the spot where I stand across Milk street the extremity would fall upon a house in which was born one of the greatest benefactors of science and America—one of the truest patriots these United States have ever known. In that house on a wintry Sunday, January 17, 1706, between the religious services of the morning and the afternoon, was born an infant boy who was destined to play an important part in the history of his country. He came without a name but that very afternoon he was brought into this temple, through the south door on Milk street, to be baptized and to receive a name, which, in subsequent life, he made famous—Benjamin Franklin.

Six decades later these walls resounded with the eloquence of the patriots, leaders of the American Revolution, Adams, and Warren, and Quincy. Still later the pews were taken out and the sacred edifice was desecrated by being made a riding school for the British cavalry.

After the Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, it was restored to its original use, and after three generations and more had worshiped here, it became devoted to its present service as a depository of relics of the Revolutionary period of our national history.

The young patriots, the Children of the American Revolution, are about to sing the national hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee." I have been asked to relate again, as I have often done, the circumstances which led to the writing of the hymn. In about the year 1830 or 1831 it having become known to certain friends of education in the State of New York that the public schools of Germany had gained a high reputation for their success, a commissioner was sent from this country to inspect them, and to bring back a report so that if any features should be found worthy of adoption in the schools of this country, the public schools of the United States might enjoy the benefits of a similar system. This commissioner found that much was made of singing in the schools of Germany, the theory prevailing there being that nearly everyone has a voice for singing, if he only

had the courage to bring it out. Such a thing as singing in the public schools of the United States had hitherto never been heard of.

On his return to this country this gentleman brought with him a large number of books on music and tune-books, specially such as contained hymns and songs with the music for the use of children. These he put into the hands of Mr. Lowell Mason, organist and choir leader in Park street, and afterward Bowdoin street churches, and famed as a musical composer and editor.

Mr. Mason taught on Saturday afternoons a little choir of children, in the vestries of these churches, with the design to call out the best voices from time to time, to replenish his Sabbath choirs.

The gift was a welcome gift to him for the sake of his children's choirs; but alas for him, he found that the books were all in the German language, of which he had no knowledge. It happened that I had aided him somewhat in his musical publications by occasional contributions of hymns and songs, and we were on terms of intimate friendship. One day he brought me a quantity of these books, while I was a student of theology at Andover Theological Seminary, requesting me, as I had some familiarity with the German language, to turn over the leaves of these books, as I could find time, and to translate each piece as it impressed me favorably, into English poetry, or to write hymns, or songs, as I chose, of my own, adapted to the German tunes.

On a gloomy day in February, 1832, standing before a window in my study, and turning carelessly the leaves, I fell in with the tune, "God save the King." I was impressed as I hummed it over, by its simplicity and adaptation to be useful in children's choirs. Glancing at the German words at the foot of the page, I saw that they were patriotic. Without reading them through I was instantly inspired to write a patriotic hymn of my own, adapted to the German music. Reaching out for a scrap of waste paper, I think there is inspiration in waste paper, I began to write, and in half an hour the hymn stood upon it, substantially as you have it to-day.

I did not know that the tune was claimed as the national hymn of Great Britain. I did not mean to write a national hymn. I did not know that I had done it. I thought little of it, and it dropped out of my mind.

Some weeks later, I had occasion to send to Mr. Mason several pieces I had written, and this one, unintentionally, must have been among them.

On the following Fourth of July I found that, without consulting me, Mr. Mason had brought it out on his programme at a children's celebration of the day; and on that day, the Fourth of July, 1832, just sixty-three years ago to-day, the hymn was first sung in Park street church in Boston.

Through the efforts of Mr. Mason, in the face of much opposition, singing was soon introduced into the public schools. Whatever is done in the city is sure to be soon copied in the country. And wherever singing was introduced, this hymn, appealing to the heart and experience of every American, went with it, and thus it gradually became known throughout

the Union. (The speaker then recited two stanzas of the national hymn, the first and the fourth.)

I had the pleasure a few weeks ago, at the Boston Latin School, of congratulating the reader of the Declaration of Independence, John Hudson Merrill, as a successful competitor for the prize for declamation. I am persuaded that by his admirable reading of this patriotic document, he has shown himself worthy to receive similar congratulations from the entire audience. I also congratulate him again here and now for his success. The boys of to-day we depend upon to be the patriots of twenty years hence. The lessons they learn as boys they are hereafter to practice as men. The scenes and the spirit of this day are an efficient training for the duties of the future.

In speaking of boys, I am reminded that the first blood of the Revolution shed here in New England was the blood of a Boston boy. We have often been told that the first martyr of the Revolution was Crispus Attacks, who was slain by a British soldier in State street, March 5, 1770. In point of fact, that was some years before the Revolution; and the first blood was five years and forty-five days at least later. It was thus:

Notwithstanding the prohibitory ordinance forbidding all shopkeepers to sell goods taxed in favor of the treasury of Great Britain, a few men, I think about fourteen, actuated by a greed for gain, continued to deal in such articles, selling them to the tories who still were found in the town of Boston. The boys of the town, animated by the spirit of liberty, were indignant. A number of these obtained the names of these shopkeepers, inscribed them on a placard, and paraded the list on a pole in front of one of these shops. The pole was ornamented with a rudely carved head and a hand, which latter was swung around to point into the shop. The keeper was angry, took his gun, loaded it with a ball, and fired into the crowd. There were about six hundred of them. In the crowd were the Christophers, Christopher Gore and Christopher Snyder, who were both wounded, the former only slightly, the latter, fatally. Christopher Gore was, after he grew up, a Governor of Massachusetts. It was for him that Gore Hall, the library of Harvard College, was named.

The body of Christopher Snyder was picked up and carried, accompanied by the six hundred boys, to the Liberty Tree, on Washington street, opposite Boylston, near where its symbol, carved in brownstone, is now displayed on the front of a handsome brick block on the east side of the street. On the day of the funeral of Christopher Snyder, all the stores were closed, all the bells on the Boston churches were tolled, and in some of the neighboring towns, and a funeral cortege of fifteen hundred people attended his remains to the grave.

Let the boys remember the first blood of the Revolution was the blood of a Boston boy, and let them worthily follow in his patriotic footsteps.

This item of Revolutionary history has been recently ungarthed by the indefatigable investigator, Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth.

Just as we go to press, we learn that our revered and beloved friend, and one of the State Promoters, Children of the American Revolution, for Massachusetts, Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., author of "America," is no more. As a letter from his daughter to the Editor of this department says: "He was gone instantly, without struggle and without pain. He was not, for God took him."

FROM OUR SOCIETIES.

POQUONNOC BRIDGE, CONN., October 15, 1895.

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP.

The Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts.

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: It is with much pleasure that I read the Children's Department of the AMERICAN MONTHLY. I send with this an article by the Assistant President of the "Thomas Avery" Society, and desire to see it in the next issue if possible. Other duties have hindered not attending to it sooner.

The children are enthusiastic over their Society, and on the 19th are to meet with me to celebrate Columbus Day. Remembering most pleasantly meeting you at the home of our most charming Regent, Mrs. Cuthbert Slocomb. I am most sincerely,

ADDIE AVERY THOMAS,

President of Thomas Avery Society.

[This interesting article will appear next month.—Ed.]

THE CAPITAL SOCIETY met October 17, at 3.30 o'clock p. m., in the Eighth Grade School—Force School, Mrs. Joseph Cabell Breckinridge presiding. The Rev. T. S. Childs, Chaplain of the District of Columbia Sons of the American Revolution, opened the meeting with a beautiful and patriotic prayer. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, also the reports of the officers. The work of the Society had been pretty much at a standstill, as the members had been separated for more than three months, but the meeting was a good one, and the members gave evidence of willing and careful work. After the singing of "America," and reading of reports of officers, our President made a few remarks, explaining our constitution, and the aim and endeavor of our Society, impressing on us the necessity of instilling our own patriotism, inherited by us, into the souls of those less fortunate—the children of foreign descent—and as a beginning to this work she presented to the Eighth Grade School, where our Society was first organized, in the name of the Capital Society of Children of the American Revolution the picture of George Washington, the Father of his Country.

A paper on Fort Ticonderoga was read, and a most interesting talk on Burgoyne's campaign, illustrated by a map showing the route of his

army, was given by Miss Fairley. Walter Paschal read "Old Glory," by Thomas Dunn English.

There was more work laid out, but our time was up and we adjourned till the third Thursday in November, at General Breckinridge's home. I forgot to say that it was moved and seconded that we meet the third Thursday in each month. Respectfully submitted,

LUCY HAVES BRECKINRIDGE.

Secretly.

[The fine paper read by the Secretary of the Capital Society at this meeting will be given next month.—Ed.]

POQUONNOC BRIDGE, CONNECTICUT.

THE "Thomas Avery" Society, Children of the American Revolution, held its regular meeting with their President, on the afternoon of October 19, 1895, the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the surrender at Yorktown of Lord Cornwallis. An account of this, the final battle of the Revolution, was read, and after the transaction of the business of the Society the following programme was carried out by the members:

Singing patriotic songs; reading Declaration of Independence; recitation by Parke Avery; Founding of Massachusetts by the Pilgrims, B. L. Dabell; The Pequot War, Dorothy Wells; Columbus the Boy; The Early Manhood of Columbus; The Indies: The Plan of Columbus; Land Discovered.

The adjournment was followed by an hour spent in the enjoyment of games and refreshments.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 7, 1895.

THIS will long be remembered as a gala day in the annals of the Capital Society of the Children of the American Revolution, for, in response to invitations sent out two days ago by Mrs. Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, its President, the Society assembled in full force at four o'clock, at her home on Connecticut avenue, to meet Mrs. Lothrop, President General of the Children of the American Revolution.

After Mrs. Breckinridge had cordially received the children, the Vice President of the Capital Society presented them by name to Mrs. Lothrop, who met each with a pleasant word and warm clasp of the hand.

She then told them something of the patriotic work being done by other children's Societies and spoke of the grand possibilities lying before children who were so favored as to live in the city of Washington with its great literary and many historic relics, having, indeed, everything at hand to aid them and arouse their interest and enthusiasm. Then followed some practical suggestions and warm words of encouragement and approval of what had already been done by the Capital Society.

Mrs. John W. Foster, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and several members of the National Board of the Children of the American Revolution, who were present, were then intro-

ceeded. Mrs. Foster conveying to the Capital Society and its officers the kindly greeting of the Dancinners.

The diningroom was now thrown open where a table, beautifully decorated with flowers and a beautiful array of more substantial good things, awaited the forty young patriots. The climax of their joy was reached, however, when they beheld at one end of the table a miniature fort, its four battlemented towers each surmounted by a tiny flag and its interior heaped high with cannon balls of chocolate ice cream, while at the other end of the table a cannon reposed in silence surrounded by piles of the same delectable ammunition. It is needless to say the feast was enthusiastically enjoyed and all agreed that "storming the fort" was sometimes an agreeable thing to do!

After the refreshments the children formed in line around the table and marching to the music of the piano returned to the drawingroom, where they joined in singing "America."

Then everyone reluctantly said good-bye, but not without many expressions of pleasure at the good time they had enjoyed and appreciation of the generous hospitality of their hostess.

In addition to those already mentioned were present Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Lockwood, Margaret M. Lothrop, Secretary of Old North Bridge Society, Concord, Massachusetts, Miss Elizabeth Seaton Fairley, and Mary Lee Mann.

FRANCES S. FAIRLEY,

Vice President Capital Society, C. A. R.

NEW SOCIETIES.

New Societies are coming in rapidly. We would report: One in Cincinnati, Ohio, under the leadership of Mrs. Margaret M. Morehead; the Richard Lord Jones Society; one in Chicago, Illinois, Mrs. Ella Gale McClelland, President; one in Vermont, under the leadership of Mrs. Jesse Burdett; one in Tennessee, Miss Mary Sevier Hoss, President; the Joseph Bulkeley Society in Louisville, Kentucky, Harriet Bulkeley Larrabee, President; the Newport and Covington Society, Kentucky, Mrs. Marion DeKay Thompson, President; the "Pirum Ripley Society" (Little Powder Monkey), in the Central High School, Washington, District of Columbia, Miss Elizabeth Mount, President. In almost every State applications have been sent for and Societies are forming, the work getting a great impetus after the school vacation. We would request all information as soon as possible as to Societies formed or forming in order to publish promptly in this department.

STATE PROMOTERS.

ADDITIONAL list of promoters of Children of the American Revolution: Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, Governor and Mrs. Matthews, Hon. Will Canback, Colonel and Mrs. R. S. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Chappin, C. Foster, Indiana; Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson, Mrs. Stevenson, Illinois; Mrs. Annie W. L. Kerfoot, State Regent Daughters of the American Revolution, Illinois; Mrs. Jesse Burdett, State Regent Daughters of the American Revolution, Vermont; Mrs. Leland Stanford, California; Mrs. Harvey Mathes, State Regent Daughters of the American Revolution, Tennessee; General Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, Washington, District of Columbia; Mrs. Joseph Thompson, President Board Woman Managers Atlanta Exposition, Mrs. W. D. Grant, Mayor Porter King, Mrs. King, Mrs. W. H. Dickson, Atlanta, Georgia; Mr. Justice Brown, Mrs. Brown, Washington, District of Columbia; Bishop Doane, New York; Bishop Perry, Iowa; Governor and Mrs. Coffin, Hon. Jonathan Trumbull, Mr. Samuel Colt, Mrs. Emily Goodrich Smith, Mrs. Marion Collias Dinseorabe, Mrs. Emily F. Welling, Connecticut; ex-Senator and Mrs. Dixon, of Rhode Island.

LETTERS.

THE MAPLES, ARLINGTON, VERMONT,

November 11, 1895.

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

You will be happy to learn that on Saturday, November 9, I organized a Children's Society with eighteen members, all from the one great-great-grandfather, Timothy Brownson, coming down from his sons, Gideon, Timothy, and Eli. They met at my home from 2 to 5 and we had a light collation, and a few toasts, flag decorations, etc. I appointed Elva Lillian Brownson, Vice President; Mildred Lucy Cornelia McCauley, Secretary; Guy Merrill Stone, Treasurer; Earle Hubbell Walls, Historian; Mrs. J. Burdett, President. The name "Ethen Allen Society" of Arlington, Vermont. Am very glad I organized the first Society in Vermont. I shall send the blanks all as soon as I get them written up (I had them all signed but could not get all written, as I promised to do it for the children) and the money to Washington. With much love for you all, I am,

Sincerely yours, C. C. BURDETTE.

(Mrs. Jesse Burdett, State Regent, Vermont, D. A. R., and State Promoter, C. A. R.)

1912 PIERCE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,

October 17, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

In response to request for application blank in the Society of the Children of the American Revolution, I yesterday received from Mrs. Mann,

the National Secretary, a quantity of literature relating to the Society, with which I am much pleased. As California was in 1875 the originator of the Society, "Sons of Revolutionary Sires," from which other patriotic societies of later date have sprung, I would like very much to see her represented by a children's branch, and would organize a local Society were I authorized to do so. I suppose that authority is vested in yourself, and should you deem it expedient to entrust me with the power, I will commence the work of organization at once. The work you have inaugurated is a grand one, and I wish you every success in it.

Awaiting the courtesy of an answer, I am sincerely yours,

S. ISABELLE HUBBARD.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTER OF MRS. H. B. MOREHEAD.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *November 7.*

Saturday, October 26, we organized our local Society of the Children of the American Revolution in Cincinnati. I was very anxious to have it organized on the 19th, which is such a notable anniversary, but Mrs. Ferguson did not return from her summer trip in time. She will probably send an account to the Magazine, so I will not give you the details of the meeting. There are now twenty-two accepted members, and many papers being prepared. The children honored me by electing me their President. I accepted with reluctance, because I do not feel that I have had much experience with children. My only qualifications are that I love them and that I am enthusiastic over the Children of the American Revolution.

Our second meeting will be Saturday morning, November 23, and will be devoted to the selection of a name. With this end in view, each child is to bring, if possible, a story of some child of the time of the Revolution, and if possible from these we will name our Society. I must try to get the names of all the Societies already formed, so as not to choose the same. I thought you might be glad to have a direct report of the organization here, and if you have any advice, any suggestions, or any warning to give it will be gratefully received.

I want to teach them our patriotic airs, and, if possible, persuade them to wear little flags on high holidays, and to salute the flag. I also trust that I may bring you in time such a Society as you may be proud of.

Very sincerely,

MARGARET C. MOREHEAD.

IN MEMORIAM.

We have to record with deep sorrow the passing to the heavenly home of: Miss Susan Carrington Clarke, State Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, and State Promoter, Children of the American Revolution for Connecticut, who died, October 20, at Atlanta, Georgia. Miss

Clarke was a most earnest friend of the Children of the American Revolution and loved the cause, using all her influence for its best success.

Albert W. Bedent, a member of the Thomas Starr Society, of Groton, Connecticut, died September 25.

Ruth Clare Shelton, a member of the Bridgeport Society, died August 21.

MRS. H. B. TORREY,

President.

OUR QUESTION BOX.

Answer to question in November who said: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

It was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. While Minister to France, in 1795, he said, "War be it then! Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

MARY LEE MANN,

Washington, D. C.



IN MEMORIAM.

RESOLUTION

ON DEATH OF MISS SUSAN C. CLARKE.

At a meeting of the National Board of the Daughters of the American Revolution the following resolution was adopted:

"We hear with profound sorrow of the death of Miss Susan C. Clarke, State Regent of Connecticut, and realizing the great loss to this Society, in its national councils as in her native State, we desire to express our heartfelt sympathy to her family and to the Daughters of the American Revolution in Connecticut.

"MARY ORR EARLE,

"Corresponding Secretary General."

"LYLA M. P. BUCHANAN,

"Recording Secretary General."

MISS SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE, STATE REGENT OF CONNECTICUT.

(Died at Atlanta, October 20, 1895.)

BACK from the flowery sunny Southland, where
She wistfully had lately journeyed, there
To clasp the hand of Daughters, South and North.
The message came, that from all hearts called forth
The deepest sorrow on our festal day;
"The Regent of our State has passed away"—
We scarcely could believe the tidings true.
How soon, we thought, our roses changed to rue.
How sad! and yet how fitting did it seem,
To reach the grand fulfillment of her dream;
And then, amid her honors and her friends
To find the higher life that never ends,
Her lips, if they could speak from realms of light
Would say: Whate'er my Lord ordains is right.

MRS. MARINETA S. CASE,
Regent Oxford Parish Chapter.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MISS SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE,
STATE REGENT OF CONNECTICUT.

[Prepared by Miss Emma Carroll Gilman, for the State Conference held at Middletown, November 6, 1895.]

It is my privilege to add one more to the many tributes to Miss Clarke, to express again the sense of the loss we have sustained in the death of a citizen of high principle and great public spirit, a woman of warm heart and exceptional generosity and intelligence, a friend whom many will be quite unable to replace.

It happens that the last time I met Miss Clarke there was some talk and laughter about the likeness of her which appeared in the gallery of the Regents of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and she expressed regret that she had fared hardly in that case. Let me strive then to give you a photograph of her which by presenting her more truly may do her greater justice.

She was born in Rhode Island in the spring of 1831 and died in Georgia in the autumn of 1895. She made a long journey and visited widely different points, and I think I am not saying too much when I assert that few of all those days was without some kind, unselfish action, and few of all the places without some benefit she conferred.

In Middletown, the North Church, the Wesleyan University, the James Wadsworth Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Young Men's Christian Association and society at large have in their different ways lost much, and from Georgia come words of regret and assurances that but for Miss Clarke the Colonial part of the exhibition would not be at all what it is.

She gave to public objects with all a man's large heartedness, and in thoughtful private ways with all a woman's sympathetic charity. She saw the good and ministered to the good of each object, and even the Salvation Army will miss her aid.

Susan Carrington Clarke was the great-granddaughter of Esek Hopkins, first admiral of the American Navy, and great-grandniece of Governor Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. When she was a little child she came to Middletown to



MISS SUSAN C. CLARKE,
LATE STATE REGENT OF CONNECTICUT.

live with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard. She was educated on the lines of old-fashioned intelligence, which I think we sometimes regret in these days, in spite of our female colleges. Quite lately Miss Clarke told me she read "*Paradise Lost*" all through with her aunt. Part of this poem was considered appropriate reading on the New England Sabbath, now so sadly changed. When Milton was finished Mrs. Hubbard began a course of Scott's poems with her niece. On the Sunday after this author was begun our friend was not well enough to go to church, and, left to her own devices, thought to combine piety and pleasure by reading a whole canto of *Marmion*. On Mrs. Hubbard's return this piece of goodness was proudly proclaimed, and the poor child was overcome with surprise when arraigned as a "naughty girl." Such was the distinction between Milton and Scott.

When Mr. Hubbard went to Washington as a Congressman his niece was too young to go, but when he was Postmaster General in President Fillmore's cabinet Miss Clarke was a full-fledged young lady, and mingled with the choicest society of our capital. A pleasant incident of that time was a reception at the White House, when Miss Clarke was introduced to Mrs. Dolly Madison, widow of our fourth President. Thus our friend and Regent linked us to the queen of the days of 1812.

I attribute Miss Clarke's public spirit and patriotism in some degree to the intercourse of that time. "There were giants on earth in those days," and the greatest among them, Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and such men, were familiar guests at Mrs. Hubbard's house.

In 1855 Mr. Hubbard died, and the public life came to an end, but Miss Clarke always kept up her interest in Washington, and was a welcome guest to her many friends there. When our country was torn by the terrible war for the Union Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Clarke were intensely patriotic, and spared no pains for the defenders of our insulted flag.

One of the most delightful thoughts to me about Miss Clarke is that she was thoroughly American in education, character, and ideas. One year was passed in European travel with her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Cummings; but with that exception, she

lived entirely in this country, and chiefly in our own dear New England. In 1885 Miss Hubbard died after several years of failing powers which made her a great charge. Many Daughters might feel thankful if they had performed a child's duties as Miss Clarke did. Through all the care and nursing she never spared herself, and she came very near sacrificing her health, if not her life, to her aunt. Not only was her care unfailing, her loyalty and affection were most beautiful, and to her last hour she quoted her aunt's theories and practices as the very wisest.

When she recovered in some degree from the effects of her aunt's illness and death Miss Clarke found herself in possession of a large fortune and a beautiful home. How full these ten years have been of kind thoughts and deeds! In Middletown we are supposed to take our opinions of English literature from Miss Clarke's friend, and my friend, Professor Winchester, but I never hear him exalt Thackeray above all other English novelists without raging for my insulted sex. If Mr. Thackeray could have known Miss Clarke I am sure we should have had one portrait of a superior woman, as a pleasing variety from the rather good fools and impossible feminine knaves named Laura Bell, and Blanche Amory, and Becky Sharpe, and, most hopeless of all, Amelia Sedley.

In these last years have been Miss Clarke's exertions for our own particular body, for our local James Wadsworth Chapter, and throughout the State.

The Chapter here was the first in the State and was formed four years ago. Miss Clarke was a charter member and a most enthusiastic one. She was our first treasurer, and how many times the treasury was replenished from her pocket I suppose no one knows. Our pretty stationery, the plate from which our invitation cards are engraved are among countless kindnesses received from Miss Clarke, and how often our Chapter and also delegates and Regents of other Chapters have been royally entertained in her home. Two years ago she was unanimously elected Regent of the James Wadsworth Chapter, but she could not complete her term of office for she was elected State Regent of Connecticut last February. All she has done as State Regent you know better than I can tell.

In that last fatal journey she saw Marian Harland in New York and planned to have her come here to lecture in Miss Clarke's parlors for the benefit of the Mary Washington Monument fund.

There are a few points in her character on which I wish to touch. She was not in the least purse-proud and never arrogated to herself the position of a rich woman toward a less fortunate one.

How many admiring words she spoke of other people's dresses and personal possessions and the arrangements in their houses. I don't think I ever entertained her that she did not say something pleasant about what I offered her, no matter how simple it was. How good she was to the D. K. E. fraternity when they fitted up their ramsholed club house, and yet she spoke of her gifts as nothing. "I was buying some rugs for myself and I just bought some for the D. K. E's."

Another point in her character is one we can all imitate—her largeness of mind. She took a large, generous view of life, of its relationship and intercourse. She did not lose the truth through prejudice or pettiness. It is often said, "Talk about things, don't talk about people," and if we had a real acquaintance with American history and an intelligent interest in the public questions of the day, would not gossip die a speedy, easy death. Let each of us take a large view of friendship, of love, of life, and its noblest interests.

One year ago I had the pleasure of being associated with Miss Clarke in an entertainment at a friend's house, which we called "An Afternoon with Holmes," and I wish to conclude with some verses of that author:

"Each closing circle of our sunlit sphere
Seems to bring heaven more near.
Can we not dream that those we love
Are listening in the world above,
And smiling as they hear
The voices known so well of friends that still are dear?
Does all that makes us human fade away
With this dissolving clay?"

"Nay, rather deem the blessed isles
Are bright and gay with joyous smiles,
That angels have their play
And saints that rest from song may make a holiday."

All else of earth may perish; love alone
 Not heaven shall find outgrown!
 Is she not here, our spirit guest,
 With love still throbbing in her breast?
 Once more let it wet be strown:
 Welcome! an angel form: we count you still our own."

FOURTH STATE CONFERENCE OF THE CONNECTICUT DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND MEMORIAL SERVICE IN COMMEMORATION OF THEIR LATE STATE REGENT, MISS SUSAN CARRINGTON CLARKE.

In response to a call issued by the State Committee, the Fourth State Conference of the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution was held at Middletown, November 5, 1893, in the chapel of the First Congregational Church, and was most hospitably entertained by the members of the General James Wadsworth Chapter, as it was known to have been Miss Clarke's wish that the next State meeting be held there.

On every hand were evidences of the loving memory in which she was held. The vacant chair upon the platform, draped with the national colors, ivy wreath, and white roses tied with crepe, spoke more eloquently than words of the sense of loss that filled all hearts.

The meeting was called to order at 11.45 by Mrs. Wildman, of Danbury, chairman of the State Committee.

Mrs. T. K. Noble, of Norwalk, was unanimously elected as presiding officer, and Miss C. L. Bowman, of Bristol, as secretary.

The meeting opened by singing the national hymn and prayer offered by Mrs. Bulkley, of Southport.

The roll call of Chapters in order of seniority showed the following number of officers and delegates present: General James Wadsworth, 6; Lucretia Shaw, 7; Ruth Wyllys, 6; Norwalk, 4; Ruth Hart, 4; Millicent Porter, 5; Mary Wooster, 4; Mary Clap Wooster, 8; Roger Sherman, 2; Fanny Ledyard, 5; Anna Warner Bailey, 4; Sarah Riggs Humphrey, 7; Dorothy Ripley, 7; Mary Silliman, 1; Sarah Ludlow, 5; Katherine Caylord, 6; Eunice Dannie Burr, 2; Elizabeth Clarke Hull, 3; Hannah Benedict Carter, 3; Faith Trumbull, 2; Esther Stanley, 2; Anna Wood Elderkin, 2; Stamford, 3; Abigail Wol-

cott Hill-worth, 3; Berlin, 3; Manchester, 2; Susan Carrington Clarke, 6. Total, 112.

Mrs. Coffin, of Middletown, extended a cordial invitation to all to the luncheon prepared in the church parlors by the ladies of the General James Wadsworth Chapter, and a delightful social hour was spent before the meeting of Regents and delegates for the election of the State Regent, which preceded the afternoon session.

The afternoon session was called to order by the Chairman at 1.55 and all listened with respectful and loving interest to a beautiful sketch of the life of Miss Susan Carrington Clarke, prepared by a personal friend, Miss Emma Carroll Gilman, of Middletown. It was voted that the sketch be sent to the editor of the *AMERICAN MONTHLY* for publication. It will be found elsewhere in these pages, as well as a poem by Mrs. Case, of South Manchester, which was not read at the conference for lack of time.

The following resolutions were then presented by Mrs. Bunce, of Middletown, chairman of the committee especially appointed to prepare them:

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

The committee appointed to take action on the death of the late State Regent of the Connecticut Daughters of the American Revolution, Miss Susan Carrington Clarke, can but feebly express the deep sorrow and sense of loss, not only of this Society, but of all the wide circle of her acquaintance.

It is no common loss we mourn, for so rare a combination of many virtues is seldom found. Keen in her perceptions, strong in her principles, wise and calm and just in her judgment, kind and generous, forbearing and forgiving; full of genuine hospitality and courtesy, she filled a place which will long be vacant. She loved everything beautiful in nature and art. Her heart was full of patriotism, and so she labored with all her might for this Society, as so many mourning and bereaved ones can testify, and with warm affection for kindred and friends, who rested confidently in the love which never failed them. She lived a noble, true, and gentle woman, and her death, calm and peaceful, was almost a translation. And now, we think of her tenderly and reverently, as not changed but glorified in paradise, with her dear ones, gone before, and with the Saviour she long and lovingly served.

MARY HUBBARD BUNCE, Middletown.

ELIZABETH HART CORT, Hartford.

DELIA T. A. TYLER, New Haven.

November 5, 1895.

These resolutions were accepted by the conference, and the Secretary was requested to send a copy to Washington for the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, also a copy to the family of Miss Clarke.

The announcement of the results of election was then called for and presented by Mrs. Palmer, of Hartford, chairman of Regents' meeting. "That Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, of New Haven, was unanimously elected State Regent of Connecticut to fill the unexpired term of Miss Susan Carrington Clarke, deceased." This announcement was received with applause, and the election immediately telegraphed to the President General at Washington, and to Mrs. Kinney, then at Atlanta.

Discussion as to the election and duties of the State Committee followed. The following motion, offered by Mrs. Bulkley, of Southport, amended by Mrs. Newcome, of New Haven, and discussed by Mrs. Slocum, of Groton, Mrs. Tyler, of New Haven, and others, was finally passed unanimously: "That the committee called the 'State Committee' shall hereafter be called the 'State Advisory Board.'" It shall consist of eight members besides the State Regent, who shall be chairman. It shall be appointed annually by the State Regent, the first four to be retired each year.

Its duties shall be to act in consultation with the State Regent in matters of general interest to the Chapters of the State, in calling a conference of the Chapters annually, and in sending out notices to the Chapters of important questions which are to be considered by the annual Continental Congress at Washington.

Also the Advisory Board shall select one of their number to act as secretary and treasurer; serving in the former capacity in assisting the State Regent in correspondence and in attending to the printing and issuing of such notices to Chapters as are required, in the latter capacity in receiving and disbursing funds designed for State purposes.

In case of illness or absence of the State Regent this secretary and treasurer shall act as chairman, temporarily, of the Advisory Board."

Upon motion of Mrs. Bulkley, of Southport, the conference voted: "That the new State Regent be requested to retain in

office the present State Committee, consisting of Mrs. Alfred D. Wildman, Danbury; Mrs. T. W. T. Curtis, New Haven; Mrs. John M. Holcombe, Hartford; Mrs. W. Sakonstall Chap-pell, New London; Miss M. C. Gould, Fairfield; Mrs. G. C. Merriman, Meriden; Mrs. T. K. Noble Norwalk; Mrs. O. V. Coffin, Middletown, for a term of one year, that the future rotation of office might be evenly divided.

Mrs. Tyler, of New Haven, brought up the subject of the expenses of the State Committee and after discussion presented the following resolutions, which were accepted:

"*Resolved*, That a tax of five cents per member be assessed on all the Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Connecticut, to be paid at once to the chairman of the State Committee, Mrs. A. D. Wildman, of Danbury, to defray the expenses of printing and postage for the State Committee."

Mrs. Amanda Bliss, of Danbury, presented the following resolution concerning the expenses of the State Regent, which after discussion was also accepted:

"*Resolved*, That the State Advisory Board be requested to consider the desirability of creating a fund to partly defray the expenses of the State Regent."

Mrs. Wildman, of Danbury, presented greetings from Mrs. Keim to the Connecticut Daughters, with some items of special interest mentioned in her letters, which were not read in full for lack of time.

Mrs. Palmer, of Hartford, Vice Regent of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, extended an invitation to the conference from her Chapter to convene in Hartford for the social meeting in the spring. Invitation accepted with thanks.

Miss Hill, of Norwalk, proposed a vote of thanks to the General James Wadsworth Chapter for their kind hospitality, which passed with applause.

Conference adjourned, subject to the call of the State Advisory Board.

CLARA LEE BOWMAN, *Secretary*.

Owing to the space already occupied by the proceedings of the State Conference, we regret that we are unable to publish the many resolutions of sympathy forwarded to us by the Chapters of Connecticut, on the death of the State Regent, Miss Susan Carrington Clarke.

COPY OF RESOLUTIONS

ON DEATH OF MRS. JULIA WATERS JOHNSTONE.

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from the place she so honorably filled Mrs. Julia Waters Johnstone, one of our charter members and our Chaplain from the date of organization until ill health prevented her from longer joining us: Therefore be it

Resolved, That as a Chapter and as individuals we express our sorrow at this sad event, which has deprived us of the aid and companionship of one of our oldest and most gifted members.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to her memory and our high appreciation of her many sterling qualities, that these resolutions be entered upon our records, published in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and with the assurance of our personal regard and deep sympathy a copy be sent to her family.

MARY J. E. MONFORT,
JULIA W. SANFORD,
M. HELEN MOSS.

MRS. EMMA BLAKEMAN EARLY.

MRS. EMMA BLAKEMAN EARLY, a charter member and the Registrar of the Rockford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, died of pneumonia on the 18th of October, after an illness of only a few days. Mrs. Early was the wife of a prominent lawyer, and occupied a leading position in society. She was highly cultured, possessing much literary ability, an exceedingly amiable disposition, a warm social nature, and strong domestic tastes, being a most devoted wife and mother. Mrs. Early was descended from Zechariah Blakeman, a soldier of Stratford, Connecticut, who was killed at Fairfield at the burning of that town by the British. She was an enthusiastic member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Chapter as well as the community feel they have met with an irreparable loss.

CARRIE S. BRETT.



OFFICIAL.

OFFICIAL MINUTES OF OCTOBER 3,

AS APPROVED AT THE NOVEMBER MEETING OF THE NATIONAL
BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

THE regular meeting of the National Board of Management was held on Thursday, October 3, at 10 o'clock a. m. In the absence of the President General, Mrs. Griscom, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, presided.

Members present: Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Hichborn, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Gannett, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Nash, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Crabbe, Mrs. Bullock, Miss Miller; also the following members of the Advisory Board: Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Brackett, Miss Mallett.

Prayer was offered by the presiding officer.

THE RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL stated that the minutes of June 6 and 7 had been approved by a special meeting called for that purpose on June 12.

REPORT OF THE VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF CHAPTERS.—Appointments of Chapter Regents by State Regents have been made as follows:

Mrs. Cynthia A. S. Johnson, of Elliott, Connecticut; Mrs. Katharine Foote Coe, of Meriden, Connecticut; Miss Florence Reid Adams, of Eatonton, Georgia; Mrs. Laura D. Worley, of Ellettsville, Indiana; Mrs. Gertrude A. Stanton, of Chariton, Iowa; Mrs. Florence Washington McKaig, of Cumberland, Maryland, of a Chapter to be called "Fort Cumberland Chapter;" Mrs. Laura Williams Talbott, of Rockville, Maryland; Mrs. Mary J. C. Neill, of Fall River, Massachusetts; Mrs. Sarah B. Van Ness, of Lexington, Massachusetts; Miss Sara Winthrop Smith, of Nantucket, Massachusetts; Mrs. Lena C.

Isom, of Adrian, Michigan; Mrs. Sarah S. Angell, of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Mrs. Eva Woolbridge Victor, of Alpena, Michigan; Miss Alice Q. Lovell, of Natchez, Mississippi; Mrs. Mary S. Myers, of Plainfield, New Jersey, of a Chapter to be called the "Continental Chapter;" Mrs. Frances R. Cuss, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, of a Chapter to be called the "Sunshine Chapter;" Mrs. Julia Porter Osbourne, of Auburn, New York; Mrs. Mary Hall Tuckerman, of Jamestown, New York; Miss Amanda Dows, of Cazenovia, New York; Mrs. Martha C. Lybrand, of Delaware County, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth C. H. Hoffer, of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Rebecca Mott H. Ryan, of Charleston, South Carolina; Dr. Frances McMillan, of Clarksville, Tennessee; Mrs. Anna Weir Lane, of Union City, Tennessee; Mrs. Ellen G. B. List, of Wheeling, West Virginia.

The Vice President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters makes the following nominations: Mrs. Evelyn F. Masury, of Danvers, as State Regent of Massachusetts, in place of Mrs. Charles M. Green, resigned; Mrs. Frances O. Holley, of Bismarck, as State Regent of North Dakota, and Miss Arabella Fielder Armstrong, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, as Chapter Regent in Halifax. The organization of the following Chapters is reported: "Ke-ke-shick" Chapter, organized in Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York, June 12, 1895, Miss Kate Prime elected Regent; "Springfield" Chapter, organized in Springfield, Ohio, April 21, 1895, Mrs. Ellen L. Bushnell elected Regent; "George Washington" Chapter, organized in Galveston, Texas, June 17, 1895. She also reports the following acceptances, resignations, and deaths. Acceptances: Mrs. Virginia F. W. Faulkner, as State Regent of West Virginia; Mrs. John McG. Wyly, as Chapter Regent, Montgomery, Alabama; Mrs. Abigail D. Hawkins, as Chapter Regent, Brazil, Indiana. Resignations: Mrs. Ada Morgan Hill, as Chapter Regent in Upper Marlborough, Maryland, June 8, 1895; Mrs. Adelaide F. Thomas, as Chapter Regent in Boston, Massachusetts, September 4, 1895. Deaths: Mrs. Eva Hart Goff, formerly State Regent of West Virginia, July 2, 1895; Mrs. M. T. B. McKie, Regent of Ondawa Chapter, Cambridge, New

York, June 27, 1895; Mrs. Mary D. Crook, Regent in Oakland, Maryland, September 21, 1895. Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL for the months of July, August, and September: Since the June meeting charters have been issued to the following named Chapters: "Yorktown" Chapter, of York, Pennsylvania; "George Washington" Chapter, of Galveston, Texas; "Cumberland County" Chapter, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania; "Ke ke-shick" Chapter, of Yonkers, New York; "Mary Ball" Chapter, of Tacoma, Washington; "Springfield" Chapter, of Springfield, Ohio; "Orford Parish" Chapter, of South Manchester, Connecticut; "Mary A. Washington" Chapter, of Macon, Georgia; "Thronateeska" Chapter, of Albany, Georgia; "Saratoga" Chapter, of Saratoga, New York; "General Sumter" Chapter, of Birmingham, Alabama.

All certificates of membership are signed and sealed to date. Number of letters written, 112. Amount of incidental expenses for three months, \$5.32.

It was moved and seconded that the report of the Recording Secretary General be accepted, with the exception of the action in regard to the Chapter at Macon, Georgia, which is reserved for further consideration.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL.—Application blanks issued, 2,195; constitutions, officers' lists, and circulars, 1,594; letters written (three months), 50. Accepted.

REPORT OF THE REGISTRARS GENERAL.—Mrs. Burnett reported as follows: Certificates of membership issued, 691; badge permits, 134; notification cards of election, 331; applications for membership verified and submitted to the Board, 207.

Mrs. Hichborn reported: Certificates of membership issued, 530; badge permits, 83; notification cards of election, 217; applications for membership verified and submitted to the Board for election, 269. Mrs. Hichborn reported that her work was up to date, as she now had but five unverified papers on hand. The reports of the Registrars General were accepted, and the total number of applicants (476) were duly elected to the Board.

THE REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL WAS read and accepted.

THE REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN GENERAL announced a gratifying response to the circular letters issued to the State and Chapter Regents during the summer, requesting copies of papers read at Chapter meetings, or of any historical matter, for preservation in the archives of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

REPORT OF THE PRINTING COMMITTEE, Mrs. Nash, Acting chairman :

To engraving 2,000 certificates of membership,	\$168 00
To 3,000 application blanks,	60 00
To printing for Magazine,	11 20
To printing for office,	5 75
To stamping stationery for officers, paper 1 box; envelopes, 2 boxes.	
To stamping stationery for use in office, 12 boxes paper; 6 packages envelopes.	

Report accepted.

SIXTH REPORT OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The following is a five months' report, because of there having been no meeting of the Board in July.

Receipts—May 1 to October 1, 1895.

To subscriptions as per vouchers and cash register, . .	\$648 56
To sale of extra copies,	46 52
To cuts and ancestry,	25 00
To 1,000 copies Ethan Allen picture,	10 00
To advertising on account,	3 00
To rent of Nathan Hale cut,	3 50
<hr/>	
Total receipts,	\$736 58

To three subscriptions sent direct to Treasurer General, .	\$3 00
To Business Manager's receipts,	736 58
<hr/>	

Actual receipts, \$739 58

Office Expenditures—May 1 to October 1, 1895.

To mailing extra copies as second class matter as per vouchers, .	\$8 23
To postage,	16 72
To postage, Editor,	5 50
To 1,000 postals as receipts,	10 00
To incidentals as per cash book,	7 21

To expressage on plates, etc., sent to Harrisburg,	1 75
To telegrams,	90
To type-writing printer's specifications,	1 75
To 350 postals ordered sent to Regents,	3 80
To binding Vol. V. AMERICAN MONTHLY,	1 25
To Falcon files and letter book, as per bill,	2 75
To expressage and carriage on extra Magazines from Harrisburg, (5 months),	3 55
To amount returned, overpaid subscriptions,	1 08
<hr/>	
Total expenditures, (5 months),	\$64 13
To amount delivered to Treasurer General,	672 45
<hr/>	
	\$736 58

Bank Account.

Balance at last report,	\$150 85
Congressional Library copyright fees to January, 1896,	\$6 00
Type-written mailing list for printers,	9 00
Title page, Children's Department,	10 00
<hr/>	
	\$25 00
Balance in bank,	125 85
<hr/>	
	\$150 85

Bills Presented to Treasurer General.

Printer's bill for May,	\$319 32
Printer's bill for June,	254 85
Printer's bill for July, addition 1,500,,	208 71
Printer's bill for August,	204 98
Printer's bill for September,	168 60
Maurice Joyce & Co., plates,	45 80
Business Manager, salary, four and two-thirds months,	235 00
Proof-reader, salary,	25 00
Magazine folders,	6 50
Circulars for insertion in Magazine,	6 00
Circulars for insertion in Treasurer's bills,	4 00
Reproduction from plate,	3 50
<hr/>	
	\$1,481 56

New advertising contracts in hand to amount of \$73.

The mailing list for this month contained 1,300 names; 1,250 subscribers; the balance in exchange and advertising copies. This is an increase of 430 subscribers since the Congress.

It will be interesting to compare the bills for printing the Magazine for the three months beginning with July, 1895, with the corresponding months of last year:

	1894	1895
July,	\$275 80	\$208 71
August,	245 44	204 00
September,	279 61	168 60

Report accepted.

THE REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING, held September 28, was then read, and the following recommendations accepted:

That the Treasurer General be authorized to sell one Government bond of the current fund in order to meet expenditures.

That the current fund of the Society be transferred to a National Bank.

That the Treasurer General be authorized to issue a circular letter to delinquent members in regard to payment of dues.

That attention be called to the fact that members admitted after February first cannot be represented by delegates to the Continental Congress of that year: See Section 5, Article XI. of the By-Laws.

That the Recording Secretary General address a letter to the proper officer of the Chapter at Macon, Georgia, calling attention to Article XI, Section 6, of the By-Laws, and to request the return of the charter issued in September, 1895.

That the suggestion of Miss Harvey, in reference to adopting the "dove" watermark, as used in colonial times, be deferred for future consideration, because of the large supply of stationery now on hand.

The Committee adjourned at 12.30 a. m.

At the conclusion of the above report letters were read by the Corresponding Secretary General, as follows: From Mrs. Pitkin, daughter of a Revolutionary patriot, expressing gratification upon the receipt of a Daughters of the American Revolution souvenir spoon. From Mrs. Elroy M. Avery, requesting that the Western Reserve Chapter be permitted to publish a book giving a brief history of the Daughters of the American Revolution Society, list of national and local officers, to-

gether with history of the Western Reserve Chapter, its members and their ancestors, submitting a copy to the Board for approval before publication.

The Board expressed their hearty approval of this projected work, and the Corresponding Secretary General was requested to inform Mrs. Avery to this effect.

Also a letter from Miss Shipman, Corresponding Secretary of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, of New London, Connecticut, presenting a copy of the history of New London to the library of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

This accession to our library was accepted with general appreciation, as all historical works are useful and valuable, especially so in the work of verification of papers. The Corresponding Secretary General was requested to express the thanks of the Board to the Chapter for this donation.

A letter from the trustees of the American Fine Arts Society, of New York, was also read, requesting the coöperation of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in giving an exhibition of historical and artistic objects. Desire to coöperate with this project was expressed by the Board and the pages of the Magazine offered to further the object.

On motion of Mrs. Hichborn, seconded by Mrs. Henry, it was ordered that the current fund be deposited with the National Metropolitan Bank.

The Registrars General presented the papers of a daughter of a Revolutionary patriot, and were authorized, in the absence of corroborative evidence, to accept the applicant upon her sworn statement.

Mrs. Buchanan moved that a special meeting be called during the last week in January for the purpose of admitting new members. Seconded by Mrs. Johnson. Carried.

The Board adjourned at the usual hour, 1 o'clock p. m.

LYLA M. P. BUCHANAN.

Recording Secretary General

REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL, D. A. R.

FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand, October 1,	\$1,103 65
Initiation fees,	\$364 00
Annual dues,	586 00
Stationery and blanks,	25 40
Rosettes,	39 20
Directory (\$9.25) and Lineage Book (.50),	9 75
Souvenir Spoons,	49 46
	<hr/> 1,073 81

Total, \$2,182 49

DISBURSEMENTS.

Magazine Account.

Salary of Business Manager,	\$50 00
Salary of proof-reader,	5 00
Printing,	220 67
Engraving,	52 24
	<hr/> \$327 91
Less receipts,	138 00
	<hr/> \$189 91
Souvenir spoons,	56 25

Current Expenses.

Office rent,	\$87 00
Salary of Curator,	60 00
Incidental office expense,	10 00
Clerk for Secretaries General,	50 00
Clerk for Registrars General,	30 00
Clerk for Treasurer General,	30 00
Engrossing charters and seal for same,	4 05
Stamped envelopes for office use,	67 00
Postage and incidentals for active officers,	25 70
Mailing tubes,	12 00
Stamping stationery for active officers,	7 20
Stamping stationery,	10 15
Postage, for State Regent of Ohio,	4 00
	<hr/> 395 10
	<hr/> \$641 26

November 1, 1895, balance, cash on hand, 1,541 23

\$2,182 49

PERMANENT FUND.

Cash on hand in bank, October 1, 1895,	\$565 49
Charters,	\$45 00
Commission on sale of badges,	131 00

Life Members.

Mrs. Helen H. Newberry, through Louisa St. Clair Chapter,	\$12 50
Mrs. Helen N. Joy, through Louisa St. Clair Chapter,	12 50
Miss Sarah E. Holmes, through Lexington Massachusetts Chapter,	12 50
Miss Sarah North, through Hannah Benedict Carter Chapter,	12 50
	<hr/> 50 00
	<hr/> 226 00

Cash in bank, November 1, 1895, \$791 49

Respectfully submitted,

BELL M. DRAPER,
Treasurer General.

November 7, 1895.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Vol. I of the Third Series. Price, \$5.00.

Ready for Delivery.

Central Pennsylvania Biographical and Genealogical History to be found nowhere else. Address,

M. W. McALARNEY,
Harrisburg, Pa.

THE CORRECT FORMS.

INVITATIONS

of finest quality—
THAT ONLY.

Sample and particulars
of price will be mailed
upon request.

NOTE.—Please name
event for which
invitations are
desired.

FOR

WEDDINGS,
ANNIVERSARIES,
BALLS,
RECEPTIONS,
TEAS,
DINNERS,
DÉBUTS,
DANCES,
CARD PARTIES.

The Bailey,
Banks &
Biddle Co.

12TH AND CHESTNUT STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

Atlanta Exposition.

Atlanta Exposition.

S. A. L. SEABOARD AIR LINE S. A. L.

OPERATES

THE ATLANTA SPECIAL

SOLID
PULLMAN VESTIBULED TRAIN

TO

ATLANTA

Montgomery, Mobile, Macon, Jacksonville, Raleigh, NEW ORLEANS
The only Vestibule Train to the South without EXTRA CHARGE.
Leaves Washington daily 8.40 P. M. Arrives Atlanta 4.09 P. M.

THE S. A. L. EXPRESS

DAILY EXPRESS TRAIN TO

ATLANTA.

Macon, Athens, Pensacola, Augusta, Mobile, Thomasville, NEW ORLEANS.
SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT.

Leaves Washington daily 4.30 A. M. Arrives Atlanta 5.20 A. M.

Secure Tickets to Atlanta Exposition

VIA

SEABOARD AIR LINE

ROUND TRIP RATES FROM WASHINGTON:

\$14.00. Tickets sold Tuesdays and Thursdays. LIMITED TO 10 DAYS

\$19.25. Tickets sold daily. LIMITED TO 20 DAYS.

\$26.25. Tickets sold daily. LIMITED TO JANUARY 7TH, 1896.

Tickets by this Line, known as "S. A. L." (Seaboard Air Line) are sold by all principal Ticket Agents in the United States.

FOR INFORMATION, TIME TABLES AND RESERVATION IN SLEEPING CARS APPLY TO

ROBERT A. PARKE, General Agent.
S. E. District, WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. ST. JOHN,
Vice-President.

H. W. B. GLOVER,
Traffic Mgr.

T. J. ANDERSON,
Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

THE VALENCIA

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.

Open from November 1st to May 30th.



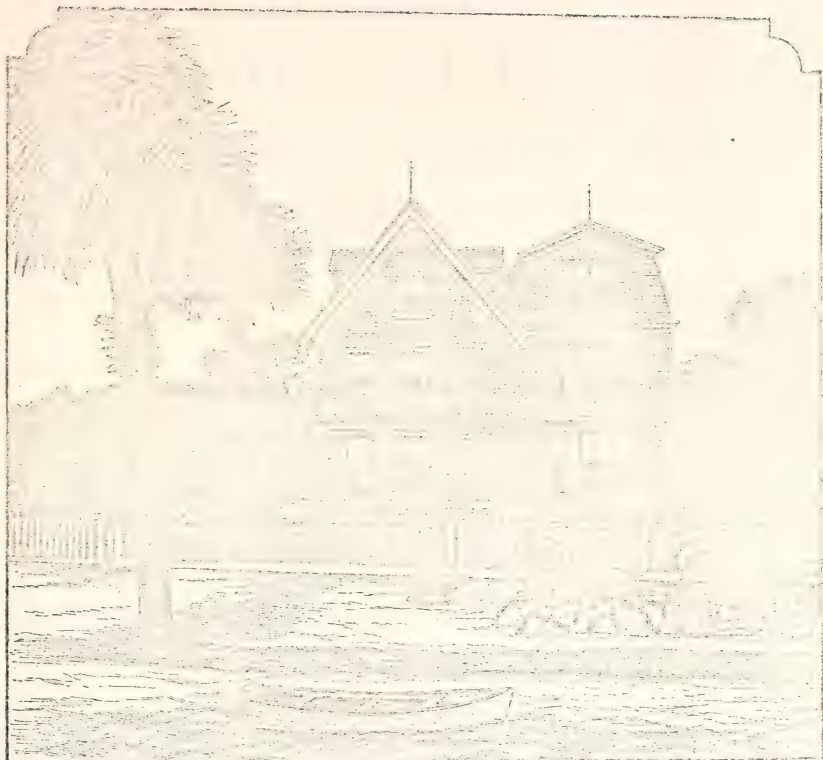
THE VALENCIA. Constructed by the builders of the Ponce de Leon, the Valencia embodies the most perfect hotel arrangements of the day. All is home-like and comfortable within, and the broad verandas overlook spacious grounds, beautiful with the orange, the rose, and the palm. The house is delightfully situated on St. George street (south of the Plaza).

It is conducted by Mrs. Mary Frazer, whose successful management has been known to so many St. Augustine visitors during the past fifteen years.

Address:

THE VALENCIA (Mrs. Mary Frazer),

St. Augustine, Fla.



SANITARIUM,

DAYTONA, FLA.

JOHN BALL, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., Proprietor.

MRS. ANNA C. BALL.

Daytona is an incorporated town of about 1,200 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the beautiful Halifax River, which is three-quarters of a mile in width, with a strip of land half a mile wide between it and the Atlantic Ocean. It is about forty miles south of St. Augustine, with direct railroad communication from Jacksonville. The town is considered one of the healthiest in the United States.

The house is forty feet front and one hundred feet deep. The rooms are large and well ventilated with arrangements for heating when necessary. There are two enclosed piazzas, where those who desire it can take sun bath.

Its design is to accommodate persons who, wishing to escape the rigors of a northern winter, are seeking a pleasant home with home comforts and good medical attendance if required.

Rooms from \$10 to \$15 per week, according to location.
By the day, \$3. Open from November to May.

N. B.—Good ocean bathing. Boating and fishing in the river.

The American Historical Register

And Monthly Gazette of the Patriotic-Hereditary
Societies of the United States of America.

TERMINATION.

\$3.00 A YEAR.

35 CENTS A NUMBER

The Historical Register Publishing Co.

126 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

BUREAU OF AMERICAN ANCESTRY

J. O. Bee, 587, New Haven, Conn.

Prepares Genealogies, Traces
Ancestry. Supplies name-
ing data. Publishes legal
evidence of descent. Fills colo-
nial society applications and in



every case, provides the positive
proofs. Contracts made. All
matters confidential. It invites
correspondence.

PRINCIPAL AGENTS:

BAILEY'S "PHOTO-ANCESTRAL RECORD"
THE "FAMILY ANCESTRAL ALBUM"
"THE RECORD OF MY ANCESTRY"

FREDERIC W. BAILEY, *Pres.*
SECONDARY GENERAL MANAGERS
BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,
AND OTHER CITIES.

Price, cloth, \$3.00; Leather \$5.00.

For sale at BRENTANO'S, Union Square, N. Y.

Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C.

204-216 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Putnam's Monthly Historical Magazine.

Devoted to History, Genealogy, Heraldry, Revolutionary War Records, Notes and Queries, etc., etc. \$2 per annum.

Putnam's Ancestral Charts

For recording ancestry. No limit. A complete set of forms devised by a practical genealogist. \$1.50.

Genealogical Investigations

Conducted at home or abroad. Reliable correspondence and personal experience abroad. Letters of inquiry and stamps enclosed welcome.

EBEN PUTNAM, SALEM, MASS.

The American Monthly Magazine.

Terms of Subscription: One Year, \$1.00; Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Remittances should be made to the order of the business manager, by means of money orders, checks, or registered letters.

For Sale at All Leading Book Stores.

Office: Washington Loan and Trust Building, 9th and F Sts. N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Miss LILIAN LOCKWOOD, Business Manager.

DRYAD HILL



A Boarding and Day School for
a Limited Number of Girls

SOUTH ORANGE,
NEW JERSEY.

MRS. L. H. BENJAMIN, PRINCIPAL.

House comfortably furnished. All modern improvements. High, healthy location, surrounded by beautiful grounds.

Circulars Sent on Application.

DIRECTORY

Every name appearing under this Directory can be vouched for and is worthy of confidence.

Any one paying \$2 can have their names inserted in this Directory and the Magazine for one year.

HISTORIC HOMES OF WASHINGTON.

A new edition.

By the author, Mary S. Lockwood.

For sale at

DECKER'S AND BRENTANO'S.

THE WARDS OF MT. VERNON.

A Story of the Revolution.

By MARY STUART SMITH.

Price, 30 Cents in cloth; 15 Cents in paper.

UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING CO.,

43-47 East 10th street, New York.

SIMON LYON.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

SOLICITOR OF CLAIMS AND PATENTS,

KELLOGG BUILDING,

1416 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CYRUS BUSSEY,

ATTORNEY,

Departmental and Congressional Practice,

KELLOGG BUILDING,

1416 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HARRISBURG PUBLISHING CO.,

HARRISBURG, PA.

Printers of the American Monthly Magazine, and

General Book and Job Printers and Binders.

THE JULIUS LANSBURGH

FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.,

The Rink, New York Avenue,

between 13th and 14th streets.

Offers extraordinary inducements to cash and time buyers.

IRVING T. COLE.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Investments and Collections Attended to.

44-46 Starr-Building,

Seattle, Washington.

LOANS. COLLECTIONS. RENTS.

PROPERTY BOUGHT AND SOLD.

F. F. VROOMAN,

BANKER AND BROKER,

Room 21, Kellogg Building,

1416 F STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

DANIEL L. M. PRINOTTO.

GENERAL

INSURANCE AGENT,

Ames Building.

1410 G.

Telephone 27.

NOTES AND QUERIES,

EDITED BY WM. H. EGLE, M. D.,

Librarian of Pennsylvania.

Historical, Genealogical and Biographical First and second Series just published.

ADDRESS, HARRISBURG PUBLISHING CO., Harrisburg, Pa.

" You
must
decide



that
the

"S.H.&M."

Bias
Velveteen
Skirt Bindings

are not guilty

of any of the defects charged against
their bindings.

The verdict must be:

"The Best Made."

Send for samples, showing labels and materials,
to the S.H. & M. Co., P.O. Box 119, New York City.
"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best

Daughters of the American Revolution.



THE DAUGHTERS' Emblem is made in the shape of a heart, and the Society has been much benefited by its use. The emblem of the National Board is now made in the shape of a heart, and is intended for use of all members.

The emblem is made in the shape of a heart, and is intended for use of all members. It is made in the shape of a heart, and is intended for use of all members.

Paper, per box of 5 quires, stamped with
Insignia, 90 cents.

Envelopes, per box of 100 stamped with
Insignia, 90 cents.

Paper without stamped Insignia, 30 cents per box.
Envelopes without stamped Insignia, 30 cents per box.

Reverie Spoon.

The informal badge of the Society, arranged to be
worn as stick pins. Each 30 cents.

Southern Spoon.

SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

PRICE LIST.

TEA SPOONS, plain or oxidized,	\$2.50
" with gilt bowls,	2.75
" all gilt,	3.00
COFFEE SPOONS, plain or oxidized,	1.50
" with gilt bowls,	1.75
" all gilt,	2.00

Directory.

The official Directory of the Society contains the
names and addresses of all members, with names
National and Chapter officers. Price 25 cents.

The above article will be sent upon receipt of the
price.

Orders should be addressed to—

THE CURATOR OF THE D. A. R.,
Room 52, Washington Loan and Trust Building,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The American Monthly Magazine.

INDEX.

VOLUME VII. JULY-DECEMBER, 1895.

History.

	Page.
With Freedom's Banner. CLARA CHIPMAN NEWTON.	i
The Causes which led to the Revolutionary War. MRS. DUBOIS ROHRER.	8
The Future America. HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE.	15
Ode to the Daughters of the American Revolution. MARTHA JENNINGS SMALL.	19
The Defenders of Forts Mifflin and Mercer.	20
The American Revolution. ANDREW HAGEMAN.	24
General Andrew Pickens. JAMES HENRY RICE.	26, 125
Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse. MARGARET B. HARVEY.	105
A Backward Glimpse. HORTENSE D. FISH.	114
The Revolutionary Period and Revolutionary Relics. ELLEN R. JEWETT.	115, 209
The Spirit of Independence Shown Among the Pioneers of Western Virginia and the Carolinas in 1774. MARGARET CAMPBELL PILCHER.	124
A Sketch. EMILY P. J. PERRY.	131
Our Loving Cup. MAY WHITNEY EMERSON.	134
That Scrap of Ribbon. MARY SAWYER FOOT.	217
The American Flag. ANNIE W. L. KERFOOT.	219
The Story of Peter Francisco. MILDRED S. MATHES.	224
Reminiscences of Captain Jonathan Caulkins. HARRIET CAULKINS HILLS.	226
Celebration of the French Alliance at Pluckemin New Jersey, February 18, 1778.	229
Pen Pictures of History. MARY S. LOCKWOOD.	291
A Talk on Revolutionary Literature. MRS. WM. L. HAZEN.	300
History of Four Antique Engravings. MRS. RUFUS W. BUNNELL.	304
The Holding of Pepperell Bridge. ANNE VIRGINIA CULBERTSON.	308
"Washington Close To." REV. A. N. LEWIS.	310
A Hint to China Decorators. MARCUS BENJAMIN.	320
John Perrine. E. R. K.	323
Alas, Poor Huddy! MARY SHERREED CLARK.	324
A Colonial Dame. MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.	327
What Genealogy Is. ELLEN HARRELL CANTRELL.	393

Incidents of General Warren's Life. ABBY WARREN SPAFFORD, . . .	395
A Surrender. EMILY P. J. PERRY,	402
A Woman's Courage. MRS. SARAH UPSON,	405
The American Gentlewoman and the American Lady. MARGARET H. MATHER,	406
Marshall Hall. JOHN S. WILSON,	409
Preservation of Revolutionary History in Pottery. E. A. B., . . .	413
The Battle of Fort Griswold. MRS. JENNIE J. B. GOODWIN, . . .	415
Old Glory. EFFIE LOUISE EPLER,	420
The Daughters at Atlanta. M. S. L.,	477
Daughters of the American Revolution in Congress,	479-540
Mrs. Gordon's Welcome,	479
Mrs. Dickson's Welcome,	480
Mrs. Morgan's Address,	482
Mrs. Thompson's Formal Welcome,	486
"Our History." EUGENIA WASHINGTON,	489
Committee of One. DR. ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE,	505
Our Magazine. MARY S. LOCKWOOD,	507
Address by Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson,	511
The Continental Hall. MRS. DE B. RANDOLPH KEIM,	517
The Influence of Patriotic Societies. MRS. JAMES B. CLARK, . .	521
The Influence of Patriotic Societies. MRS. J. HARVEY MATHEES, .	527
The National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP,	530
The National Hymn. JANET E. HOSMER RICHARDS,	536
Ruth Wyllys—Our Patroness. MRS. M. S. CASE,	541
Hints for China Decoration. MARTHA JONES GENTRY,	542
An Olden Time Relic,	543

What We Are Doing.

Origin of Mary Silliman Chapter, Bridgeport, Connecticut. MARY WELLES BURROUGHS,	32
Annual Report of Seneca Chapter. KATHARINE STEVENS BUTTS, . .	33
Colonial Tea. MRS. STEPHEN W. CAREY,	35
Presentation of a Flag. ELISE MASSEY SELDEN,	40
Annual Report of Mary Ball Chapter, Tacoma, Washington. MARY PINDEN STALLCUP,	41
Reunion of Campbell Chapter,	43
There Washington Dined,	43
Reception to New York City Chapter. EMMA GOBLE LATHROP, . .	140
Celebration of Flag Day at Maplehurst. MRS. THERESA G. PERKINS, .	143
Harrisburg Chapter Celebrates "Bunker Hill Day,"	145
Saratoga Chapter Celebrates "Independence Day,"	149
"Old Glory" Honored,	152
The Mahoning Chapter Commemorates the Battle of Bunker Hill. ALICE SMITH HILLS,	155
Letter from Hartley Graham,	156

Liberty Bell Chapter's Outing on Flag Day,	157
Flag Day. HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE,	232
Revolutionary Heroes,	240
Prize for the Best Essay in Women's College,	246
Mrs. Wilbour's Work in the Daughters of the American Revolution,	248
Presentation of Souvenir Spoon. HARRIET FISHER GREVE,	250
Annual Report of Mohegan Chapter. CLARA C. FULLER,	251
Flag Day at Highland Park, Illinois. ADELINE E. P. CUMMINGS,	253
Fourth of July Picnic. MARY POMEROY WARE,	254
Flag Day in Chicago. CLARA COOLEY BECKER,	258
More than Sentiment,	259
Toasted the Spirit of '76,	261

What We are Doing and Chapter Work.

History of the Rockford Chapter,	329
One Hundred and Seventeen Years Ago,	336
Fourth of July at Hingham, Massachusetts,	341
John Marshall Chapter Celebrates Flag Day. S. L. H.,	343
Bunker Hill Day,	345
Organization of George Washington Chapter,	350
Reception to Miss Mary A. Green, State Regent of Rhode Island,	351
Report of the Pittsburg Chapter. M. O'H. DARLINGTON,	352
Celebration of Landing of Ship Lyon. DORA HARVEY MUNYON,	353
Incidents in the Outing of the Officers of the Nova Cæsarea Chapter, of New Jersey. A. E. B. MARTIN,	422
Gala Days of the Saratoga Chapter. EMMA E. RIGGS CAIRN,	425
Bennington Chapter,	431
Cumberland Chapter. MRS. MARY C. DAVIS,	435
Lafayette Chapter. MARY E. BING,	436
Campbell Chapter. MARGARET C. PILCHER,	436
Sequoia Chapter,	437
Donegal Chapter. LILIAN S. EVANS,	438
Merion Chapter,	438
Camp Middlebrook Chapter,	439
Muskingum Chapter. FANNY RUSSELL BRUSH,	440
Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter. FANNY R. WILDER WINCHESTER,	440
Irondequoit Chapter,	544
Note to the Editor. SUSAN McCULLOCH,	544
Reception to Mrs. N. B. Hogg,	544
Pittsburg Chapter,	545
Oneida Chapter,	545
Mary Clap Wooster Chapter,	546
Gen. James Wadsworth Chapter,	546
Presentation of Souvenir Spoon to Mrs. Phebe Deake Cleveland,	547
Douglass Chapter,	547
Sarah Riggs Humphreys Chapter,	548
Greysolon du Luht Chapter,	549

Stamford Chapter,	550
Harrisburg Chapter,	551
Gen. James Mitchell Varnum Chapter,	552
George Washington Chapter,	553
Valley Forge Chapter,	554
Marquis de Lafayette Chapter,	555
Dubuque Chapter,	555
Minneapolis Chapter,	557
Saranac Chapter,	560

Our Officers.

Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson, Vice President General in Charge of Organization of Chapters,	160
Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanan, Recording Secretary General,	161
Mrs. Mary Orr Earle, Corresponding Secretary General,	162
Mrs. Jeunie Franklin Hichborn, Registrar General,	163
Mrs. A. M. Burnett, Registrar General,	164
Mrs. Amos G. Draper, Treasurer General,	165
Mrs. Mary Chase Gannett, Third Historian General,	166
Anita Newcomb McGee, M. D., Surgeon General,	167
Mrs. Lucia A. Blount, Second Historian General,	168

Ancestry.

A Puritan Leader. LIZZIE PERSHING ANDERSON,	45, 170
The Gliddons. ALICE H. G. HUF CUT,	51
Jonathan Jones,	174
Evan Shelby. MARY SHELBY STALLCUP,	176, 267
Matthew Smith. MARGARET V. SMITH,	179
Lieutenant Obadiah Perkins, Groton, Connecticut. MARY P. B. SMITH,	264
Sketch of General John Bull. ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M. D.,	271
Colonel Joseph Crockett. ANNA BELL TUCK,	354
The State Regent of Maryland. HENRIETTA MARIA WILLIAMS,	442
The Muzzy Family in the Revolution. FLORENCE E. D. MUZZY,	447
Mrs. Samuel Stanton,	562

Olde Letters and ye Historie of Fire-sides.

First Marriage of an American Girl to a Foreign Diplomat. SALLIE

E. MARSHALL HARDY,	55
Address delivered by Rev. Jonathan Lee,	57
Reminiscence of Ralph Waldo Emerson. MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.	275
A Furlough. E. A. MINER DENISON,	277
Letter from the Hon. Joseph Wood,	363
E. Ward's Deposition, 1756, Before Samuel Smith, Cumberland county.	365
A Letter to John Hancock,	453
A Letter to Gideon Brownson. MRS. BURDETTE,	455
Letter from Samuel Green to His Son,	572
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK,	84, 89, 280, 375, 456, 574

Chapters.

Campbell Chapter. MARGARET CAMPBELL PILCHER,	183
Elizabeth Clarke Hull Chapter. LUCIA HOSMER COTTER,	183
Continental Chapter. M. S. GIST,	185
Elizabeth Benton Chapter,	186
Buffalo Chapter. LINDA DEK. FULTON,	188
Onondago and Cazenovia Chapters,	190
Ruth Hart Chapter,	191
St. Paul Chapter. FRANKIE K. SCHURMEIER,	191
Pittsburg Chapter,	192
General James Wadsworth Chapter. MARY S. NORTHROP,	278
Ousego Chapter. JANE FORBES,	279
The Nation's Birthday in Washington,	78

Officers, Children of the American Revolution.

Rosa Wright Smith, Registrar,	371
Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lee Mann, Secretary,	371
Mrs. Violet Blair Janin, Treasurer,	373
Mrs. T. H. Alexander, Seventh Vice President,	374

Children's Department.

The Patriotic Fathers. S. F. SMITH,	62
Editorial. HARRIETT M. LOTHROP,	63
Letters from Friends of the Society,	66
Letters from Local Societies,	68
Our Question Box,	71, 203, 388, 467, 588
Circumstances Alter Cases. HELEN H. HAYES,	72
Song of Liberty. CHARLOTTE W. HAWES,	77
Our Grand Fourth of July Celebration,	195
The Flag Bursts into Song,	195
Old South Meeting House,	198
Telegrams and Messages Received,	200
The National Capital to the Cradle of Liberty, Greeting,	202
Notes,	202, 380, 460
New Societies Formed,	203
Letters from Friends of the Society,	283
The Good Work Goes On,	284
Speech of Mr. Nathan Appleton,	381
Reports of Societies,	384, 463, 583
Jonathan Brooks Society,	386
A Visit to Wayside. FRANCES BACON HAMLIN,	460
Exercises in Connection With Placing a Tablet on the Tree Under Which Whitfield Preached,	463
Address by Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.,	580
Death of Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D.,	583
New Societies,	585
State Promoters,	586

Letters,	586
Death of Miss Susan C. Clarke,	587

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Mary Morris Smith,	90
Mrs. Frank A. Willard. C. L. H. RAWDON,	92
Miss Evelina Weed Hamilton,	93
Mrs. Dora Lane McNabb,	204
Mrs. Julia Waters Johnstone,	204, 598
Mary Buckingham Loveland Makely,	206
Mrs. Sarah Anderson Kendrick. HARRIET FISHER GREVE,	285
Mrs. Eva Hart Goff, L. H.,	288
Anne H. Simpson,	389
Minerva Buck McKee,	389
Mrs. Mary E. Wood,	390
Mrs. Elizabeth Little Topp,	391, 468
Mildred Maddox,	468
Miss Harriet Carter,	469
Mrs. Hope Potter [Manro] Walker,	470
Anna Lindley Churchman,	470
Mrs. Ida Eliot [Selleck] Snively,	471
Miss Susan Carrington Clarke:	
Resolution of National Board,	589
Poem. MRS. M. S. CASE,	589
Sketch of Her Life. MISS EMMA CARROLL GILMAN,	590
Memorial Service of Fourth (Connecticut) State Conference,	594
Mrs. Emma Blakeman Early,	598
Errata,	94, 207

Official.

June Minutes,	95
October Minutes,	599
Report of Treasurer General,	473, 605

Frontispieces.

- ✓ Col. Samuel Washington, July, 1895.
- ✓ Lower Merion Friends' Meetinghouse, August, 1895.
- ✓ Dr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Smith, September, 1895.
- ✓ Marquis de Lafayette. October, 1895.
- ✓ Mrs. John Ritchie, November, 1895.
- ✓ Woman's Building, Atlanta Exposition, December, 1895.

Illustrations.

✓ Mrs. Mary Morris Smith,	op. 90
✓ Our Loving Cup,	134
✓ Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson,	160
✓ Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanan,	161
✓ Mrs. Mary Orr Earle,	162

Mrs. Philip Hichborn,	163
✓ Mrs. Agnes Martin Burnett,	164
✓ Mrs. Henry Gannett,	166
✓ Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee,	167
✓ Mrs. Henry F. Blount,	168
✓ Statue of Lafayette in Jackson Park, Washington,	298
✓ Rosa Wright Smith,	op. 371
✓ Mrs. Mary E. Lee Mann,	op. 372
✓ Mrs. T. H. Alexander,	op. 374
✓ Mrs. Daniel Lothrop,	op. 379
✓ Marshall Hall,	409
✓ Coat of Arms of Thomas Marshall,	411
✓ Mrs. S. B. C. Morgan,	482
✓ Mrs. Emma M. Thompson,	487
✓ Miss Eugenia Washington,	489
✓ Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee,	505
✓ Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood,	507
✓ Mrs. Donald McLean,	510
✓ Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson,	511
✓ Mrs. Joshua Wilbour,	516
✓ Mrs. DeB. Randolph Keim,	517
✓ Mrs. James B. Clark,	521
✓ Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes,	527
✓ Mrs. Daniel Lothrop,	530
✓ Miss Janet E. H. Richards,	536
✓ Sketch for China Decoration,	542
✓ Mrs. Samuel Stanton,	op. 562
* Miss Susan Carrington Clarke,	op. 590



2563 0

